

UNOFFICIAL LETTERS
OF AN OFFICIAL'S WIFE

UNOFFICIAL LETTERS OF AN OFFICIAL'S WIFE

EDITH MOSES



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I

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

MANILA BAY, June 3, 1900.

HERE we are. The long journey of forty-six days is ended and we are anchored in Manila Bay, two and a half miles from the shore. At this distance the city is only a shining white line between the blue water and the bluer sky. Hot? You never imagined the real meaning of that word, and yet the thermometer marks only ninety-nine; the moist atmosphere makes it seem many degrees higher. Thin clothing and excitement are helping us to bear the heat, for there is a sense of exhilaration in the thought that we are at last in Oriental America.

We slept on deck last night to be ready for the sight of land at the first glimmer of daylight. At four o'clock I was up and dressed watching the faint outlines of the coast range. The sky was cloudless and the sea like glass. The atmosphere was suffused with the soft dove color tinted with

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pink which precedes the break of day. Even at that early hour the air was tepid. As we approached the bay, on our left the headlands rose gradually to the Mariveles Mountains: on our right the coast line was low. Almost dividing the entrance to Manila Bay stood Corregidor Island. Vessels usually go in by the Boca Chica, or small mouth, to the north of Corregidor. The American squadron passed in through the Boca Grande, or big mouth, on the memorable first of May. We could see the small island from which the Spanish batteries fired futile shots as Dewey stole by in the darkness. Cavite and the spars and hulls of sunken Spanish warships were pointed out to us by Mr. Worcester, who apparently feels as if he were on his native heath again. The sun rose, a great red ball of fire, and we felt its penetrating rays before it had left the horizon. We came to anchor at half past seven.

At nine o'clock a big steam launch came alongside bringing a large delegation of Filipinos to welcome the Commission. We all crowded to the rail for the first glimpse of our new fellow-citizens. They stood on the deck of the launch as it approached, smiling and raising their hats and waving their hands with the unAnglo-Saxon gesture used in greeting by all the Latin races. They were dressed in frock coats with high hats, and under the tropical sun I could imagine no more uncom-

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fortable or unsuitable dress. In a few moments they came on board; the judges of the Supreme Court, leaders of the pro-American Filipinos, and a number of ex-members of Aguinaldo's Malolos Cabinet. Their manners struck me at once as noticeably polished. They were not handsome, but were as intelligent looking a party of men as one would meet anywhere. They reminded me strongly of the Mexicans in face and figure. All spoke Spanish, several had a good knowledge of French, and one or two of the younger men knew a little English. After the introductions were over, the President of the Commission made a speech of welcome, which the Secretary of the Commission interpreted. His rendering of Judge Taft's cordial Anglo-Saxon greeting to our Filipino friends was a masterpiece. It had all the elegance and stateliness of the grand Spanish manner and yet conveyed the impression of being sincere and from the heart. The delegation was evidently immensely pleased with its reception. I met several of the judges and a physician who had played a conspicuous part in the insurrection, but who now are apparently in sympathy with the Americans. They were lively and enthusiastic, a likeable type.

There has been a continual coming and going all day long of American officials and army officers. After luncheon the Commission returned the military governor's call. They reported an escort of

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soldiers and all the adjuncts of a military reception. Their only comment on the affair was, "hot." It is now nearly ten o'clock in the evening. The stars seem larger in America, but the Southern Cross is not as wonderful as poets and romancers make it. Looking toward the land the lights twinkle along shore and on the Luneta, which "our oldest inhabitant," as we call Mr. Worcester, has just pointed out to us. To-morrow we shall go on shore to select the houses available for our use.

June 4, 1900.

WE have spent the day in town engaged in the tiring but interesting occupation of selecting "suitable houses," and I think it is the general feeling on board the *Hancock* to-night that there are not any answering to that description. The high military officers already occupy the best available houses in town, and those not occupied leave very little room for choice. They were certainly not the palaces report and our imagination had pictured them. The one Judge Taft will probably take looks forlorn enough now with the magenta wall paper detached from the ceiling, a dry, unkempt lawn in front, and only three bedrooms on the main floor. Spaniards, you know, sleep in family bedrooms. Don't you remember the father, mother, and six children who all occupied the same room in the City of Mexico? One of these bed-

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rooms is large enough to hold the whole Taft family and attendants. The furniture is old and ant-eaten, and the whole place is dirty and neglected.

At first we were very solemn and downcast, but the amusing side fortunately came uppermost, and after expressing his views the judge suddenly exclaimed, "Not quite up to your ideal, is it?" and burst into one of his infectious laughs, in which we joined. Fortunately we have the "same taste in jokes." I confess to one great disappointment. In imagining my tropical home I had always pictured the cool patio with its handsome grille on the street and a fountain with palms and plants, just as I had seen them in Seville. Not a house we saw to-day had a patio. The Worcesters are moving into a house Mr. Worcester occupied when he was here before, and they seem quite satisfied, but they also have their woes; for one of Mr. Worcester's beloved Filipinos, a trusted muchacho, decamped with Mrs. Worcester's watch a few hours after their arrival. We are considering a modest dwelling which has two advantages. It is on the bay shore, and the sala, or drawing room, is ceiled in native mahogany. The entrance is, in my opinion, disreputable, for it is through the stable. The quarter-master captain who escorted us about assures me that I shall soon become used to this feature of the Manila house, but I hope I shall not. The fact that our houses are not the palaces we expected does not

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lessen my feeling that I shall like Manila immensely. The town and its inhabitants are even more picturesque than I had imagined. The walled city of which I had a fleeting glimpse is quite mediæval, and I long to explore its narrow streets with overhanging balconies. There is a pinkish cathedral, with a suggestion of Moorish Spain in its roof, and a plaza filled with flaming fire trees blazing in the intense sunlight.

June 5, 1900.

WE went on shore this morning to make the final arrangements for our house. It was as hot as ever, and as we steamed on shore in the *Hancock's* launch the town seemed to swim in the quivering air. Tondo Church was pointed out to us. It is quite a conspicuous landmark from the transport. Fort Santiago and the walled city detached themselves from the indefinite background as we approached the shore.

The Pasig River must have determined the situation of Manila, for certainly the site of the town has no other advantages. The harbor is exposed to typhoons, and large ocean vessels cannot come within two miles of the shore. Small coasting steamers run up the river as far as the Bridge of Spain. The river was full of new and picturesque life. Great flat-bottomed barges, called *cascos*, lay in the stream and alongshore. They are gayly painted, red and blue, in a strange design. You

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should have seen the little naked babies gazing at us with round eyes, holding to the red skirts of their soft-eyed mothers. The natives live on their cascos as the Chinese do in their river boats, but a Virgin and a lighted taper in the prow take the place of the goggle eyes of the Chinese junk in keeping off evil influences. On every casco I saw a fighting cock. He was either tied by his leg to a convenient post, or his master squatted behind him smoothing his plumage as our launch puffed by. Life on a casco is surely not dull.

Beside the cascos there were little canoes, called bancas, shooting about in the water in most dangerous proximity to our launch. Half a dozen natives were always crowded in these little dugouts, which were propelled by a man in the stern, who used his spoon-shaped paddle like a gondolier. At the captain of the port's landing were a crowd of the common people, the "gente," as they are called wherever Spanish is used, and I saw the native with the much abused shirt worn outside of the trousers; "that disgusting Filipino shirt tail," as one lady said. I can't see how anyone can be shocked by this eminently modest costume. Freshly ironed and neatly pleated it looked cool and gave the wearer an air of great neatness. There were all sorts of shirts in the crowd that had gathered to see us land; some were of gauze woven in fancy stripes, others were handsomely embroidered down the front.

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All the men wore hats; some were of straw, others of felt or bamboo. The women wore red skirts and a chemise, over which was a wide-sleeved loose waist of a gauzy material like mosquito netting. Their heads were either bare or tied up in blue cotton handkerchiefs. Several balanced closed umbrellas on their heads; others carried mats, flat baskets of food, or jars of water. One woman strode along with a cigarette in her mouth and a small coffin on her head.

The gait of all the women is peculiar. With their shoulders thrown back, the chest and abdomen thrust forward, they marched along, ungainly but independent. The majority were barefooted, but several clattered about in wooden clogs very like those worn by the Japanese. The streets were full of new and strange vehicles. A two-wheeled box-like conveyance, called a quilez, was drawn by one pony that seemed always on the point of being lifted in the air by the ill-balanced load of natives packed in the interior. The calesa, a two-wheeled phaeton, seemed to be more aristocratic, as the pony was driven by the owner. A small half-clad boy could be seen behind balancing himself on a little seat, his bare legs dangling in the air. The carromattas were again more plebeian, and had stiff tops. The driver sat on a small box almost between the shafts. The public carromattas and quilez were all in a shockingly dirty condition, and their drivers

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were ragged and reckless. The streets were filled with victorias, barouches, and ancient, worn-out, old-fashioned constructions.

The Escolta, the principal thoroughfare of Manila, was crowded and at times blocked with these vehicles. There was a miserable little tram drawn by diminutive ponies; and carabaos, uncouth, long-horned, and terrifying, dragged heavy carts at a snail's pace among shouting and yelling drivers of lighter vehicles. I saw the better class of natives on the Escolta. The Spanish type was noticeable. Pretty girls in lace mantillas, the darker mestizas, in gay skirts and bright-colored, wide-sleeved, camisas or waists, and embroidered handkerchiefs, were shopping in the "City of Manila and Paris," or in the "Gateway of the Sun." The elderly duenna accompanied the Spanish girls, but the mestizas seemed to flock together apparently without chaperons. White-garbed civilians, a few pale-faced Americans, crowds of soldiers in the attractive uniform of the tropics, white duck and brass buttons, made the scene full of interest.

The residence portion of Manila, as we saw it, was a succession of country roadways; handsome houses were jostled by nipa shacks; canals filled with laundry women and naked babies invaded aristocratic quarters. There was but one street of uniformly good houses. This was the Calle General Solano leading to the governor-general's palace.

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Of this rambling low structure we caught only a glimpse as we drove past it. We finished our day on shore with a drive around the Luneta and saw Manila society in full force, driving slowly around the band stand or racing up and down the Malecon drive. It is surprising how rapidly the little ponies carry one over the ground, although they are scarcely bigger than burros. The Malecon looks out across the bay to Mariveles and Corregidor, and is a delightfully cool place after a hot day. At the end of the drive is the Anda monument, an ugly and unimposing memorial to the Spanish governor who opposed the English in 1762, when they gained possession of the Philippines.

Fort Santiago looked mediæval but not imposing. They tell me there are secret dungeons and torture chambers behind the gray walls. One of the Filipinos who came out to see us yesterday had been confined by the Spaniards in an underground prison in the city wall, where he stood several days in water a foot or more deep. Neither the fort nor the walled city is a defense for Manila, but both are picturesque, and the drawbridges and bastioned gates are in a perfect state of preservation. Think of America in possession of the finest walled city now intact!

The sun was setting as we drove over the Bridge of Spain, the lamps were lighted and a continuous procession of vehicles was crossing it, which made

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progress slow. On the right bank a row of white balconied houses hung over the river and a coconut palm swayed on the light breeze, which came down the river as the sun set. There were tables on the balconies, and squares of brilliant glass in the windows of the Spanish Casino gave a pleasant tropical impression to the scene. To the right the outlines of convents, domes, and towers stood in relief against the gorgeous, golden-red sunset, and below them and inclosing them the dark, massive walls of the ancient city.

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II

BEGINNING HOUSEKEEPING IN MANILA

MANILA, June 11, 1900.

WE have been two weeks in Manila, and have had "the hottest spell and the stormiest spell of weather" this city has experienced in twenty years. The hot weather was damp and prostrating, and the change even if it came in the shape of a typhoon was welcome. During the storm the rain swept into all our rooms facing the bay. Our dining-room floor was a small lake and we had to eat in the front living room. I had to move from my bedroom, for the salt spray fell on my face as I lay in bed, driven in by the wind from the crests of tremendous waves which came dashing against the sea wall. Although the center of the typhoon was off the coast some three hundred miles the tides were unusually high. All the steamers and transports went over to Cavite, where they are protected from the winds, and the *Hancock* was prevented from sailing on Friday, the 15th. The captain went out as far as Corregidor twice, but returned on ac-

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count of the heavy sea. All the nipa houses in the neighborhood were tied down by strong ropes which the natives threw over the roofs and pegged into the ground.

The tin roofs rattled, and loose pieces banged and clattered in a startling way. Still, now that it is over and we were not blown away, house and all, I think the typhoon must be put in the same category with plague and the white ants. They are dangerous, but not as bad as they sound. We should call a typhoon a heavy storm.

Now I must tell you about our house and where it is situated. We live on the shore of Manila Bay facing Corregidor. The bay is shell shaped and is thirty miles across. This accounts for the unsafe harbor, as the wind sweeps in and raises tremendous waves, which are likely to beach vessels on the sandy shore. Cavite lies to our left some distance around the bay, and opposite, at the right of Corregidor, is a high mountain. The sunsets are magnificent from our windows, for we look to the west over the bay. Our house is but twenty feet from the water and is protected from the waves by a sea wall. The street in front of us is not very wide, and directly opposite are nipa shacks, where most interesting natives live. The worst feature of the house, and one to which I am still unreconciled, is the entrance. Fancy passing through a stable to reach one's drawing-room! There is a

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passage from the street about twelve feet wide between our house and a small nipa hut, where half-naked natives lean out of a window watching everything coming and going with the greatest interest. At the end of the passage are stalls for two ponies, and I am going to put up a large sign, "Look out for heels," because the big house door opens close to their tails, and they are vicious little fellows. Having passed the heels you find yourself in the carriage and feed house, and must pick your way between wheels, bales of hay, and bags of grain, to the main stairway. Then you are safe and may mount to the upper floor where we live.

Your first impression will be that we keep trained baboons to do housework, for the probability is that a half-naked, dark-skinned creature is rushing up and down the hall on all fours, with big burlap socks under his hands and feet. He is only a monkeylike coolie who polishes the narra floors. At one end of the hall is the dining room facing the sea, at the other end the sitting room overlooking the street. There is no plaster used in the interior of the Manila houses, they are all ceiled in the native hard wood called narra. This looks like mahogany and takes a fine polish, but the native taste prefers something gay, so the beautiful wood is either painted, or, as is usually the case, is covered with cloth, which is then frescoed in fantastic designs. The natives are really clever at this sort

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of decoration, and can paint all manner of mythological scenes, terraces and landscapes on your walls, to say nothing of the Goddess of Liberty and the American flag in a stiff breeze. This is the latest style. Most of our walls are, unfortunately, painted, but the living room is untouched and the walls are of beautiful dark narra. When we moved in there were two chandeliers hanging from the ceiling containing an assortment of pink and blue lamps. They have been removed, and we are having electric lights put in by small native boys, who, I am certain, know nothing about their business. I have expressed my fears on this point in halting Spanish to the contractor, but he only smiles, and I realize that my vocabulary is limited on the technical side.

All one side of the house, that facing the street, is window space. Sliding shutters divided into little squares filled with flat cut shells take the place of glass windows. The light is dim and cheerless, but the shutters are only closed when it rains; then the house is gloomy, and I feel homesick for we can't see out of doors. Inside green blinds keep out the sunshine and let in air during the day. At night we open all the doors and windows to let in the air, and sometimes we are awakened by a rush of water when a sudden rain comes up. Then everyone rushes to shut his windows. They are large and almost always stick in the grooves, and

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many a time I have become dripping wet before I could shut the rain out. These windows are anathema to el Señor and Danny, for although they stick at first, when they finally give way they let themselves fly and jam one's fingers most cruelly. In two weeks there has been more violent language used by otherwise mild-mannered men than I ever heard before in my life. It is especially funny to hear Danny in the middle of the night on such occasions, and although I am really sorry, for I know how it hurts, I can't help laughing. One can hear every sound in these houses, for in order to have a circulation of air there are open spaces over all the doors, and many of the walls are filled in at the top with a grille. This is another feature of Manila houses to which I object.

Last week we began cleaning and painting, and ever since our house has been full of Filipinos who have somehow become part of our household in this easy-going place. I have gained quite an insight into native character through this experience. The Filipinos are like children and love to do everything but the thing they are set to do. They run to assist the house boys in their work; they advise me about arranging my furniture; and insist upon unpacking china when they are hired to paint the walls. They are always playing tricks on each other, and are unfailingly good-natured, but the painting progresses very slowly; often they dis-

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appear altogether, but come back again smiling next day, explaining it was a fiesta. From an ethnological standpoint this is all interesting, but I can imagine that here is displayed one of the race characteristics, which, after the novelty is gone, "weareth the Christian down."

Among the pleasant features of our house is the view from the dining-room window. There are always large steamers loading and unloading in the bay during fine weather. On the opposite shore we can see Cavite, where the war ships glisten in their white paint. The Mariveles Mountains are picturesque and bold in their outline. The natives beach their fishing boats every morning just under our windows and hold a free auction there about five o'clock. You can imagine the chattering and chaffering. The fishermen are big, dark-skinned fellows, and sometimes, in addition to their boat-load of fish, they bring in great devil fishes. The shrimp fishers with V-shaped scoop nets pass up and down in the water in smooth weather. Sometimes they are all men, but women and children join in this sport. The greatest fun of all is to watch the cocheros ride their horses into the surf for a bath. The little ponies enjoy it as much as the boys who ride them, and they spring over the crests of the waves in fine style. Sometimes an unexpectedly high wave takes the pony off its feet and throws his rider, but the boy always has a fast hold of the

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pony's neck and comes up dripping and shouting. Not so do the small babies whose mothers take them down for a morning bath and duck them mercilessly in the water and then set them in the sun to dry while they have a little fun themselves regardless of their shrieking offspring, who, having recovered their suspended breath, rend the air with their protests. The young girls bathe in be vies, like red birds. They loosen their long hair and tie their scarlet skirts below their arms. They are a pretty sight.

We are within three minutes of the Luneta, the celebrated Manila drive. A military band plays there every evening, and the carriages pass slowly around, all driving in one direction. In Spanish times the Archbishop's equipage was the only one permitted to pass in the opposite direction. There is an extension of the drive along the shore, where everyone whips up the ponies and races with his neighbors. The walls of the city rise above the moat at the left and above them can be seen the pink walls of the Augustine Convent, the towers of churches, and the roof of the cathedral. The drive ends at Fort Santiago and the river, where there is plenty of native life on the cascos to be studied. I can understand why everyone goes to the Luneta in the evening. There is always a breeze and there are no mosquitoes; besides that, one meets everyone he knows, and ladies visit in each other's

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carriages in an informal way. I saw an amusing sight the other night. Everyone was out and there were a number of fine turnouts. Many of the officers have their coachmen and footmen in livery, of which the native boys are very proud. Lorenzo, our driver, has petitioned for a suit, but he looks so clean and natural in his flapping white shirt and neat straw hat I hate to make him look like a monkey in a tall hat and brass buttons. The high boots are the most cherished possession of a Filipino coachman, even more tenderly guarded than his tall hat with the red-white-and-blue cockade. On the evening I refer to, just in front of us near the band stand was an unusually swell rig belonging to a young captain whom we knew. The coachman was as immaculate as his master. His belt was so tight as to almost cut him in two. The footman, a very small boy, stood attention at the horses' heads, and the captain was devoting himself to a very pretty girl. Suddenly, as such things happen in the tropics, the heavens opened and the flood descended. It descended on the captain and the pretty girl in her low-necked dress, but what did that matter to the coachman and the tiger! Was it not descending on their hats and boots and soaking their new livery with its brass buttons and belt? In about two minutes both of these correct cocheros had divested themselves of hats, coats, and boots and were just about to proceed further when the

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hand of the horrified captain descended on the innocent back of the driver and stopped him from taking off his trousers. I shall instruct Lorenzo, in case I buy him a livery, to keep it on, at least the main part of it, even if the heavens fall.

Socially Manila is very gay, and we have made many acquaintances. With the exception of the Filipinos our callers have been chiefly army officers and their wives—to me a new and interesting variety of American. They are delightful people. The women are vivacious, talkative, and always in a rush. They find the climate “awful,” but it certainly puts no visible damper on their gay spirits. They are kind-hearted, too, and good-natured, and I am sure will prove an adaptable type for this hot country.

The strenuous and conscientious New Englander would soon kill herself in her efforts to live up to her ideals in this land of no particular standards. Our daily life has already settled into a groove. We take a swim in the bay before breakfast, and after coffee, bread, and fruit, with bacon and eggs for those who can eat them, el Señor and his secretary go to the Ayuntamiento. If it does not rain they walk, but Elena and I have not yet ventured on foot, so we drive to the Escolta to shop, or to the Commissary to order the groceries. We have tiffin at half-past twelve, and then everyone goes to bed for a siesta. El Señor and his secretary are

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back at the Ayuntamiento by three o'clock, but no one who is not obliged to do so goes out or makes calls before five o'clock. After tea we drive on the Luneta until dinner at eight o'clock.

Last evening we dined with the chief quartermaster and his wife, who live near us and have been especially kind to us. The chief quartermaster is a most important functionary in the army. I had always thought of the army as made up of fighting men, soldiers, and their officers, and had no idea of the numbers of other persons connected with it who never fight at all, but keep supply stores and groceries, build houses, and do all sorts of other things. There are army coal yards and butcher shops and hospitals in Manila, and the managers of all these departments are officers, and woe to the innocent civilian who addresses a major-surgeon as doctor, or speaks of a quartermaster captain as "our coal man." The commissary corps is the most useful and attractive in the army, from my point of view. It keeps the grocery store, and there we get all our supplies at a price which makes living here possible.

I think that the butcher business must be new to the officers, or maybe it is under the direction of the volunteers. The allowance of each subscriber for meat (one sends in a written application for a certain number of pounds per diem) is cut off from that part of the animal which happens to be under

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the butcher's knife when his name turns up. Thus we never know what we shall have for dinner. Sometimes it is a fine leg of mutton or a filet of beef, but the next day it may be soup meat, or a chunk off the neck, and this usually happens when we have company. I found the cook in despair the other day, for a dinner party was on the programme and he had received a yard or two of thin beef six inches wide, which looked like a long, narrow piece of red and white calico. If it storms we get no meat for three or four days. Far be it from me to complain, for we pay only six cents a pound and the meat is good, and in town it costs from fifty to seventy-five cents a pound. Besides, as everyone is served in the same way, there is a certain amount of amusement in the situation. Chickens, eggs, vegetables, fruit, and fish we buy in the native markets. Lai Ting, our head boy, does this, and brings me each night a neatly written bill he calls his "expense." He can write fair English, but his spelling is pure chino. "Spinige" and "paty" puzzled me for some time. He always charges sixteen cents for a "carige" in which he drives back with his supplies. He also includes in his daily purchases four cents' worth of "vegtibels" and twenty cents of "pig" for the kitchen "chow." The boys do not eat our food, but each has an allowance of one pound of rice a day and the "pig and vegtibels." The boys make a percentage on all they buy, but

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as we cannot speak Tagalog, and do not know how much things ought to cost, I am sure it is cheaper in the end and less trouble to let them take their squeeze. The native vegetables include peas, beans, squashes, cucumbers, turnips, tomatoes, sweet pepper, and a thin asparagus. The lettuce is not bad, but we do not dare eat it. The fish market is well supplied with many kinds of fish; a variety like shad is especially good. Shrimps, prawns, crabs, and lobsters abound, and a fine fat little oyster is very delicate. Of fruits there are bananas in many varieties, pineapples, mangoes, oranges and several less known fruits.

Now that you see that we are not starving, I will tell you that Manila has very good shops where one can get any reasonable article, not always of the very best, but good enough and not too extravagant in price. We could have bought here all of the little things of which we laid in such a store. Hairpins are plentiful; do you remember the gross I brought over with me? All sorts of thin dress materials are abundant and cheap. A friend came here Sunday in a very pretty striped lawn which cost, the dressmaker's bill included, only two and a half dollars gold.

It is hot but there has been a breeze ever since we arrived, in the morning and evening, and now at the end of three weeks I do not notice the heat as at first. We are not very much annoyed by ants,

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although I do not enjoy going into the kitchen in the evening, for the cockroaches are as big as mice. By cleaning the floors with petroleum and putting it around our windows we are not overrun by them, and we hope that being so near the sea will keep off these pests. We have no house snake, which I was led to believe lived in every attic, nor have I seen anyone selling them on street corners. A chair in the house has been eaten by white ants, but as that creature feeds in the dark and has to tunnel from one place to another, I am not as terrified as I was before I left home. It is remarkable how persons take things for granted in this world. We find many Americans in Manila doing queer things because they have heard that they must do so. Almost everywhere we go we find the dining-table legs standing in tins of kerosene oil, and the floors reeking with the same ill-smelling stuff. This is because there is a tradition that without this precaution ants will run all over the table and food. If the table be well wiped off after every meal, all the crumbs brushed away, and no food kept in the dining room, one need not be overrun with ants. I must confess that these little pests are very clever. All the kitchen tables and movable closets, where we keep sugar and provisions, and the ice chest, stand in kerosene tins, yet sometimes the ants make a chain and swing themselves from the wall to the closets. No one is shocked to see his guests picking

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ants out of their tea cups. At first I used to ask nervously: "What are you doing?" "Oh, nothing, only fishing for ants," would be the cheerful answer.

Our boys do startling things sometimes. The other evening Roman punch was on the menu. It was with great difficulty I succeeded in making Lai Ting understand that this silly custom of eating ice in the middle of the dinner was only another "Melica side" vagary. He was dignified and reserved, but consented to carry out my instructions. After we had been served with the punch I saw to my consternation that the boys were passing the chocolate cake to the mystified company. There was nothing to do but beg my guests not to take it at that stage of the dinner, and Lai Ting withdrew it, giving me a reproachful look. "I no understand Melica side," was his comment later. The passing of butter and milk in the tin cans it is sold in, is another habit, the result of tradition. It is a native custom also. At the most elegant Filipino dinners the butter is always floating about in a tin. My boys have learned to make butter balls, and pour the tinned cream into the milk jug, but one evening Lai Ting passed cranberry sauce in the tin. One of my friends seeing, no doubt, my disapproving expression, comforted me by saying: "Never mind that, one can see that it has just been opened, so we shall not be poisoned."

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On Sunday last we had an interesting experience, a visit to a Catholic priest living some distance from Manila in a small town on Laguna de Bay. We went with the health officer, his wife, and two other army men. Judge Taft, General Wright, and ourselves were the guests. We started at eight o'clock from the river side and went up the Pasig to Laguna de Bay, a large lake some fifteen miles distant. The day was lovely, and a breeze, almost cool, made us really comfortable for the first time in a week. The river Pasig is not very deep or wide or very clear, but the banks are picturesque although low, with banana trees and palms and rows of native houses on either side. Here and there are large stone churches, often in ruins.

One is surprised at the few reminders of war to be seen in Manila. I cannot think how the town could have been bombarded with so little damage. The native houses are built of bamboo and thatched with nipa, a palmlike plant, and they can be easily rebuilt, but the European residences are all uninjured. We saw one large church which had been destroyed all but the walls; a large library was burned with it. Last Sunday was St. John the Baptist's day and the river banks were gay with girls and women in their bright skirts, promenading back and forth. The natives have a custom of baptizing each other on this feast day by throwing water over one another from little black bowls,

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or they carry squirt guns of bamboo that throw a stream of water many feet. The small boys and men with these bowls and sprinklers run about, chasing girls and women, especially those with fresh-starched dresses, squirting water over them and calling out: "I baptize! I baptize!" The river was full of bathers doing the same thing. We passed a wedding party in a canoe, decorated with long wreaths of hibiscus. Beyond the low banks and over the rice fields, dotted here and there with banana or palm groves, we saw the blue mountains.

The Laguna de Bay is not a pretty lake; it is too big. We crossed to the little port of Binangonan, but as our tug was too large to go near the shore we landed in dugouts, long narrow canoes hollowed out of trees. They are easily upset, and the passengers are obliged to sit in the bottom of the boat, and sit still. The natives paddle with oars like large wooden spoons. When we reached the rocky landing the padre came down to meet us, accompanied by the captain in charge of the garrison. War must develop patience, for the captain was of the nervous American type, straight nose, good mouth, tall and spare, whose brother had been governor of Ohio, and who had seen something of life. He was living in the small village in a nipa hut, commanding about fifty men, cut off from everything and everybody. Even with company it would

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be considered exile, but he cheerfully remarked he "had to chase around with himself." The padre had just come back from Manila, where he had been three days in prison for aiding and abetting the insurgents, but it was considered good policy to let him go free as he was willing to take the oath of allegiance. We went on shore between files of soldiers, who were drawn up to salute the Commission, and the ladies, and proceeded at once to the padre's house.

It was the first time I had been in a nipa house. They are built on poles about six feet from the ground, and to get in one climbs up a frail bamboo ladder. The floor is made of split bamboo, laid in such a way that there is a space between the pieces and one can see everything going on below. The walls are lined with matting woven of flat split bamboo. Of course, there can be no privacy in such houses, and they are full of animal life. There were two young and pretty Filipinas in the house who could speak Spanish and who excused the sister of the padre to us, as she was cooking dinner, they said. This filled us with dismay, for our hostess had provided a hearty luncheon of ham, biscuits, hard-boiled eggs, pickles, and so on, which we had eaten just before leaving the tug. You know how one feels after three hard-boiled eggs and other picnic delicacies. So when we saw an immense soup tureen appear and the table laid with

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forks and knives we began to fear that we were in for another meal. The padre soon came in with the rest of the party. We were afraid that Judge Taft in mounting the ladder would bring down the house, and as Elena pulled her chair to the table the leg went through one of the cracks in the floor, and she had to be assisted to her feet.

When dinner was announced we tried to explain that we had dined already, but in vain. We were compelled to seat ourselves and pretend to eat. It was not uninteresting to taste the new dishes, and some of the courses were very good. One blood-red sausage skin filled with the worst-looking chopped stuff I ever saw was really delicious. Some queer wine was served. It was extremely hot and we were obliged to drink the health of the "American nation and the Filipino people, one and the same." Speeches were made, and Judge Taft said that if President McKinley had told him that the eating of two dinners in the tropics within two hours was one of the duties of his office he would have declined the place. After dining we went to the church, where the Commissioners further endeared themselves to the people by attending a cock fight in front of the sacred edifice. Elena reported that she had seen much livelier ones in barnyards at home, for the cocks jumped toward each other sidewise once or twice, gave one or two feeble pecks, and then both ran off.

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This has been our most exciting adventure this week, although I lost my purse yesterday. It had two dollars and fifty cents gold in it, and was stolen by a clerk in a shop. The shopkeeper returned me the money and a new purse on my representing that it was a bad thing for his shop to have such things happen.

MANILA, July 11, 1900.

FOR a week I have been trying to write a letter but cannot summon energy to do so. I have begun several and then have succumbed to the climate. It is not very hot and there is a breeze through the house all the time, but the atmosphere is damp, warm, and clammy. The effort of moving my hands puts me in a perspiration. Yesterday, through the Hongkong mail, we received two letters from home. We especially enjoy letters arriving between transports, for they have the added interest of being a surprise.

Sunday we went to church for the first time. There were eleven persons present including the clergyman. But of the eleven six were men, quite an unusual proportion from the American standpoint. The minister was a weak brother, and I did not wonder that his flock was small, but I learn that he is a good man and struggles here alone without any support. He was sent out by a board of missions, and after he had been out here a few months

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his pay was stopped as the church work did not flourish. In the mean time he had established a reading room in his house, and had started sociables and little entertainments among the soldiers. He found some employment in town and keeps his mission going. There is a much better attended and more interesting service in the walled city, but I told Elena that we were evidently doomed to listen to this man's aimless meandering because he was good and poor and was delighted to see us. The Episcopalians are trying to build a church in Manila and have collected over five thousand dollars toward it. It is said that immediately the committee selects a piece of ground and begins negotiations to buy it the friars stop the sale. They are determined not to let a Protestant church be built if they can prevent it.

The improvements in our house are progressing slowly. The electric lights are not yet in and the plumbing is only half done. We have been unpacking some of our possessions and find that they suit our house very well. In Japan we bought some bronzes and china, and in Hongkong we purchased tables, chairs, a cabinet, and desk of black wood. These, added to rattan chairs and sofas, furnish our living room. Last week we heard of a Spaniard who was selling out his goods and we bought sixty-four plants. Among them were some handsome palms. They are in ornamental pots and

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lend an air of elegance to our domicile which was wanting before. The longer we stay here the better we like it, and when our lights are in we shall feel quite comfortable. We are not at all lonely. Almost every evening some one calls, and often three or four come together. They are all army or navy people and are pleasant and we get acquainted with them at once.

One of the things that give rather a fascinating air of adventure to our life here is the guard consisting of three soldiers, who sit about with their guns in the lower part of the house bored to death. It is amusing to watch them, and see how different their attitude is toward civilians from their manner when officers call. When they hear anyone coming in the gate they half straighten up. If the caller be a second lieutenant they spring up and stand at attention straight as ramrods, but even be it the president of the Commission himself they visibly relax their limbs and stretch out their legs as they loll back in their chairs while he walks past them. Martial law prevails, and after nine o'clock no one may go through the streets without a pass, and every householder must hang a lantern outside his door.

It often strikes me as peculiar that I go out driving quite alone, leaving three stalwart soldiers behind me in the house. One day I found six men, each with a double row of ammunition in his belt,

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as I came downstairs to go into town. This warlike preparation quite alarmed me.

"What is the matter?" I inquired.

"Oh, nothing, only an uprising is planned for to-day, ma'am," the sergeant cheerfully replied.

I hesitated a moment and then drove off, confident that if my diminutive coachman tried to kidnap me I could put him *hors de combat* in no time. In spite of these warlike preparations Manila is a tranquil city. Political affairs are much more encouraging than they seemed to be when we left America. All organized resistance is over. There are a great many bandits and robbers, but every day they are being captured and their ammunition discovered. The dreaded rainy season is worse for the Filipinos than for our men, for now we hold all the towns and they are "chasing themselves around the country," as a young officer put it. They do not seem to be such a fierce race as they are reported. They strike me as lazy, polite, and good-natured. They may be treacherous, and everyone says they are, but on the surface the lower classes are certainly very agreeable.

We have a neighbor opposite who lives in a nipa hut. He has a wife and two children, and is a fisherman. Once or twice we have thrown candy out of the window to the children. Last Sunday morning the little girl came up the stairway leading

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her small brother by the hand. He wore a gauze shirt that came about two inches below his armpits. The little girl wore a pink calico chemise and carried in her hand a plate of fresh crabs. This was a gift in return for the candy. I offered to pay for them but she ran away, shaking her head. As soon as I have the energy to fill my kodak I am going to send you some photographs of the house and our neighbors.

Next to the fisherman's family lives a couple who have aroused my curiosity to a high degree. They are both quite fair; have brown hair and almost white skins. The house consists of two rooms built on posts about six feet from the ground. The front of the house is always wide open, so we can't help seeing what goes on inside. In front of one window is the dining table, and opposite the other is a piano. The commonest nipa shack in Manila usually contains one of these instruments. A small boy is maid of all work in the domicile opposite. He cooks, cleans, attends his mistress, and although ordinarily his dress is a ragged undershirt and a short pair of white drawers, three times a week he mounts the box of a very neat victoria, and sits beside the driver in all the glory of a white suit, belt, boots, and brass buttons. For a time I imagined these neighbors had rich friends who had not deserted them in their poverty, but on the contrary it is they who, attired in their best, go driving in a

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hired rig three times a week on the Luneta. It is as good as a play to see them return home, climb up a little bamboo ladder, take off their fine attire and sit down to a big round bowl of soup, which the small boy in scanty garments sets before them. My lady wears a chemise and a yard or so of red calico around her body, while her husband, divested of his black frock coat and immaculate trousers, is cool and comfortable in a low-necked shirt and a pair of drawers. They sit, one opposite the other, over a soup bowl and ladle out the liquid with spoons, eating it directly from the soup tureen. They do not seem to have much liking for forks, and eat rice with their fingers. Early one morning I saw the man standing at the open window warming carabao milk over a lamp and then drinking it out of the saucepan. I was so interested in them that I asked the coachman who they were and he said the man was a poet. It reminded me they used to tell us in Spain that many of the families who drove in fine equipages on the Paseo lived on beans in order to be able to keep up appearances. Our neighbors seem to enjoy life, too. The wife plays the piano and the husband sings every evening. She bathes in the surf in the morning with the small boy in attendance. He carries her sheet and towel to the water's edge, and assists her to do her hair. All three are gloriously happy three times a week as they parade in style on the Luneta, and

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after all, not many of us can count on more than that proportion of happy days.

I have just returned from the Manila Aid Society, where we have been packing boxes of books and articles for the comfort of soldiers in the fields and in hospitals. So you see I am already doing something useful. You have no idea how many things come to the society for distribution, and such queer things. Papers and magazines, of course, fill the greater part of the boxes, but people have strange ideas of what is suitable literature for soldiers. Last week I unpacked a box of *Police Gazette*s, and as they were being repacked in a box for a hospital I questioned the wisdom of the society sending out that class of reading matter. One lady was surprised and said that the soldiers loved the *Police Gazette*. One society sent out a large box of woolen pyjamas and in each pocket was placed a pencil, a pocket handkerchief, and a dainty *paper* parcel of homemade molasses candy. You can imagine the state of the pocket. Not only had the candy melted and run all over the pyjamas, but ants had taken possession of the box. With every mail come extraordinary letters written by shop girls, mothers, and romantic school girls. They often begin "Noble hero," and contain all kinds of sickening stuff. In one little package was inclosed a photograph of a girl with two tiny spoons attached to it with a yellow ribbon. From a young

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girl in high school came a letter advising the young soldier into whose hands the letter fell to spend his leisure hours in studying English literature instead of in smoking, drinking, and bad company. She inclosed an outline of the work he might follow. These letters that come to the society are addressed to no one in particular. "To a soldier in the Philippines." "Please forward to a soldier fighting for his country, Manila, P. I." So the post office sends them to us. There are hundreds of Bibles sent, and in many of them are touching inscriptions. Many a mother sends a Bible belonging to a dead son. One, worn, and old, came from a mother whose son had been killed in the Civil War and died with the book under his pillow. We try to give these books to the proper persons, generally the sick in the hospitals. I have two wards to visit every week. Yesterday I made my first round. It's hard work, but I get on better than I expected. The convalescent men like to talk and tell how ill they have been.

The membership of the Manila Aid consists of both young and old ladies. There were two girls packing boxes to-day in the depths of woe because of the departure of the 14th Infantry for China. One told me they were all "lovely officers," "the sweetest boys on the Islands."

Everyone is excited over the Chinese trouble. The news we have is very meager and there is no

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way of finding out whether the foreigners in Pekin are dead or not. We hope that the Government will not fail to replace the soldiers they are taking away from here with new ones. One of our acquaintances, who took us on the launch party to Laguna de Bay, is ordered to China. War seems worse when one is away from it, just as the plague does. When thirty persons were dying a day in Hongkong we went about into shops and alleys and never thought of it. Yet I am worried to hear of two cases in San Francisco. You are no doubt alarmed when you hear rumors of the uprising in Manila, but here we do not think about it.

I told you that we had bought another carriage and ponies, and we have a new coachman. This adds to my discomfort, as the little animals stamp and snort all night and try to kick our guests as they pass them on their way upstairs. On the Fourth of July the town was decorated with flags. The Filipinos arranged pony races in honor of the Commission and gave a ball in the evening. In the afternoon at the theater there was a public school festival, where patriotic songs were sung and the Declaration of Independence was read in Spanish and English. Americans, in spite of their boasted sense of humor, show very little of it out here. Last week a prominent Filipino leader was confined in the Anda Street jail because he was advocating just such sentiments as were contained in

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the Declaration of Independence and which had been recited and sung by native pupils in the public schools on July 4th. No one commented on the incongruity.

We are now the happy possessors of electric lights. They turned on the current last evening. The mosquitoes were numerous in consequence, and strange insects which have not before been in evidence came in with the lights. As the windows are always wide open it is impossible to keep them out. The mosquitoes are small black creatures with no voice, so they conceal their intentions until they have bitten one. At night Filipino nets, woven like a fine muslin, are hung over the beds, and although they keep out the mosquitoes they keep out the air as well.

Since writing last we have made some changes in our *ménage*. Quay, one of our second boys, was a poor servant and a lazy fellow, so we sent him back to China, and Lai Ting decided to get two in his place, a boy for the bedrooms or the "cabins," as he calls them, and a coolie "to work," as he pathetically said. And now we have Chung, the coolie, who does most of the work. He is more like a monkey than anyone I ever saw. He wears a very short pair of black paper muslin drawers and his queue. He cleans the floors, washes the dishes, polishes the shoes, waits on the cook, runs errands for the others, and last night about

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ten o'clock I went downstairs and he was cleaning the room in which our retainers hold their receptions. The boys sit around in rocking chairs in their room at all hours of the day, and from the number of visitors they have at meals I am inclined to think we keep a Chinese boarding house.

July 25, 1900.

I WISH those persons in the United States who talk about the cheap labor of the Orient were obliged to depend on it for a time. Our laundryman went to China last week, and since his departure we have been wearing unironed clothes, as no one stays long enough to finish the washing. We have found four different washmen during the last week. As to house boys, I am sure there is not one in Manila who knows how to dust, but I am disciplining myself not to have any standards, and to shut my eyes to all but the most glaring faults of my domestics.

The weather is fine. It rains for an hour or two early every afternoon. The mornings and evenings are delightful, and it is warm enough at noon to enjoy a siesta. The new carriage and ponies add greatly to our enjoyment. The little horses are fast and well matched. They are not much larger than good-sized donkeys, but where all the horses are small one loses the sense of proportion, and the cavalry horses and mules seem monstrosities. When

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I see a mule in the streets it looks like an elephant. The Filipinos were much more impressed by the first shiplot of mules which were paraded through Manila than by the American troops. As for the native ponies they all stampeded, and the "day of the entry of the mules" is remembered by all the natives of Manila. I am sure no city of the same size has so many vehicles for hire, or so great a variety as to kind and degrees of dilapidation as Manila. The fares are not high, for one may drive in a two-wheeled cart for seven and a half cents the first hour and five cents the succeeding hours. By driving one must understand, however, bumping along over ill-paved, uneven roads, through streets where car tracks are either sunk below the level of the pavement or raised several inches above it. Before we found a suitable turnout we hired a pair of ugly little nags and a victoria which had reached the condition of the "one-hoss shay," but it was the only rig we could find and it cost us seventy-five dollars gold a month. The Filipino ponies are not strong and can be driven but half a day, so one is obliged to have a pair for the morning and another for the afternoon.

There are not many amusements aside from purely social functions to take up one's time. Among the Filipinos there are few entertainments of any kind. There is a theater, but on account of the martial law, compelling persons to have passes

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or to be at home in the evening, there are no performances. There is said to be a fine orchestra, but it is not giving any concerts. The afternoon drive on the Luneta, between five and seven o'clock, is the event of the day. There is the comfort of dispensing with hat and gloves, and many ladies and almost all young girls drive in low-necked dinner or evening dresses. This evening has been especially pleasant. The band was good and there was a full moon; the waves were mere silver ripples, and there were big lurid clouds on Mount Mariveles. Sometimes a shower comes up so suddenly that one is drenched before the boys can put up the carriage cover, but that did not happen to-night.

To-morrow afternoon we are to give a reception to all the school-teachers in Manila. The new superintendent of schools has arrived and they are to meet him here. The Filipinos seem very much astonished that we should invite the teachers socially to our house. One of our friends said it was the first time in the history of the Philippines that anyone connected with the government had treated the native teachers as if they were on the same social plane with himself.

July 26, 1900.

THE Commissioner's *Banquete* to the Manila teachers," as the native papers called our simple afternoon tea, passed off with apparent success.

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The Filipino guests came at half past three, although they were invited for four o'clock. They came together and stayed all the afternoon. There were all kinds and conditions of men and women: black, brown, yellow, and white. From the Sisters' schools in the walled city came placid nuns who sat together in the corner and received much attention from the younger teachers, who reverently kissed their hands. The Jesuit College was represented by a half dozen priests, fat and gay, who made complimentary speeches to the young ladies, and stood about laughing and talking with their hands folded over their stomachs. There was quite a bit of style in the dressing of the ladies, and many made a brave display of jewelry. Some of it was very pretty, and the settings were antique. Although stiff calicoes predominated, many of the elder teachers wore silk brocaded skirts. The majority had black embroidered aprons trimmed with lace. Almost without exception the women were graceful and self-possessed. I find here, as in Spain, many elaborate forms which Americans call insincere and tiresome, but which Spaniards consider essential to polite intercourse. These forms serve to dispel any hesitation on the part of guests as to what they shall say, and neither hostess nor visitor is at a loss for the proper few moments' conversation on entering and leaving the drawing-room. My experience in Spain and Mexico stood me in good stead, and I

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was able to get through the afternoon without embarrassment.

The men were not as attractive as the women. They were neither as good-looking nor as well dressed. They mopped their perspiring faces and clung together in groups; they did not move about and talk to the ladies, and I could not get them to go into the dining room, as they said it was the custom for the ladies to eat first. I finally prevailed upon some of the less conservative to accompany the ladies, telling them it was an American fiesta. I think they did not like the ices very well, they were evidently too sour, and the cakes and punches were tasted hesitatingly, as we would experiment with foreign dainties. I suppose I ought to have employed a native caterer and have served the frozen molasses which they gave us the other day at Binangonan.

Another American innovation was the absence of chairs. Filipinos always sit down at receptions, and their houses are furnished principally with chairs. They don't understand moving about. However, the women and girls chattered and seemed to have a good time, and probably the men enjoyed it as well as any men anywhere ever enjoy an afternoon reception. The band made a fine showing and played dance music all the time, so it was almost as noisy as a "tea" at home. It was not hot, for the wind blew through the house from the sea. The

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American teachers were very elegant. Some of them came late and most of them had nothing to say to the native teachers. After all it was not so bad as it might have been, and our guests expressed themselves as delighted with their afternoon. On retiring, each one gave me his or her name and the address of the school, and invited me to call and see the pupils. This was the modesty of persons who will not presume to ask me to call upon them. We sandwiched in a funeral between this reception and a dance last night.

The Amnesty Proclamation is to be the occasion of a three days' fiesta, managed by a Señor Paterno, who is making himself conspicuous in a truly oriental manner. The amnesty offers pardon and immunity from punishment to all Filipinos who will lay down their arms and take the oath of allegiance. The fiesta, consisting of a banquet in honor of the military governor and a procession with fireworks, seems to be a way of making Señor Paterno prominent as a mediator between the Americans and the Insurrectos, for Señor Paterno advocates independence, if possible, and if not, a protectorate. There is something queer in celebrating the amnesty and demanding a protectorate at the same time. However, the military governor has arranged to censor all the speeches, and the speakers will not be allowed to promulgate any treasonable ideas. Many army officers seem to think that the

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fiesta is a mask for an uprising on a large scale, and all American women and children have been warned not to go on the streets. There was an officer here last night who assured me that the banquet was a trap, and that the Americans who went would probably all be murdered. As the Commissioners are invited and have accepted the invitation it was a pleasant suggestion. The military governor has refused to be present from the beginning, but the promoters still call it a banquet in his honor. Our guards were tripled last night and their belts contain three rows of cartridges. They told me their orders are "shoot to kill." This seems a cheerful way to prepare for a fiesta, doesn't it? An officer who was dining here last evening had on his pistols; he made me nervous. We don't believe an insurrection is being planned, but one cannot tell what an excitable people might do, and it would be easy to murder us all.

July 27, 1900.

LATE last evening we went for a short time to the Army and Navy Assembly. I think there were about two hundred persons present. They met in the Provost Marshal's building and danced around the corridors. It was stifling and unusually hot as the building is in the walled city. It was hardly an æsthetic function, for after one or two dances the ladies began to show the outlines of their

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shoulder blades in perspiration, and the white coats and collars of the men were wet as if they had been in a tub. One young fellow, who was in town overnight, had on a new pink shirt under his tightly buttoned-up white coat, and early in the evening the pink color came through in spots, making him look like a dime museum freak, and caused his sudden departure from the gay scene. One would think only the very young could find any interest in dancing here, but on the contrary fat and middle-aged ladies are especially addicted to it. There was a good supper and we met a number of pleasant acquaintances.

July 28, 1900.

THIS morning, in spite of the dangerous fiesta, I went downtown to see the decorations. The streets were full of natives out for a holiday. They were laughing and having a good time, enjoying, I suspect, the sight of the guards and squads of soldiers patrolling the town. Some persons think the rumors of uprisings are often started by natives for the fun of seeing the soldiers turn out. There were a number of arches decorated with pictures and mottoes. "Viva la protectoria!" "Viva America y Filipinas!" "Viva la Amnestia!" "Viva la Independencia!" were some of the inscriptions. On one arch there were pictures of President McKinley and Aguinaldo inclosed in a double frame of greens.

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When I returned to the house I found that the Commissioners had sent a letter declining to be present at the banquet, because they had learned the speeches were to advocate the independence of the Philippines under the protectorate of America, and that reports of these speeches would be circulated throughout the islands. They suspected Paterno intended the presence of the Commission should suggest that they sanctioned the idea. I am glad they are not going, for I can't but feel nervous over what the army officers said the other night of plots to assassinate them. I met some Filipino girls downtown this morning who were making all manner of fun of Paterno and his banquet.

July 30, 1900.

THE three days' fiesta ended last night in a grand fiasco. This morning we learned that after the Commissioners had sent their letter withdrawing their acceptance to the banquet, an order was sent by the military governor to Paterno forbidding any speeches, and furthermore ordering that there should be no banquet unless some of the Commissioners were present. This order came too late to have the public and guests notified and so they all assembled at the theater. The banquet, too, was prepared, but could not be eaten unless at least one Commissioner appeared. Paterno rushed out to

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Judge Taft's and with tears and on bended knee, so to speak, begged him to go. After a time the judge, who is the kindest of men, consented and so the dinner was served. To-day all Paterno's enemies are laughing over his failure. Altogether the Amnesty banquet to the military governor has been like a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. From a woman's standpoint it seems queer that defenseless civilians were obliged to go to a banquet soldiers thought it unsafe to attend, but there was no doubt some deep political reason we can't understand. The failure of his well-laid plans must be galling to Señor Paterno. All the town is laughing at him, and yet if he had been successful all would have envied him. There is something astonishing to us in the serious way these Filipinos regard themselves. They are immensely conceited and believe themselves the center of attention both in Europe and America. A newspaper was sent me last week in which the lives and deeds of prominent generals and leaders in the insurrection were set forth, and such expressions as "Europe applauds your prowess!" "America stands humiliated at your patriotism!" "Remember the civilized world beholds and wonders!" And these praises were sung of men whose names even we do not recognize! Miguel this and Manuel that are celebrated as world-renowned patriots, or as statesmen "steeped in the atmosphere of European diplomacy." It is not

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strange that such leaders should impose on the masses of the ignorant who believe all they say.

I think our guard was rather disappointed that the fiesta went off without any trouble; one of the boys told me he was "aching for a scrap," but another said he didn't want "to kill no niggers, they hadn't done nothing to him." It is a miserable life—that of a soldier in peace—and I don't wonder these boys would like to see a little active service.

III

A VISIT IN APALIT

MANILA, August 8, 1900.

DURING the last week we have had two noteworthy experiences. The first one was a typhoon. It was more severe than the one of June. The wind was exceedingly violent at times, and our bedroom and dining room facing the sea were uninhabitable during the height of the storm. The tales of mildew are beginning to be verified. Our shoes when left undisturbed for a day or two almost filled with mold, and woolen suits show white spots of the same growth. The climate is ruinous to books, and my leather-covered copy of Browning will, I am afraid, be spoiled if I keep it here. On the other hand, it has been cool for a week. A blanket on the bed at night has been necessary, and a shawl is not too warm in the evenings.

The second experience was a trip to the country and a three days' visit in a little town in Pampanga. We went up on the military train last Sunday. El Señor and Danny accompanied us for a day's

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outing. The trip occupied only two hours and a half and was of course interesting, as it was our first view of the Philippines outside of Manila. The country is flat between Manila and the station of Calumpit, our destination, and the fields in which rice was formerly cultivated were neglected and overgrown with tropical vegetation. There were many groves of bamboo and some cocoanut palms, but the general impression was of a rather desolate country, especially as the only living beings to be seen were American soldiers guarding the railway. The road passed through an insurrecto district, and there was the added spice of possible danger. The trains have been recently attacked, and we carried guards in the baggage car. General Grant was also on the train with his staff, so we felt safe.

On reaching Calumpit we were met by the doctor and his wife, whom we had known on the transport and whose guests we were to be during our stay in the small military post of Apalit, where the doctor is stationed as a contract surgeon. Calumpit lies on the bank of the Rio Grande de Pampanga, and from this small village to the plaza of Apalit was a drive of about three miles along a muddy country road full of holes. The doctor came for us in a rickety old ambulance pulled by two raw-boned brown mules. It was my first encounter with the army mule and the army mule driver, and I felt at the end of the drive that I had gained a new

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experience, although the captain of the post assured me later that he had sent the mildest-mannered mule driver in the post. However, I will say that one of the mules, named Joe, was enough to make even a mild-mannered mule driver swear. He regarded the highway with aversion and was continually trying to bolt into stone walls, nipa shacks, and the river. The mule driver wore pistols and beside him sat a guard with a rifle across his knees. There are said to be ladrones in the neighborhood. The town extends in one long street that follows the river from Calumpit to the church and convent of Apalit. The street passes through several barrios, each with its principal citizens who live in stone and wooden houses flanked by the thatched huts of numerous humble neighbors, sometimes referred to as "dependientes." As the ambulance rattled along the highway, the doorways and windows filled with staring, black-eyed, round-faced, dark-skinned natives; fowls flew cackling across the road, pigs sought refuge with goats and small children under the houses, while the parents and elders crowded to the front windows to catch a glimpse of the strange white women.

The chief manufactures of Apalit and the adjoining barrios, as we saw them along the road, were straw and bamboo mats, bolos, which are sharp, murderous-looking knives, and red pottery jars of the useful domestic order, which stood by hundreds

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drying in the sun. The forge fires were abandoned at the approaching clatter of our ambulance, and perspiring, naked smiths with dangerous-looking blades rushed out to stare at us with mild, good-natured faces, in which curiosity was the predominant emotion revealed. The mat industry we investigated later and found the Apalit weave was durable, and the weavers not altogether lacking in the decorative instinct. The wide-necked ollas or jars were too heavy to carry or we should have bought a few on account of their soft color and quaint shapes.

We drove directly through the village to the public square where the church is situated. This is a well-proportioned, solid structure the exterior of which has some pretensions to architectural excellence and the interior shows the result of artistic aspirations. From the tower we looked over a flat, rich country covered with maize and sugar plantations. The course of the river was plainly indicated by the bamboo and banana plantations along its banks. The soft brown thatch of the nipa houses made shadows in the greenery, and the red tile roofs of the more pretentious houses accentuated the vivid colors of the banana and bamboo. The ylang-ylang and breadfruit trees towered above the banana groves, and off to our left Mt. Arayat, an isolated blue peak, was pointed out as a refuge for all the outlaws of the surrounding district. Just below us

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in the plaza, the exercise and parade ground of the garrison, were throngs of natives, rather more conventional in attire than those we had passed on the road, as became the inhabitants of the most populous barrio on the river. The stiffly starched red calico skirts of the women and the neatly ironed white shirts of the men proclaimed them citizens and not mere country louts. The convento was built with the front at right angles to that of the church, and its cloisters were full of khaki-clad soldiers. On the two other sides of the square were the shops of Apalit—nipa huts with counters in the entrances, where customers could sit and chat with the shopkeeper, who was almost invariably a woman or a girl. The wares displayed were calicoes and textile fabrics and beer, soda water, and cigars; these latter were in great abundance as the shops were patronized by the soldiers.

We were received in state on our arrival by the captain and lieutenant of the post, the presidente, the padre, and the school-teacher. All of these gentlemen, after the formal bows and compliments of greeting were over, accompanied us to the residence of the doctor, where the whole company had been invited to dinner. The residence proved to be a small nipa shack of four rooms. It looked like a playhouse on stilts and was open to all four quarters of the heavens, as the walls were flaps of woven bamboo which could be raised and lowered at

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pleasure. The entrance was at the back of the house, where a square platform was reached by a steep bamboo ladder. The platform, adorned with terra-cotta water jars and potted plants, opened into a small apartment which served as dining room and kitchen. The rather cramped quarters were filled with smiling Pampangans, natives of Apalit, neighbors of the doctor, who had come in to help cook and serve the dinner. They were not of the serving class by any means, but citizens of consideration and means who had brought their best china and napkins and their silver forks and spoons to eke out the slender stock of our host. They greeted us with perfect ease and gracious cordiality and then proceeded with their self-appointed tasks. The stove for which I vainly looked and from whence came the appetizing odors that filled the air was nowhere to be seen, but on one side of the room on a bamboo table was ranged a number of terra cotta charcoal pots, over each charcoal pot stood an earthenware olla, or kettle. In this primitive manner an elaborate dinner was being prepared. The legs of the dining table were standing in kerosene oil tins to keep away ants and incidentally to prevent it from falling through the bamboo floor, which was laid in such a way that it was very much like lattice work, and we could look directly through it into the chicken, pig, and goat pen.

As we sat down to dinner we were greeted by

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a burst of music and the "Washington Post" march came floating to our ears. The village band in the cleanest of white shirts, the tails flying in the breeze, were ranged with their instruments under the window. They played a long programme, which was a veritable torture to our ears, so out of tune were their instruments, but they played with vigor and *con amore*. The repertoire included the "Poet and Peasant" overture, Sousa's marches and two-steps, the "Manila Waltz," and half a dozen gay little dances. During this concert we ate the good things provided by our host, waited on by the polite and attentive gentlemen of Apalit. There was no end to the sweets which were pressed upon us after we had finished soup, a fish, like shad, from the Rio Grande, and tame ducks, a gift from the presidente of the town. There was a great variety of new and interesting fruits, and we did full justice to it all, while listening with open ears to the stories of hikes through the jungle and the driving out of a band of robbers that had lived by raiding the province of Pampanga from time immemorial. The headquarters of this robber band had been across the Rio Grande, and the ladrones were in the habit of suddenly descending on the unarmed and defenseless inhabitants of Apalit and the neighboring barrios "to gather tithes," as they called it. No wonder that the Pampangans from Apalit to Calumpit beg that the "captain" may stay with them

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always, for he has captured the ringleaders and killed the remainder of the band. The conversation turned to the advent of the American soldiers in the province and the padre said, at the news of the advance of the Americans, the friars advised the burning of the houses and the destruction of all provisions and standing crops in order that the "Americanos" might have no place to sleep and no food to eat. The equipment and commissary of the modern army had evidently not been introduced into the Spanish army of the Philippines, and to the astonishment of the natives, the soldiers brought their own tents, and from their rations many starving Filipinos had been kept alive.

The band dispersed after dinner, refusing any "gratificacion" much to our surprise, but they went only as far as the neighboring thicket and there practiced all the afternoon, while we, the other guests having departed, vainly tried to take our indispensable siesta. The bedrooms were two in number and each was completely filled with a big four poster Filipino bed. There was just room enough for us to get in and out. As for our clothes we either put them under the bed or on top of it. Still, after all, it was a bedroom and served its purpose, for it held the bed. Finding sleep impossible we talked, and from the doctor's wife, who is an ideal pioneer, learned all about Apalit, its inhabitants, both rich and poor, white and brown; that the captain was

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an ideal commander of the post with no race prejudice; that he and the "teniente," as they call the lieutenant, were just and kind to the lower classes, but allowed no nonsense; that all the girls of the upper classes were their devoted admirers, for they attended the balls and had taught them to waltz in American fashion; that Apalit was a model pacified town, not a shot having been fired since the American occupation. This, however, did not lessen their vigilance, and the doctor's wife showed us her little pistol, without which she never stirred abroad.

We learned that a number of fiestas had been planned in honor of our visit, and that a quantity of gifts had already arrived from various persons of consideration. This news caused us to repair to the kitchen where we found Ambrosio, a "house maid" he would have been called had he been a girl, sitting at the table dissolved in tears but eating sticky "sighs of love" and sugar "kisses" with an unimpaired appetite. On inquiry we learned that Ambrosio, who is fourteen, has a sweetheart, in the soft Spanish tongue a *novia*. He, the *novio*, wishes to marry and she has the same ambition. On this festal Sunday when all the world of Apalit was out in its best to see the strange white señoras from America, the father of the little *novia* had locked up her clothes and kept her at home, and had beaten Ambrosio who, as the *novio*, had protested. What

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was to be done? The parents of both threatened a beating with a flat bamboo in case any more talking of marriage was heard. We gave our sage counsel and advised waiting until Ambrosio attains the mature age of sixteen, and Ambrosio wiped his eyes on the end of the table cloth and proceeded, much comforted, to devour more "kisses" and "sighs of love." Our gifts, spread out on a bamboo shelf, consisted of flowers, fruits, sweets, and the half of a tender little kid, not yet weaned from its mother.

While we were examining the gifts two solemn middle-aged females in chemise and sarong, that is, a piece of calico wound about the body, with bare legs and feet, their hair done in a tight round knob at the top of the head, a horn dressing comb thrust into it, came up the ladder. They carried something in a bamboo leaf and advanced silently toward us, offering it to the doctor's wife and pointing to us. They spoke no word, knowing it was useless, but squatted down on the floor fixing us with their eyes and awaited results. Opening the banana leaf we discovered three young ears of corn, warm from the kettle, and Ambrosio, being called in as interpreter, explained that the doctor's wife on several occasions had related that in America people boiled and ate green corn and had urged Ambrosio's mother and all her relatives to adopt the American custom. So these simple creatures had

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gathered three young ears and boiled them and were now patiently waiting to see the Señoras eat them.

The doctor's wife is, as I've said, an ideal pioneer in this new country. She likes the natives, has a strong sense of duty toward them and a feeling that we must all help the government in the work of pacification. She is abnormally sensitive, and her *bête noir* is the possibility of hurting a native's feelings. So, having learned that these confiding creatures had taken her admonitions to heart, and not wishing to go back on her word, she said solemnly: "Girls, we must eat them." She meant the ears of corn, but from her tone one might have thought she meant the two women. Falling in with the absurd situation Elena and I each took a cob and sitting down in the window began to gnaw the tough little kernels. The doctor's wife explained to Ambrosio that our corn in America was tender and that we ate it with salt and butter. "How fine," she exclaimed with the optimism which is her predominant trait of character, "if we could teach these poor creatures the use of a new food." As our visitors showed no signs of going and as the corn was like cow fodder, I suggested, in order not to hurt their feelings, we dismiss them with a gift. So Ambrosio gathered up some remnants of the dinner and edged them out of the house. They departed silently as they came, and I wonder if our

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example will cause boiled corn to become a diet in their households.

Late in the afternoon we started off for a barrio some miles down the river where a banquet had been prepared in our honor. We were hot, sleepy, and tired, and the ambulance, with Joe and the mild-mannered mule driver, was very uncomfortable. However, we were interested to meet the family of sisters who had invited us, and the captain and *teniente* predicted the air would revive us. We drove through the same staring crowds of natives, through banana groves still sparkling with rain-drops from the recent shower. The river was pink from the reflected brightness of a gorgeous sunset. The family we were about to visit had been prominent in the early days of the insurrection. The father lived in Manila, had been a member of Aguinaldo's cabinet and had played a conspicuous part in a political way under the Spaniards. He is now coming into notice as a friend of the Americans, which causes his enemies to call him a turncoat. His daughters, four in number, the children of his first marriage, are living in Apalit with their aunt and a young uncle. I gave up trying to understand all the ramifications of the family tree, for anyone who tries to follow the connections of a Filipino family will soon find himself bewildered; *parientes*, as they call relatives, are legion, and cousins to the fortieth degree are recognized. The house before

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which the ambulance drew up stood back from the road in a garden. Half a dozen scantily clad men servants and numerous children were running about, and as many more peered out of the windows and doors, or hung over the balustrade of a big square stone veranda without a top that projected from the second story of the long, low house. The veranda was approached by a wide stone stairway.

In the country, as well as the city houses, the ground floor of a Filipino dwelling is given over to the animals, servants, stores, and everything of that kind. The family lives on the second floor. The outside stone stairway is a feature of all the better houses in Apalit. It is picturesque and mediaeval, and gives a certain distinction to the plain square houses. At the top of the stairway we passed through an arch to the veranda where roses were growing in pots and big green glazed and dull-red water jars stood in rows. The four sisters were awaiting us, and many gracious good wishes and elaborate compliments were showered upon us as they led us into the entrance hall and thence into the reception room. The sisters were all rather attractive. They looked intelligent but were not pretty. In Filipino fashion they were thickly powdered, and this gave a peculiar lilac tinge to their brown skins. Their gowns were fresh and beautifully embroidered, and their necks and ears glistened with jewels.

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The rooms into which we were ushered were low; the walls and ceilings were whitewashed; the floors were polished mahogany, and the furniture consisted of chairs, a piano, and table. On the walls were a gilt-framed mirror and prints of religious subjects. The impression was of coolness and of immaculate cleanliness, and it struck me at once that the room was in harmony with the place and people. The house swarmed with servants, dirty bare-legged men, women, and girls, clad in rags. They ran about fetching and carrying, stopping often to gaze at us in open-mouthed wonder. After we were finally seated a small boy entered with a tray of delicate white flower wreaths, and the sisters hung them about our necks. Then a glass of sweet wine was passed to each one of us. We spent quite half an hour in hearing how greatly the honor of our visit was appreciated, and protesting that we were the ones honored by such a reception. After this the dinner was served, and we filed out to a table laid with glass, china, and silver that surprised us in no small degree. The service was the finest French porcelain, with a monogram in gold in the center and a handsome border. The monumental centerpiece was crystal and silver, and a procession of ornamental dishes containing sweets stretched the length of the board. Two curious decorations attracted my attention at once. They were silver pineapples on standards, with holes all over them

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into which were stuck slender stems of white wood, the other end being fashioned into all kinds of shapes—fans, leaves, roses, and flowers of many varieties. These looked like huge bouquets of paper flowers, but were nothing more nor less than toothpicks. They are most delicately cut out of a single piece of soft white wood, and show great skill in carving. One old man spends all his time in carving toothpicks.

The dinner was good, but dining or rather the feeding of one's guests is a serious affair in the Philippines. All four of our hostesses and their young uncle kept their eyes on our plates and we were stuffed as if for the slaughter. They had no end of queer sweets, rather sticky and clogging to the American taste; and wine, warm champagne, and ice cream, the latter in our honor. It was made of carabao milk and was not bad if one could forget how a carabao looks. After dinner we had music and dancing, and were delighted with the young uncle of the girls. He is a charming young man educated in Europe, yet not spoiled by his sojourn there. He was gay, unaffected, and simple in his manners. He is clever, too, and manages the large estate owned by an elder sister, who, it appeared, is a woman of character and position in Pampanga. She did not appear at the dinner and we did not see her until just as we were leaving, when a tall dark "Indian woman" appeared, who was dressed in a

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straight narrow skirt and a cotton jacket. She extended a hand in greeting, and our young host presented her with all due deference and courtesy as a lady who had never learned Spanish. No one seemed disturbed by her sudden appearance and there was no attempt to keep her in the background, but this dispenser of diamonds and dinners, for she owned the house and all it contained, preferred to superintend the kitchen maids and be presented to her guests later. Finally, we left our hostesses after many promises to return soon, and drove back to the doctor's shack, through the grove of bananas and palms. A heavy dew was gathering on its foliage and the leaves glittered like polished silver. It was like being in fairy land, to drive through the tropical forest under the full moon.

After settling ourselves for the night, and tired out with our long day, what should turn up but the band. It was maddening, and yet not wishing to hurt the feelings of the gentlemen in white shirts we endured the strains of "Just One Girl," "Whistling Rufus" and other choice selections for over an hour. The doctor's wife, true to her mania for pacifying the natives, had the nerve to call out *mil gracias* (a thousand thanks) as they went off. The doctor and I hissed her. Then came an awful night. The nipa hut was like a bamboo cage; it creaked and swayed with the least breeze. The sides of the walls were open for air, and visions of the bolo makers per-

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sisted in coming to mind. I heard insurrectos whispering under my bed and coming up the ladder. Every time anyone moved the whole house groaned. I know I did not get forty winks all night. Next day we had more presents from neighbors, another dish of stewed kid, and "sighs of love" and *besos* or "kisses" of sugar and eggs. We had *ates*, a fruit like a small green pineapple filled with black seeds and a sweetish, creamy pulp, *lanzones*, a small fruit which exudes a sticky, milky juice and contains a small lemonlike fruit divided like an orange. The fruit itself is covered by a skin, bitter as quinine, and contains a seed with a bitterer taste still, but within the skin and surrounding the seed is a substance that is said to have a "flavor for angels." Although one seldom escapes the quinine, still the thought of again catching the marvelous flavor is so fascinating that one keeps on eating until the last *lanzone* disappears.

We went to the weekly market at Calumpit one morning and bought mats. I am going to have one woven for you as I know you would like them. Elena bought two, and I tell you this so you may know her chaste taste approves of them. The dress of the Filipino woman is very cool and we are going to have some made to wear in the house. The children dress exactly like the grown people and are quaint and pretty in their little beaver-tail trains. Before we left Apalit an evening *soirée* and an eleven

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o'clock collation were given in our honor, both with music. This was a repetition of the other visit, only longer. The dinner was at noon and we had the same numberless courses of meat, wines, champagne, and sweets. After it was over we all went to bed.

Filipino beds are monumental constructions, four posters with canopied tops; woven bamboo takes the place of a mattress, and over it is laid a mat and a sheet, the latter for honored guests. In each bed are two rolls covered with red cloth; on special occasions they are put into white ruffled slips. These rolls are called "widows," and they are used to prop you up when your bones ache. In the walls of the house are many bullet holes, which are reminders of the fighting between the insurgents and the Americans. Our hostesses took the siesta with us on mats on the floor. This is the way they sleep. As they don't wear stockings all they do when they go to bed is to take off their slippers and the stiff handkerchiefs which they wear around their necks. It must be much easier than our way when one is sleepy and tired. They are fond of bathing and put on clean clothes every morning after a tub. Great wardrobes were filled with dresses. I became quite interested in one of the girls, and during the hot hours and the siesta she told me some blood-chilling tales of the friars during the Spanish régime, things that had happened to relatives and friends. Then she told me how she

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and her sisters fled at the approach of the Americans and lay hidden for days after burying all their valuables. When they finally ventured back to the house great was their amazement to find it and their belongings untouched. They then began to think that the *Americanos* were not as black as they had been painted.

I must bring this letter to an end. There was so much that was novel in our experience I felt you would like to hear it and I have drawn it out unpardonably. We went back to Manila in good shape with many regrets at leaving the country.

The night after our arrival a big storm came up which still continues. The waves are dashing wildly against our breakwater. I sat up all last night expecting the roof to be blown away, but it is still intact. The noise of the wind and the rattling of the loose ends of the tin roofing is deafening. Three native houses in our block were blown down last night, and the shore is strewn with wreckage.

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IV

THE ROUTINE

MANILA, August 12, 1900.

WE went to a ball last evening given at the Bank House. This is the residence of the manager of the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank. It is situated beyond the town in the open country and as an uprising had been announced for to-day all the officers serving with troops were ordered to be on duty. Only the staff officers were able to be present, but so small a number of women and girls are in town compared with the men that there was no dearth of partners and everyone had a good time. Our guard was tripled yesterday and the men insisted we ought to take a gun with us to the ball. So with much reluctance el Señor was finally induced to put his unloaded pistol under the seat. Our progress was slow for at every few blocks we were challenged, the carriage stopped, and we had to get out and have our pass examined. It was not exactly agreeable for a slight rain was falling. The ball was very pretty and the supper delicious. One

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of the officers present was standing near me, with a plate piled with good things; as he raised his glass of champagne in my direction he said: "It makes me blush to think of the pathetic letter I posted this morning, describing the hardships of the soldier's life in the tropics."

We have a clever and unscrupulous coachman. Last evening when we went downstairs to go home we found the carriages in an inextricable confusion. There were friends waiting who had been trying to find their carriages for half an hour. Somewhere from the crowd Lorenzo spied us; and we suddenly heard a familiar voice calling in imperious tones: "Make way for the carriage of the honorable President of the Civil Commission." Like magic every coachman gave way and before we knew it Lorenzo and Luis had swooped down and gathered us in and we were speeding off down the road too surprised and amused to make any proper impression on Lorenzo, who evidently was well pleased with the success of his trick. He promised, however, never to do it again.

MANILA, August 15, 1900.

MY last letter I mailed during a typhoon, so it was probably delayed several days and this may reach you at the same time. We were obliged to sleep on the floor of our reception room during the height of the storm as the rooms facing the

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bay were uninhabitable. Every time a typhoon rages, the driveway along the beach is washed out and the waves dash over a half-finished pier in grand style. I was persuaded to walk down the Malacon drive the other day after the height of the typhoon, and although I was literally "soaked to the bones," as the Spaniards express it, the sight of the majestic breakers well repaid me for the discomfort I suffered.

Our visit to Apalit endeared us to our Filipino friends to such an extent that on our departure they not only loaded us with flowers, fruits, and sweets, but embraced us over and over again, fairly tearful with emotion in a very un-American manner.

It appears that the half brothers of the young ladies sail on the *Grant* this week for America where they will enter a university. Their father is one of the Filipinos who has taken the oath of allegiance and is apparently working for the American cause. He is not popular, however, with his countrymen, who do not consider him reliable. I have begun to find out that the Filipinos do not hold together, and that the social position or political success of a man inevitably calls forth enemies on all sides who malign his character and suggest he is a turncoat. The Americans, too, are inclined to say he is slippery. This may or may not be the fact in the present case, but turncoat or not he is certainly a clever man, and if he has changed his politics for

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his own ends he is only doing what the Government is urging all the Filipinos to do, so I cannot see that anyone has the right to call him names. The two youths, sons of this gentleman, are accompanied by their young uncle, whose father is said to be one of the richest men in the islands. This old millionaire is an "Indio puro" as they call the full-blooded natives, although he looks as if he had Chinese blood in his veins. He wears his white shirt outside his trousers, but he lives in one of the handsomest houses in Manila, and his sons and grandsons are regarded as young swells in their circle. I enter into these details because you will doubtless see notices of the arrival of the young men in the papers when they reach San Francisco.

The week after our visit to Apalit, last Sunday evening, our friends came down to Manila to bid good-by to their brothers and we met them driving on the Luneta. At first we did not recognize the gayly dressed mestizas, in a stylish turnout, who seemed to be waving their hands to us, until Elena exclaimed: "Why, they are our Apalit friends, and they are waving to us to stop!" As they overtook our carriage one of the girls jumped out and ran over to greet us, then all Manila beheld the amazing spectacle of an American woman being kissed by a Filipina and their driving together around the Luneta. Perhaps I have mentioned in one of my letters that one of the vital questions in the Philip-

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piners relates to the social relation between the two races. The army, except in a few cases, has tabooed the native socially. A friend, the wife of an officer of high rank, said to me one day when I was preparing to make some calls on native acquaintances: "I pity you Commission people; thank heaven the army has no social duty toward these natives." This attitude is perhaps natural, for a conqueror seldom feels on an equality with a race with whom he has recently been in conflict. So one seldom meets natives at any but purely official army functions. They are rarely invited by officers to their private entertainments. The Filipinos are sensitive on this point and say: "If the Americans are going to look on us and treat us as the Spaniards have done for three hundred years, we do not want them here."

MANILA, August 18, 1900.

THE day before yesterday our Apalit friends called on us, but I was out. Elena acted as hostess and with a mixture of Spanish and Italian she managed to amuse and entertain them. In Manila if one wishes to be very polite he returns a first call the day it is made, but on no account must he defer his visit later than the following day. Therefore, although the weather was stormy, we started yesterday for Tondo, where in true patriarchal fashion live the root and branches of this

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family. Tondo is a quarter as near like Chinatown as you can picture it. It is the dirtiest and most crowded part of Manila, but in spite of that fact some of the richest Filipino families reside there. By the time we reached our destination our horses and carriage were covered with mud, as we had driven through water up to the hubs part of the time.

I never like to drive in the crowded part of the town; the narrow streets are paved with uneven blocks of stone; there are more public conveyances than I have ever seen anywhere else; and I think the carabao are dangerous; their great horns nearly fill the narrow streets and their drivers are utterly reckless. Private coachmen are no better. They make it a point of honor never to allow any other conveyance to pass them, so between the yelling of drivers, the lashing of the horses, and the horns of the carabaos I am developing "nerves." We at last reached the street and number given us by the young ladies, but I hesitated as it seemed impossible a family of consideration could live in such a place. All around were small dirty Chinese shops, and the narrow sidewalk was filthy. We had stopped before a huge building like a warehouse. At the entrance was an immense door with a smaller one inclosed in one of its panels. The correct number above it was the only thing that suggested that it was the right place. After knocking several

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times three half-clad men appeared and answered "yes" to our question if Señor Carmona resided there.

The lower floor which we entered was an immense court paved with square stones, where there were at least ten carriages of different styles and sizes. How many horses were in the stalls I could not tell, but I heard their stamping and snorting. In the center was a fountain, but wet clothes pasted on boards suggested that it was used as a washtub. Ten or twelve servants were engaged in various occupations, working over the horses, cleaning carriages, washing dishes, and all peering at us with interest. Presently a small girl rang a great bell, pointed up the stairway, and we ascended the wide marble steps unattended, in true Manila style. On reaching the top of the stairs we came to a large square hall where vistas of apartments opened on all sides. The proportions of the room were fine and the beautiful rosewood floors shone like mirrors. Servants were sauntering about but no one came forward. We waited until our charming little hostess came running in to greet us and she led us to the drawing-room. Filipino homes are furnished more simply than our own. There are no carpets or rugs, and who would wish them in exchange for a highly polished rosewood or mahogany floor? Even in the houses of the wealthy the furniture is principally of the Vienna bent-wood variety. Chairs

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almost fill the rooms. There is usually a hollow square in the center formed by a table at one side, with sofa opposite connected by rows of chairs. Pictures are infrequent, but magnificent mirrors in elaborate gilt frames abound. A piano of excruciating tone is never absent. Cuspidors of pink, white, blue or green glass are symmetrically placed at the four corners of the hollow square. Usually two or more natives in very dirty short bathing trunks are on hands and feet with rolls of burlap polishing the floors. They rush from one end of the room to the other with astonishing rapidity. The Filipinos call it "skating the floor."

All of these conditions were present in the drawing-room of the house we entered. Instead of the usual bent-wood furniture, however, there were beautifully carved sofas and chairs, covered with ugly but heavy and costly velvet brocade. The table was inlaid tortoise shell and brass of exquisite workmanship. The piano was a grand Erard imported from Paris, but a total wreck musically. There were several glass and gilt cabinets filled with bric-à-brac of the most varying kinds from beautiful and really artistic and valuable specimens of Sèvres, porcelain, and bronze to miserable blue, white, and pink glass toys and china dogs of the cheapest and most vulgar sort. The walls were hung with a heavy, dark paper detached in many places by reason of the dampness. Two royal mirrors adorned

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the walls. On the beautiful table was a cheap china bowl and two china vases filled with soiled artificial flowers. But what most attracted my astonished gaze were four painted tin cats standing around the table.

Our hostess sat beside me in a white dressing sack, at the other side sat Señor García, and beyond and opposite was a row of persons of all hues from almost black to very light brown; from the old man who I said wore his shirt outside his trousers, to Señor Lambérto, one of the handsomest men I have met in Manila. He was in Aguinaldo's cabinet and very prominent politically. He is pale and looks like a Spaniard, but is a mestizo. We talked a few moments and then Elena was invited to play, which she did to the great delight of the company and to our agony. I afterwards spoke of the difficulty in this climate of keeping a piano in tune on account of the rusting of the strings, but this did not appeal to them. One of the ladies expressed surprise and said: "Do you think so? Why, our piano belonged to my grandmother and it is still very good." I had never heard a worse one. But it is thought that as long as the instrument holds together it is good. Afterwards one of the girls played and then Elena was urged to play again. It was evidently the desire of our hosts to entertain us. I was curious about the four painted tin cats. The mystery was soon solved and I learned that

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they were not merely ornamental, for Doña Lucia was seized with a fit of coughing and to my astonishment she grasped one of the animals by the head and turning it around expectorated with great vigor into a cuspidor which was mysteriously constructed in or about its back.

MANILA, August 21, 1900.

SINCE my last writing we have been to a dinner given at a Filipino house in honor of the two departing youths of whom I wrote. One of them speaks a little English. He took Elena in to dinner. At parting he said to her: "I wish the *Grant* to take you, too, with us, for your good health and merry character are greatly pleasing to me." These dinners are much more entertaining than American dinner parties. The table etiquette is somewhat difficult at first, but I am learning in Filipino style to pick off an olive or pickle at the end of a fork presented me by my neighbor at the table, and to say the proper thing in response to a toast to my "beauty and intellect."

We have a good cook and we enjoy having all the company we wish as it is unaccompanied by trouble or anxiety. I am constantly saying to myself, *unberufen*, for to have six really first-class servants is so remarkable here that it seems impossible that it should last very long. Our second boy was a trial when we first came, but I soon learned that

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the only wisdom is to keep changing until the right one is secured, and now I have a jewel.

I send one last message before the mail closes. We are all well. Last night we had a dinner party. It was unusually pleasant, although el Señor was called away at the last moment to go to a meeting to discuss a telegram from President McKinley. Our little company was congenial and lively and we had a most *recherché* little dinner. Our most expensive and elegant course was a leg of mutton which weighed only six pounds and cost two dollars and forty cents. We have had no meat since the typhoon started. We pay from four to six cents a pound when we get meat from the quartermaster, but the mutton I bought in town and paid forty cents a pound for it.

MANILA, August 29, 1900.

SINCE writing you last the typhoon has gone to Japan, still the *Grant* did not sail on the 25th, but waited until the next day. Our next-door neighbor, the paymaster's wife, and her children have gone home. The little boy was a mass of prickly heat and kept a servant fanning him all the time. We regret her departure for she is a charming woman, and we dislike to have the nice people go. I should think army life would be trying to those who find pleasure in friendship. Just as soon as one becomes acquainted with a congenial man or

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woman off he goes to another quarter of the globe. Elena said she wrote to you we were going to give a Filipina lunch party. It was successful although two of the guests did not come. The natives have not our ideas in the matter of entertaining. They always are prepared for more persons than they invite, and three or four guests more or less is quite in the usual order of things, and so although the girls knew two days previously that two of them could not come they did not send me word. I was sorry because I wanted to ask several other persons and could not because there was not room, as our table seats only fourteen. The Filipinos and Americans made a very jolly party. The natives are always gay and easy to please and laugh a great deal. I invited the wife of the captain of the military prison, a charming woman, sympathetic and fond of the Filipinos. She is pretty, too.

I used for the table the blue centerpiece and doilies embroidered in white dragons that I bought in Hongkong, and the arrangement was new and interesting to the Filipinos. Bouillon served in bowls was also a novelty, and they admired our little entrée forks. The jelly was wine, chocolate, and blanc mange in layers, and their admiration was great for they appreciated all the sweet things, but most of all they enjoyed the apricot water ice and frosted cake. When the coffee was served in the drawing-room the coffee spoons were examined with

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enthusiasm, and one of the girls announced that she would write to her brother to send her some from America. Coffee is served with teaspoons in Filipino houses. After lunch I showed them fashion books and took their photographs and at three o'clock they departed, leaving us quite tired out with the excitement and the necessity of making so many complimentary remarks in a foreign language.

On Tuesday morning we went to an interesting celebration at the Augustinian church. The anniversary of the saint was the occasion of the high mass. We were delighted with the service and saw a great deal that was really beautiful. The church itself was handsomely decorated, with many candles in crystal candelabra and large lusters hanging from the ceiling. There was a great deal of silver on the high altar. The apse was draped with a white cloth canopy studded with black to imitate ermine. The edges were trimmed with red and gold embroidery. It looked quite magnificent. The archbishop officiated. Elena has told you about this gentleman, I think. He is as unspiritual looking a priest as one can imagine. His vestments were magnificent and it was quite a sight to see him dressed at a side altar by the lower clergy. That was part of the function. They say the old gentleman suffers a great deal from the heat on these occasions. I should think he would, he is so fat.

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The bowing and hand kissing and continual reverences are tiresome to a heretic. Since I am not sufficiently accustomed to high mass to know always how to behave I find that the best way is to watch the Spanish officials who sit in great gilt chairs in front of the altar. When these gentlemen sit still, so do I; when they stand up I follow suit; when they kneel I do, too. Thus I avoid attracting attention. The music was good in places on this occasion; one baritone had a lovely voice. After the long service we were invited into the reception room of the monastery, where sweets, wine, and beer were served. We met a number of *frailes* and were greeted with marked attention. As the Commission is now discussing the question of church property, the friars are pleasant, especially to us. We met a number of Spanish and Filipina ladies whom we had never seen before. The niece of the archbishop was there. She told us the nicest people in Manila are not seen among the political set. Those present were certainly whiter than many of those we know and all were very devout.

MANILA, September 1, 1900.

TODAY the Civil Commission assumes the legislative power in the Islands, with certain executive functions, including the power to appoint to office in specific departments. They will, in my opinion, have their hands full.

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MANILA, September 10, 1900.

MY last letter was written when a typhoon was at its height, and I am again sitting in the dining room listening to the roar of the waters which are beating against our sea wall below the windows. Thursday the biggest storm in years began and increased until Saturday night when there was no rest for anyone in the house. You never heard such a racket. All the tin roofs in the neighborhood were banging and rattling. Our neighbors opposite tied down their roofs to stakes in the ground, while there was an air of unrest and anxiety manifest in the cautious way the people peered around corners and scurried across streets to get out of the way of falling roofs. El Señor and Danny came home in a calesa and were nearly blown away. On Sunday we drove out to view the ruins and I tried to get a picture or two of the wreckage on our street. A schooner was washed up on the shore just below our house, and we were thankful that it did not come pounding against the breakwater. We went down-town in a quilez, which is a high two-seated vehicle, and the horse waded through water up to his shoulders. In front of the Ayuntamiento the largest trees were blown down, and on Saturday night there were no electric lights in town. Last evening we went out driving again and were astonished at the floods all over town. For an hour or two we drove through water up to the hubs of the carriage wheels,

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and saw many strange and picturesque sights. Whole sections of the city as far as the eye could reach were under water. Natives were walking in it up to their waists, and buying and selling notions and food out of their windows. We now understand why the nipa houses are built upon stilts. Some persons more enterprising than others were paddling about the streets in bancas, as they call their small boats or "dugouts." The river banks had overflowed the lowlands, and water was running through the palace yard at least two feet deep. We finally could go no farther, the water was so deep, and we turned toward home. Before we could reach our house a great cylindrical storm cloud came whirling directly toward us. In a moment, scarcely giving us time to pull up the top of our carriage, the wind rushed upon us and the rain came down in sheets. We had difficulty in getting home. The flood subsided as quickly as it had risen, and next day I drove over in that vicinity and found the dust blowing where the water had been the day before.

MANILA, September 14, 1900.

THE doctor's wife has been visiting us and we have been having a very gay time. We have had company every day, and on Wednesday we gave a big dinner. It was very good, indeed, and considering that we spoke three languages at table,

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it went off extremely well. We had invited among others, a prominent Filipino who has lived twenty years in Paris. He speaks French well and is a cultivated gentleman. His wife speaks very good Spanish, which is not always the case among the mestizas. Another guest was minister of foreign affairs under Aguinaldo and now seems turning or turned to our side. There was much interesting talk and everyone seemed to have a good time. Last night we went to a dinner and a ball. The dinner was given to the Commission. It was given in the house I described in a previous letter. The dining table seated thirty-one persons, and consisted of three great marble-topped tables put end to end. The family ordinarily eats from the cold white top without a table cloth, but last night there were table cloths and napkins and immense baskets of flowers and different kinds of fruits and jellies. They had an orchestra of a dozen pieces which brayed discords all during dinner. The toasts were many and amusing. Judge Taft prefaced a very witty toast by saying that he would not speak in Spanish, because there were so many present who could not understand him.

Our host then delivered a glowing oration in which he said he was in such a delirium of joy that he could not believe it to be anything but a dream. He was very eloquent, and the Spanish language lends itself to flowery metaphors. After the dinner,

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which was a long one, with many kinds of wine and warm champagne, we adjourned to the drawing-room and hall for dancing. The ladies were elegantly dressed. The hostess of the occasion was dazzling in immense pearls set with diamonds. She had on a red brocaded dress with the funny little beaver-tail trains the Filipinas wear. The camisa and panuela were of fine piña cloth embroidered in white silk. The scene in the dancing hall was gay indeed, for the ladies' dresses were all of the most brilliant colors. Pea-green, sky-blue, and pink predominated. Many of the men did look a little black, I must say, but I do not mind that, they are so polite and happy. We stayed until twelve o'clock, and then we went to a ball at the Spanish Casino. There we saw a repetition of the same scene, but of course being in a casino it was not as elegant as the private party. We finally reached home about three o'clock, but not so late as if we had stayed through the first party, where dancing was kept up until five this morning.

At these native balls the girls sit demurely about the room in chairs placed against the wall. The men congregate in the halls or on the stairways and stare at them. There is naturally a certain shyness on the part of the Filipino men about asking the American women to dance. The ball is always opened with the rigodone, the stately dance of the country. Judge Taft dances this with the hostess

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and the host leads out with Mrs. Taft, while the rest of us form in line and go through the rather intricate figures with as much grace as may be. Since the arrival of the Americans the mestiza girls of society have been taught the waltz as danced in America and have learned to reverse, but the Filipino men waltz as the Germans do. Experience in that style of exercise in Europe has taught me to avoid it in the tropics. It is only suited to the frozen north. The two-step, which anyone can learn, is the favorite with the mestizos and mestizas. As yet the American waltz is a little difficult.

At all native balls the supper is a great feature of the affair, fowls, meat and other substantial viands forming part of the menu, with dulces (sweets) and ices, which are insipid to our taste, and champagne. The fact that champagne and diamonds bore very low duties during the period of Spanish rule may account for their abundance in the Philippines.

MANILA, September 28, 1900.

NOWADAYS there is nothing new and interesting going on which makes letter-writing easy. Politically things are blue. The insurgents are everywhere helping William J. Bryan all they can by attacking the Americans even at a frightful loss to themselves. Last week there were two encounters, one fight in which twenty-four of our men

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were wounded or killed, and another in which six or eight were killed. In Zamboanga the insurgents have asked for a suspension of arms till after the election. They promise to lay down their arms if Mr. McKinley is elected, but if he is defeated they say they will fight till the last American soldier has left the Islands.

We had a dancing party this week. Our guests were Filipina girls and a few young men who came to teach us the rigodone, a Spanish dance that is in great vogue here among the Filipinos. The two girls are daughters of a Filipino who is an American sympathizer and a well-known enemy of the friars. Once the insurgents tried to bury him alive and he has been threatened several times with assassination; but he does not seem alarmed and has lately written a play, which was performed last week in a theater in town. It was a violent attack on the friars. He has ten children, among them two very pretty girls. One of them is engaged to an American. She is accomplished, sings well, and seems delighted with her American lover.

I told you, I think, about the club for the purpose of bringing Americans and natives together socially. I don't know how it will work. If the Filipinos hear of the views of the founders they may not like to be brought into an organization so frankly for their "elevation." No woman can join who will not promise to dance with a Filipino, and no man

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who is not willing to give up his own preferences and pay attention to Filipina girls instead of Americans. So you see we may have trouble. The Filipinos may be like some of the persons approached by the social settlements in America, "hard to do good to."

We have become acquainted with a charming young Spanish officer, who is in Manila settling up Spanish claims. Last week we invited him to dine with us. Before dinner an orderly appeared with two immense bouquets and a letter in Spanish begging el Señor to allow his wife and sister-in-law to accept the flowers as a proof of the appreciation of the honor they were showing him. His character combines the gay and the serious, and we like him and are sorry he is going away very soon.

I wish we might know more of the different social circles here. Manila seems to be a society made up of many cliques separated one from the other by scorn and hate. Of course we are in with the pro-American set, which shuts us out from any but one kind. Now and then we come across an individual who is outside our set and who knows all about the others. I met a gentleman a few evenings ago who claimed to know Manila society root and branch, and he shocked me by saying that certain persons I have supposed were the cream of society here were absolutely tabooed by the really aristocratic families of Manila. He also said it was a

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great pity I did not know the really first-class families here, but that they were all very exclusive and bitter against the Americans, being pro-Spanish in their sympathies, and it would be "difficult." However, he hinted his good offices might be employed in behalf of so "sympathetic" a señora as I, and he was sure I would find myself much at home in the charmed circle of Manila's upper ten. A few evenings later I inquired about this person and his standing from one of our circle of intimates, who answered my question with the statement that my informant was far from being all he should be, and entertained me with many remarkable tales of his character. Each social set makes claims bewildering to the newcomer.

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V

THE SOUTHERN TRIP

TRANSPORT "SUMNER," ILOILO, March 22, 1901.

THE trip to Iloilo on a Spanish steamer to overtake the transport *Sumner*, on which the Commission is visiting the southern provinces, was agreeable. The table was good, in Spanish style; the rooms were dirty but not uncomfortable. The scenery was picturesque, as we sailed in sight of land almost all the time. We reached Iloilo about three o'clock on Monday morning. At seven o'clock the big quarantine launch came alongside and took us over to the *Sumner*. El Señor was waiting for us. I was much relieved the moment I saw him. He is looking better than he did before I went home. Judge Taft does not look quite so well as when I left, but he has not grown thin. All the rest of the party are well except one of the young ladies, who broke her arm in three places, falling from a horse. There are about fifty persons on the *Sumner*. The Commission, the ladies, the secretaries, certain members of the Federal Party, a number of reporters, and the quartermaster. The staterooms are small,

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but the dining room is large. The Commission is feeling much gratified over the success of its work in the Islands. What is more, the administration in Washington appears to be satisfied, and at present it looks as if we would remain in the Philippines some months longer, as the Commission will probably become the legislative body when civil government is established. The party has been two weeks on its travels. They have been having a busy time. In addition to hard work they are expected to attend balls, banquets, and receptions of all kinds everywhere.

March 24, 1901.

WE left Iloilo yesterday at half past two. The weather is cool and cloudy. To-day we have been steaming along very slowly, for the channels here are not marked and the captain is careful. Just now we are in sight of lovely islands and the sky is full of snowy clouds. The sunsets are wonderful and altogether it is delightful after the monotony of the Pacific. Auria has begun her daily lessons, and Fräulein will, I think, do well with her. Tomorrow we reach Jolo.

OFF JOLO, March 27, 1901.

THIS morning on looking out of our stateroom window we found ourselves off the town of Jolo, which lies close to the shore, surrounded by cocoanut palms and tropical trees of all kinds, prin-

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cipally fruit trees of new and interesting varieties. The mountains behind the town rise in a series of isolated peaks wooded to the tops. The sea is like a mirror and the sky cloudless. By breakfast time dozens of little boats came alongside the *Sumner* with fruit, hats, shells, and curios for sale. At half past nine the officers of the garrison came aboard. Following them was a long double row of native boats, gayly decorated. There were seventy-five barges and boats, and they circled around the transport beating tom-toms and playing on other barbaric musical instruments, making the weirdest sounds imaginable. From every boat a continuous fusillade of fire crackers added to the din. Besides the small boats, decorated with American and Moro flags, there were three or four large barges containing the more important Moros. These were covered with colored canopies or great parasols to protect the officials from the hot sun. In the prow of each boat there were half naked men, wearing gay colored turbans and brilliant loin cloths, dancing a weird Malay dance accompanied by singing and handclapping. The skin of the rowers shone like bronze as they bent their backs to the oars. It was like a scene in an opera. The flotilla sailed around the transport several times, and thus gave us a full view of it from all points. Then it divided making a double guard of honor; and the Sultan was seen coming from the shore in a launch.

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It was only with great difficulty and after much diplomacy that the Sultan was persuaded to come aboard the transport. He was afraid it would compromise his dignity, but after he was convinced that he must come, he donned a gold embroidered suit, and allowed himself to be escorted to the ship. A salute was fired, the marines were drawn up on deck; and the Commissioners received him with due solemnity. Following the Sultan was a motley crew of half-naked Moros, who acted as his suite. They wore gay turbans and sashes, with barongs, or large knives, sticking in their belts. Several wore tight trousers of silk, but others wore simple costumes of bath towels. After the speeches of welcome the Sultan was introduced to us, and he told us he would like to present us to his wives if we had the time. He has about fifty. You can imagine how the children enjoyed this gay scene. They flew about from one side of the ship to the other, standing on deck stools to look at the guests. They were presented to the Sultan, but I noticed they shook hands very gingerly with him. After luncheon we all went ashore to a native entertainment in honor of the American authorities, and the afternoon was taken up watching the strange dances for which these folk have a great reputation. A dance representing the catching of a swarm of bees was most realistic. An old man performed it, and it was evidently well done, for the assembled natives

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watched it with the greatest interest. The play of expression on the faces of the crowd was remarkable. The bright colors of their turbans and trousers, with that of the women's sarongs, produced a gay effect against the green trees and a brilliant white wall as a background. Jolo is a small walled city; about eighty per cent of the inhabitants are Chinese. They had erected a triumphal arch in honor of the Commission. It was very ingeniously made of paper painted with dragons and brilliant flowers. There is a little lighthouse at the end of a pier built by the Spaniards. The principal street of the village leads to this pier. Everything seems to be freshly painted and clean. The short principal avenue is lined with trees, and there are two or three little public gardens, surrounded by low, white-washed plaster walls. In fact Jolo is a gem of a place. This evening everyone has gone to a dance in town.

OFF BASILAN, March 28.

YESTERDAY morning we went over again to Jolo to buy curios. There is not much of value except knives and spears, but we found some coral, two brass trays, and a queer brass betel-nut box. Danny bought a spear and a big knife for me. Later we went over to a neat Filipino village. It was under cocoanut trees and open to every breeze. The streets were paved with white coral, which gave the

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place an especially clean appearance. In the afternoon there was a review of the troops, and in the evening we gave a dinner on board ship to all the officers and the six ladies who live here with their husbands. It was a very jolly affair. At twelve o'clock midnight we left Jolo, and this morning we landed at Basilan, a small town on an island of the same name. There is a company of marines here and five young officers of that corps. The town has one small street and an avenue of trees leading to the fort on a hill. These trees are like mature oaks, but when in bloom are covered with a brilliant scarlet flower and no leaves. They make a magnificent appearance. There is a great variety of woods on the Island of Basilan. We bought fourteen specimens of those that take a high polish. The public school is taught by the officers, and we were much amused at the description one of these young men gave us of his struggle in teaching small Filipinos American history without a text-book, depending upon his memory for the facts. This place comes up to my idea of a tropical country and the real jungle. Many native huts are grouped along the shore and backed by cocoanut groves and bamboo forests. In Jolo and Basilan the Commission was chiefly occupied in interviewing army officers concerning the Moros. There was great difference of opinion among these officers concerning the powers of the Sultan and the

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Dattos, and concerning the questions of slavery and religion.

The Americans have been in the country too short a time, I suspect, and too few know the language to have any positive knowledge about the Moros, their habits, customs, or religion.

ZAMBOANGA, March 30, 1901.

YESTERDAY, after leaving Basilan, we came on to Zamboanga, over a glasslike sea and past lovely green islands. We anchored in Zamboanga harbor about four o'clock. General Kobbe, the commanding officer, Colonel Pettitt, and a number of majors and captains, came on board. As soon as the ceremony of receiving them was over, the Commissioners went to the town where they interviewed the natives. The town is not as pretty as Joló; in fact I believe there is no other place so charming in the Philippines. Most of the town of Zamboanga was burned, and only one street remains as it was before the insurrectos ruined it. This morning we went on shore and took a long ambulance drive into the country. We saw a dirty Moro town, and after trying to buy some turbans we went back to the club, where we saw a fine collection of native knives belonging to Captain Cloman. The knives are magnificent; some have gold, silver, and ivory handles, and others are made with wooden handles elaborately carved. In the morning

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the Commission held a public session. The province of Zamboanga is peaceful, and the people appear interested in the new civil government. The presidentes of all the towns we have visited are gentle and homely old men, who certainly seem friendly. The Commission holds an open session in every town, to which all natives are invited, and many of the principal inhabitants are asked to express their opinions on the topics discussed. At yesterday's session the native speakers looked intelligent and spoke well. There are not many Filipinos in Mindanao, but they want civil government. They are poor, all their carabaos having died. The military authorities have established a very good government and naturally do not want anyone to interfere with it. The Moros are not to be governed under the same laws as the Filipinos.

Last night the officers of the garrison gave us an unusually pretty ball; the club house was well decorated with palms and flowers. We received with General Kobbe, and his aides brought up a motley collection of Filipinos, men and women—Moros, Chinamen, Spaniards, and Americans. It was like a masquerade ball, and the costumes and colors made a brave show. The Moros were the most picturesque figures, dressed in gay trousers, sashes, and turbans. One young Datto wore a green satin jacket, skin-tight lemon colored trousers and an orange silk sash; his turban was a gay striped hand-

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kerchief. The men look fierce and carry big knives, but the women have very mild faces.

March 31, 1901.

THIS morning we drove in the ambulance through a beautiful tropical country. The groves of mangoes, cocoanuts, and other trees, with a thick undergrowth of brilliant flowers and bushes, make the jungle of our imagination. It was not noticeably hot, for a breeze came in from the sea. We were received everywhere with smiles and waving of hands as we passed by, but everywhere we are warned that this is part of a deep laid scheme to deceive us.

OFF SOUTHERN MINDANAO, April 1, 1901.

ON Monday morning after a twelve hours' run we anchored off the coast near the mouth of the Rio Grande de Mindanao. Almost before we had cast anchor, the quartermaster's launch from Cotabato, the principal town on the river, had made fast to our gangway and two Dattos, powerful chiefs of the Moros in this part of Mindanao, came on board. Piang and Ali were their names. Piang is a half-breed Chinese-Moro and is lively, clever, and crafty. Ali, a more stolid and cruel-looking man, sat impassive during the interview. Major McMahon, the officer in command in Cotabato, accompanied them to the transport and remained to

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dine with us. He sat at our table and impressed us, both by his knowledge of and spirit toward the natives. He reported everything quiet in this part of Mindanao. In fact there has not been a shot fired here since the Americans came in. The Moros are regarded politically as wards of the nation like our Indians. Justice is administered through the Dattos, but all are under the United States authority. The Filipinos and Spaniards in this province are few in number, and the Filipinos have almost all been convicts and belong to the lowest class. Major McMahon thinks the Moros are the best type of all the races living here. Cotabato lies about four miles up the Rio Grande de Mindanao, which may be navigated for fifty or sixty miles by tugs and gunboats. The banks are fringed with a growth of willowlike trees, and look very much like the banks of the lower Sacramento River, with the difference that monkeys, parrots and a beautiful white heron were to be seen springing about or flying among the trees.

The launch came for us very early yesterday morning and the women of the party embarked in good spirits, having heard of great bargains in knives, sarongs, and betel boxes. The river has a broad delta at its mouth and several entrances. We steamed slowly up against a strong current. The party was saluted with shots from small cannon, by natives living along the banks of the river. The

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whitewashed Spanish fort on a hill above the town furnished the first glimpse of Cotabato. As we approached the landing, gayly decorated boats shot out from the shore toward our launch, and music and the sound of exploding firecrackers filled the air. Everywhere there were masses of brilliant color and crowds of fierce, wild-looking natives. Over the landing and up the streets were elaborate arches and out of all the windows hung bunting and palm leaves. One could hardly see the houses for the decorations. As we stepped on shore the native school children sang "America," the Moros beat tom-toms and fired off cannon, while the Filipino bands played national airs. Altogether it was like our reception in Jolo, only there were more persons and more noise. This surprised us, for the town is small, until we learned that the Moros had come in from fifty miles around. They were a fierce-looking lot of barbarians, especially the Dattos, who wore the brilliant turbans and gay sarongs we had already admired in Jolo and Zamboanga, but as there were three times as many persons gathered together it was many times as gay.

One object of interest to curio hunters was the betel-nut box, carried by a slave behind the Datto. Of chased silver, it is in shape something like a boat or an elongated tub and contains many little chased silver boxes. The Dattos will not sell these boxes, as we found to our sorrow. They are regarded as

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a badge of honor for the high chiefs. From the landing we went in procession up the long street, escorted by soldiers and followed by a band of Filipinos dressed in brilliant yellow flowered jackets and tight-fitting cobalt blue cotton trousers. There were also twenty natives in costume; ten represented Christians and ten were dressed like Moros. Half the company was armed with swords and half carried spears. Those with spears had long narrow shields, and those with swords carried heavy round ones of black wood decorated in a white diamond pattern. The spears and long sharp swords looked very formidable, and every now and then I caught Auria by the hand, unable to refrain from a slight shiver as I remembered the tales of Mohammedans running amuck at the sight of Christians. Auria, however, appears to like Dattos and shakes hands with them on every occasion. In the Commandant's headquarters a delegation of Chinamen, who are, as everywhere, the middlemen and traders, awaited the Commission. They have the name of being great cheats, but they look clean and clever. Later the Commission held a morning meeting, and, among others, Datto Piang was interviewed on many pertinent questions relating to population, taxes, slavery, gambling, religion, and so on. He is a canny creature, and I confess not to have felt much confidence in him.

The interview closed with the usual compliments

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on both sides, and Piang stated that the Moros so loved the representatives of the American Government that should they leave Mindanao he and his men would follow them to America. Judge Taft politely answered that he would be glad to have them visit the United States. Piang, emboldened by this affability, made the following statement which I shall give just as the interpreter translated it: "After the American troops came here, a colonel of the Spanish army arrived here and he says to me: 'What did you do with the cross and ribbon and band that I gave you?' 'Pooh,' he, Piang, says: 'I threw them into the river,' and he, the Spanish colonel, says: 'What did you do that for?' and he, Piang, says: 'When the American troops came here, they gave me the American flag, and that is all I wanted, and everything the Spaniards gave me I threw into the water.' He, the Spanish colonel, says: 'He, Piang, ought not to have thrown the cross and band into the river, because the American Government was just as bad as the Spanish Government,' and he, Piang, says: 'No, the American Government, when they came here, have treated me like a brother,' and he, Piang, says: 'When the Spanish Government came it raised hell and fight us all the time.'"

With utmost gravity Judge Taft thanked him again, and Piang walked off, followed by his betel-nut box bearer and slave, feeling, I am sure, that he had made a good impression.

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After the interview with Piang, thinking the fun was over, we went to look for curios, but I found only two, a kriss and a sarong, or native skirt, striped in brilliant yellow, red, and green. An officer took us in an ambulance to the top of the hill from which there is a fine view of the valley of Cotabato. Through this valley winds the great river of Mindanao. From our point of view one looked over the green valley and scores of miles of wonderfully fertile plain, dotted with clumps of cocoanut and bamboo, while vast stretches of sugar cane lie between them, and Moro towns nestle in the wide green expanse. It was late when we returned to town, and we drove immediately to the club. There we found a number of mestizas and natives assembled with the members of the garrison. A lunch awaited us, but the Commissioners were late as usual, and it was half past one when, half starved, we sat down to an excellent luncheon. I believe that the Commissioners would rather listen to the talk of natives than to eat. As soon as luncheon was over we were escorted to the plaza where brilliant awnings had been spread to protect us from the heat. We waited some time for the show to begin, but the natives were gathering in crowds and it was interesting to watch them, as it was probably amusing to them to observe our strange attire and pale faces. Finally the Commissioners appeared with a train of gorgeously arrayed Dattos with their slaves.

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One of the principal chief's followers was a villainous-looking Moro with his ear hanging on his neck where it had been sliced down by a blow from a kriss. Many of the Moros are badly scarred. But generally a sharp barong or kriss will cut a man's head open at a blow, and, not long since, an officer told me that a man was cut in two diagonally from his right shoulder across the body to his left side under the arm, one blow severing flesh, muscles, and bones. I have my doubts as to the truth of this tale.

The first number on the programme was a dance by two little Moro girls. They were carried in by slaves and placed on white mats, as they may not walk on the ground. They wore long yellow silk skirts, white waists, silver belts and suspender-like bands of silver ribbon crossed over the breasts. Their headdress was pretty and curious. A tightly fitting band of chased metal passed over the forehead and front part of the head. The hair was twisted into a knot at the back, through which a horn comb was thrust, shaped like the crescent moon. From the tips of the comb hung dozens of long chains made of papier-maché balls covered with red and blue silk. These long dangles floated about as the little girls swayed to and fro in a muscle dance. The hands and arms were used in every conceivable way. These children's faces were like sphinxes, as immobile as rocks, and they looked

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as if they had never been young and would never grow old. When they had finished there were dances by women from the mountains, wearing heavy brass rings on their ankles and bracelets from their wrists to their elbows. All the dances were similar in character, there was little motion of limb but a snakelike muscle movement.

After the women, men with spears and shields appeared and a repetition of the Jolo war dance was given. Yet the last two dances were quite different from any we had seen, for they were dramatic in character. One represented a battle between Moros and Christians. As the participants carried long naked swords and sharp spears the fighting was rather a series of poses than dancing. However, it was realistic enough to make one glad when the Christians utterly vanquished the Moros and stood, each one triumphant, over the prostrate body of a foe. The third number on the programme was a play. It consisted of a dialogue between an old man in gorgeous attire, who represented Spain, and half a dozen little Moros whose skins, already dark, had been blackened to represent the original inhabitants of America. They were dressed in red shirts and black paper-muslin trousers. Their antics were amusing, and Spain seemed to be unable to subdue them. The Chinese interpreter gave us to understand that it represented the discovery of America. It ended with a long-winded eulogy of the Civil

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Commission, characterizing its advent in the Philippine Islands as the crowning event in the history of the New World. It is not as amusing as one might imagine to listen to eulogies for half an hour in an unknown tongue. The pleased and interested expression with which Judge Taft and his colleagues received the first ten or fifteen minutes of the eloquent panegyric gradually stiffened into a set smile, and I saw more than one yawn suppressed behind a Manila hat brim before the orator concluded. It was an experience to remember and we went back to the *Sumner* tired and happy. The long trip down the river on the launch was even more beautiful in the moonlight than it had been in the glare of the morning heat.

April 3, 1901.

ALL day we have been steaming past a lonely coast where the jungle encroaches on the shore and rugged mountains suggest a wild interior country. Toward evening our course lay between the mainland and an island; not far inland the isolated cone of a volcano varied the coast line. The moon rose in a sky bright with the reflected glory of a gorgeous sunset; the breeze was fresh and the sea a bit rough; we sat on deck wrapped in shawls, a rather unusual experience so far south. We were in latitude six degrees north. It has been a relief to be on shipboard for twenty-four hours, and we have

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rested preparatory to the next stopping place, Davao, which we shall reach to-morrow morning.

April 4, 1901.

THIS morning we anchored off Davao, a small village in a fine bay. Behind the nearer mountains rises Apo, a large volcano, 10,312 feet high. We cannot see the crater as the summit is covered with clouds. It was hot this morning at seven, and we are anchored about six miles from land.

April 5, 1901.

YESTERDAY was an interesting day. We went on shore about nine, were received by officers, Filipinos, Moros, and the representatives of six mountain tribes. These mountain tribes are the most interesting and the most picturesque people we have yet met. The dress of the men is a richly ornamented hemp or cotton jacket and trousers, woven in elaborate geometrical patterns. Many of the jackets are covered with spangles made of mother-of-pearl shells, sewed on in effective designs. The trousers are short, reaching only to the knee, and are similarly trimmed. Their arms are covered with bracelets, and they wear strings of beads and brass rings about their legs just below the knee. It is hard to see how they keep them from slipping off. Their turbans are of two kinds. It is reported that those who have killed one man wear, ordi-

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narily, colored trousers, but those who have killed two men wear a red jacket and a turban ornamented with white spots woven in a prescribed pattern. They adorn themselves with a great many beads of different colors, either woven into belts or as earrings and chains about the neck.

Many of the men carried embroidered sacks on their backs covered with beads worked in fantastic designs. All the different tribes, both men and women, had their ear lobes stretched to carry immense earrings; some of the holes in their ear lobes were large enough to carry a silver half-dollar. In the endeavor to enlarge the hole quickly, the ear lobe is frequently torn in two, leaving two strings of flesh hanging down from the ear. In stature the mountain tribes are larger and finer looking than the Moros; many were really handsome in their picturesque costume. Their weapons were spears and short knives. They carried the knife in a metal sheath, curiously worked and trimmed with little metal bells. The bells made a soft tinkling sound. In addition each man wore a large bolo at his side, thrust into a sheath. All were barefooted. The women's dress consisted of a hemp skirt, beautifully woven in rich colors and curious designs, a jacket like those worn by the men, although not so elaborately trimmed. Many women had large round buttonlike disks of ivory in the lobes of their ears about the size of a twenty-five cent piece, with

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chains of beads crossing under the chin from ear to ear.

After the Commission had received the delegates of the various tribes, we went back to the *Sumner* for lunch, and in the afternoon we returned to shore and were entertained with dances. The dances of the mountain tribes are more lively and graceful, and more like our idea of dancing than the Moro dances. Their anklets and bracelets made a tinkling accompaniment to the dance. The musical instruments were three bronze tubs, beaten with metal, and a wooden drum. The army officers at Davao were a major in the regular army, two volunteer captains, and several lieutenants. There were two women and a boy at the post. Three of the officers will settle here when they are discharged and go into the business of cattle raising and farming. There is certainly a chance to make money here if one is willing to exile himself from civilization.

SURIGAO, April 6, 1901.

SINCE leaving Davao, we have been steaming steadily for thirty-four hours. The sea was not very rough, still several were laid low, especially the head of the Federal party, who was the most forlorn looking Filipino imaginable. Everyone was low-spirited and I imagine more were ill than acknowledged it. I asked several persons in a sym-

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pathetic tone if they felt seasick, but they all resented the idea. The east coast of Mindanao is rugged and broken, with several high mountain peaks. Early this morning we came to the north coast and saw some beautiful green islands. The currents were swift, and reminded me of places in the trip to Alaska. The soil of the islands was bright red. Surigao lies in a fine bay, with good anchorage near the town. From the ship we can see several large attractive-looking houses along the shore; behind rise the palms and tropical forests. It is raining hard and I doubt if we get on shore to-day.

April 7, 1901.

WE did go on shore at Surigao and were sorry for it, as it poured and we came back drenched. In all the towns we visit there are pleasant and useful young officers, who devote themselves to the ladies, and show us the sights and tell us what we can buy. We stayed for the Commission meeting, but the natives were dirty, and the presidentes looked stupid. One had been the insurgent governor, and was a little shy in expressing himself when asked about the affairs under his régime. It must seem strange to these ex-insurrecto officers that the authorities calmly discuss political matters with them and ask their opinion about the best way of governing the country instead of hanging them,

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as the Spaniards would have done. We left Surigao at four o'clock and steamed all night till seven o'clock, when we reached Cagayan. Here General Capistrano was brought in about four days ago, the last of the insurgents in Mindanao. There are some ladrones left but no longer an organized force.

The town lies about two miles up the river, and several of us went up in the morning with the Commission to attend the banquet at twelve. The children and others of the party went up later in a launch. The decorations were pretty, and pony races as well as a banquet had been arranged for our entertainment. For a year the town has been deserted, all the inhabitants having gone to the mountains. Since the surrender of Capistrano they have been coming in, and yesterday the town was full of *amigos*. General Capistrano took an important part in the conference. He has evidently made up his mind that it is wiser to be a civil employee than a refugee general. The banquet was very good, and plenty of red chillies made it quite acceptable. The insurgent general sat by Mr. Worcester, and leading citizens were scattered here and there with the Commission. The garrison has a little ice plant here, and the health of the soldiers is good. In the afternoon the Commission held a meeting. On account of a sudden storm the races were declared off, and to our relief the ball had to take place without us. Although we drove from

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the landing to town in the morning, we went back by the river in the evening.

The rain was pouring down when we gathered the children and went to the river landing, and night was rapidly falling. The tide was running out and the current was very strong. We had left the Commission still holding their meeting and we sent for them several times before they came, and when they did arrive the sun had set. The officer in charge of the launch was worried at the delay in starting, as the tide was rapidly falling, and he did not like to go down the river in the dark. There were the remains of a ruined bridge in the river, which at high tide was covered with the water. To pass it safely at low tide required careful navigation by day, and by night it was dangerous. We were crowded in the launch and cutter, and floated down the river very slowly, hardly turning the propeller of the launch, but suddenly, bump! bump! and we struck the stone bridge, carrying away the guard of the propeller and bending one of the blades. This was somewhat terrifying, for we did not know how much damage had been done, and every time the propeller blade struck the guard it made a noise as if a hole were being knocked in the bottom of the boat. However, we all remained quiet until we struck something else. This so frightened the children that some of them began to cry. In addition we were nearly suffocated by heat, steam, the

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warm rain, and the crowd. After getting off the second time the launch stuck fast in the mud. Time and again we ran aground, and finally we were obliged to unload the launch into the already overloaded cutter. We knew the river was full of alligators and this added to our discomfort. It took us two hours to go about a mile. Finally we reached the bar and anchored. Here we attempted to attract the attention of the officers of the *Sumner* by burning red signal lights. After a time the captain saw us, and the *Sumner* turned her searchlight on the channel so we could see our way out, while she steamed herself as near shore as she dared. A second cutter was lowered and met us half way, but we did not have to use it, for the sea had suddenly become smooth as so often happens after dark in the tropics. Had the sea been rough and breaking on the bar I don't know what would have happened to us.

DAPITAN, April 8, 1901.

THIS morning when I awoke we were anchored in a landlocked bay, like a Swiss Alpine lake, with a village nestled in the dip of the mountains, dominated by a great church, built of whitewashed galvanized iron, but looking like marble in the sunlight. Soon after anchoring the rain came on and I did not go ashore. They say it is a pretty little town and in a most satisfactory condition, having

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never been in insurrection. There is an efficient army officer in charge who will remain in the civil service. This afternoon we go to Dumaguete and thence to Iloilo.

April 9, 1901.

WE stood off Dumaguete, a town in the eastern part of the island of Negros, about five o'clock last night in a pouring rain. The water near this coast, as near many of the islands, is too deep to permit the ship to anchor. In such cases the captain sails up and down all night off the shore. It is unpleasant when there is not a landing near the anchorage, for we are obliged to land in boats, and in rough seas they toss about in a terrifying manner. The trip is especially to be dreaded if the children are with us. Dumaguete is a clean, pretty little town on a fertile island, where there has been no trouble, and the people are well-to-do. They raise sugar and cocoanuts, rice and other crops, and, according to the knowing ones, it is the best place for business in the Philippines. There was a very large crowd at the landing to meet us. A raft of bamboo had been anchored to the shore and ran out in the shallow water to the launch. The natives had not imagined we were such weighty persons. Therefore, when Judge Taft and his colleagues stepped on the raft it sank over our ankles, and we all got our feet wet. A pretty arch had been erected near

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the shore, and from the landing to the townhall, a distance of two or three blocks, a bamboo arbor decorated with flags and bunting and covered with sheeting kept off the sun. There were five Filipino bands besides the military band at the landing, and when we started up the street all six began to play. They marched beside us up the road, each playing a different tune. The effect was ear-splitting.

We reached the gayly decorated Ayuntamiento, where we were received by the presidentes and their wives. The latter were gayly dressed in blue and pink silk shirts, and embroidered "camisas" and neckerchiefs. One girl wore a skirt of red and white stripes; the waist was blue with white stars. The men all wore black coats, and some of them were especially fine in ruffled and shirred shirt fronts. We sat with the mestizas in straight-backed chairs around the room and listened with more or less interest to a discussion of the division of the island into two provinces, to be called Occidental and Oriental Negros. A mountain range separates the two parts of the island, and there is much dissatisfaction at the manner in which taxes gathered in Oriental Negros are spent. There was as usual much eloquence displayed and very little speaking to the point, but with his unfailing kindness and tact Judge Taft disentangled facts from their wrapping of oratory and toward evening the division was satisfactorily arranged. The two sessions were in-

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errupted by a luncheon served downstairs, in which boiled beans and numberless dishes of stewed carabao meat figured, ending with a carabao milk custard. I shiver to think of it, but it was the best they had. We came back early, and I am not going back to the dinner and ball to-night, for I am too tired and the memory of the carabao stew remains with me still. The long-suffering Commissioners are obliged to be present late this afternoon at races in honor of their visit. This is beginning to pall, and I for one wish we were going back to Manila, now that the really strange and interesting part of the trip is over. Hereafter the entertainment will consist of balls and banquets in Filipino towns, and no more Moros or hill tribes will add interest and variety to our visits on shore.

SAN JOSE, ANTIQUE, April 13.

SINCE writing at Dumaguete, we have been so busy that we have not had one moment from early morning till late at night. The reception at Iloilo was enthusiastic. The whole town was decorated, and there were a number of arches of white cotton cloth, painted with figures. There were others of bamboo that were very pretty, especially at night when they were hung with colored lanterns. In two days we attended four banquets, two balls, and a reception. We were cheered and received with hats off wherever we passed, and bands without

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number played at every turn. In several towns little girls threw flowers at us, and in fun some one said this morning that it would seem very tame to go back to America and not have a band turn out.

I like the Visayans better than the Tagalogs. They seem more cultivated and attractive than the latter. The Visayan girls and women are very pretty. Those of the "upper" classes dress with great elegance and wear gorgeous jewels. There are pearls like pigeon eggs and diamonds without number in Iloilo, in old-fashioned settings. Our very modest adornments fill these gayly bedecked ladies with surprise. One of them asked a secretary's wife why the Commission ladies had not brought their diamond necklaces and tiaras with them, and to "save our faces" she calmly replied: "We were afraid they would be stolen." Brocaded satin skirts are worn on state occasions, and are considered the height of elegance. My ancient pink brocade is the glory of the party and meets with the approval of the natives, who do not suspect its age nor the fact that it is quite out of style at home.

The young Filipinos we meet in society are very polite, and desire to be thought men of the world. They are the rich and prominent citizens, but at the public meetings of the Commission there are many natives who wear their shirts outside their trousers. The great mass of the people are

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wretchedly poor and live in dirt and misery. In Jaro a gentleman told me that he and his family, with almost the whole population, fled to the mountains when the Americans came. They had been told that their lives and property would be destroyed by the soldiers, who had no respect for women or children. Now that they have learned the true intentions of the Americans they seem ready to receive us without reserve. The newly appointed *fiscal* was overflowing with expressions of joy at the satisfactory relations established between the Americans and Filipinos. Everyone, even army officers, now acknowledge that the insurrection is nearly over and that civil government will soon be established everywhere in the Islands.

In Molo the Woman's Peace League gave us a reception, and one could not but smile at the thought that the pink, blue, and green little fluttering creatures bedecked with diamonds, who offered us sickeningly sweet ices and politely asked us if we would like a glass of whisky, were really the ladies in the movement for the emancipation of women we had heard so eloquently described by a brilliant young orator. We are often offered glasses of whisky by these misguided natives, who think all Americans, male and female, drink it by the bottle. One dainty little mestiza vainly pressed a large beer mug full on our member from Vermont. He told her that Americans do not drink so much whisky.

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She, however, looked calmly at him and said slowly and distinctly: "You lie!" an instance of the kind of English these people are learning from the Americans.

We attended a large dinner in Jaro during our stay where we met several charming women with gracious manners. At all these functions the hosts and principal inhabitants escort us to the table, but they never sit down with us. It is the custom for them to wait on their guests. The Filipino who was entertaining us in Jaro had been influential in the Spanish days, and had often entertained General Weyler. My escort was a clever young lawyer, and as he was more entertaining than Filipinos usually are, I asked him why the gentlemen did not sit down beside the ladies they escorted to dinner, and invited him to sit down by me. He was quite overcome by this amiable attention and said the Spaniards never invited their hosts to sit down at the same table in houses where they were visiting. To tell the truth, I repented my invitation later for my escort was so charmed by my affability that he has haunted me at every ball and banquet since. At the public banquets it is touching to see the old presidentes in their best black coats flying about wiping off knives and forks and passing dishes. They are not especially deft either, and for my part I wish they would not do it, but it is *costumbre del pais* and we have to submit.

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The public meetings of the Commission were held in the theater and I attended several sessions. The box provided for us was really a box, and the air was so bad that I did not enjoy it. There was a large audience of natives present including alcaldes and teniente alcaldes, consejales, sindicos, secretarios, and so on, from thirty-three pueblos of Panay, one hundred and forty-nine in all. They rejoiced in most sonorous names, as for example, Francisco Madeista, Marcario Supersticioso, Petronillo Villahermosa, Sinforoso Cartegena, Anselmo Nacionales Orbe, Francisco Armada Intrepido. Many of the questions and their answers brought out the difference between our ideas and those to which these people are accustomed. One speaker, for instance, suggested that presidentes might appoint delegates who had special training for the work to attend the quarterly meetings in their place. The answer was that the object of the quarterly meeting was to enable the untrained presidente to learn from the more experienced. In speaking of the ratio of salary between the presidente and secretary of a pueblo, one somewhat shabby-looking representative thought the secretary ought to have proportionally more because he was usually a poor man and did all the work, while the presidente was rich and had comparatively little to do. He was told that it was not the purpose of the Commission to restrict the position of presidente

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to rich men, and under the code considerable work would be required of him. The majority of the speakers objected to the land tax, and one idealist maintained that the method of the municipal code for classifying municipalities was illogical, because according to the law the towns were classified according to population instead of according to the culture of the inhabitants. When asked how one could determine the culture of a town, he said anyone could tell by merely entering it. After a protracted discussion in which Judge Taft showed phenomenal patience, the gentleman was politely requested to embody his ideas on this point in writing and forward it to the Commission in Manila. I hope this brilliant idea will often be put in practice. Finally General Delgado, formerly the insurrecto leader in Panay, was appointed governor on the recommendation of the military governor.

In Iloilo we met General Hughes, who has been of great assistance to the Commission, and Major Noble who has helped him in the pacification of Panay. On our departure from Iloilo we were tired out, for we had been going every moment for three days.

We left at midnight and at seven this morning reached Antique. I was so tired after last night's ball and banquet that at first I determined not to go on shore, but at the last moment changed my mind. Antique is situated in a broad bay, with a

beautiful beach and a cocoanut grove growing close to the water's edge. The town is small, but the people had built four elaborate bamboo arches; one was three stories high like a tower, with a balcony from which two little girls dressed as Goddesses of Liberty waved American flags in welcome. Under this arch the presidente of the town received us and read a speech of welcome. There were many amusing mottoes on the arches. "Glory and honor to the Civil Commission." "Hurrah to the Civil Commission U. S. A." "Many welcomes to the Hon. Civil Commission." As we passed under the second arch doves decorated with red, white, and blue ribbons were let loose. A band preceded us, and after passing along the roadway for some distance we found ourselves in a great square, where a Goddess of Liberty was seen presumably enlightening the world with a torch that looked like a big club. She stood on a pedestal, on which were printed, regardless of spelling, the names Wasington, Lincon, McKinly, and Taff. The figure was of wood, and we learned she was a saint brought from an interior town and dressed up in secular garments for the occasion. She wore a purple gown with a deep flounce, and had a crown on her head and an American flag around her waist. She was an extraordinary creature but served as a text to Judge Taft who, referring to this statue, fondly imagined to be modeled after that of Liberty Enlightening the

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World, said such a statue was well timed in its application to this province and these islands; that liberty was a force much misunderstood. It did not mean license to do everything, but it meant that condition which prevails under a government organized to secure such liberty to the individual as was consistent with law and order. Judge Taft's opening addresses are always admirable, and when they are dressed up in the rolling sonorous Spanish of the clever secretary, and adorned with the flourishes so attractive to the native taste, they always make an impression. On more than one occasion I have heard Judge Taft say that when he has made a businesslike statement in his plain Anglo-Saxon style, he leans back to enjoy the mellifluous tones of the secretary translating his plain talk into the oratorical Spanish diction.

Here, as everywhere, the people are begging for public schools. They have none in this province, and a plea for them formed part of all the addresses by native speakers.

There was a very agreeable officer's wife at the post, the only American woman in town, who gave us homemade American cake and lemonade, and kept up our spirits until the banquet hour at three. The committee expected us to take luncheon at the officers' quarters, and have the banquet and ball in the evening, but we could not wait. The luncheon, although prepared in a hurry, was surprisingly good.

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The feature of the table decoration was a great silk flower in the center, which opened as we sat down, allowing dozens of little birds to escape.

I was sorry for the native ladies who had been making new dresses for weeks to wear at the ball which we could not attend. We are taking with us an insurrecto general who two weeks ago was in the mountains fighting our men, and who now is our guest and apparently our warm friend. I hope he has no bolos and no bad intentions. We are steaming along with a fine cool breeze, refreshing after the heat and the banquet. It was piping hot on shore to-day, and it was touching to see the bareheaded children and old men and women trudging along in the dust accompanying us to the shore to say good-by.

OFF CEBU, April 16.

TO-MORROW it will be two months since I left San Francisco the second time for the Philippines, and the day before yesterday, in Capiz, we received our first letters from home. Everyone on the boat was busy with them all the morning. It was Sunday, and I determined to give myself the luxury of a rest, so I did not go ashore, but remained quietly reading and writing. Yesterday, however, I made up for it. We went over to Capiz on a launch at eleven o'clock, and did not return till after twelve at night. Capiz is situated some miles up a

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river, and ever since the last river trip, a week ago, I am not anxious to float about in the darkness at low tide. Last night, however, all went well except for the length of time it took us to return—one hour and a half—and a rough sea when we were in the channel. The river was full of phosphorus tipping every ripple, and behind our cutter trailed a long wake of light. The fishes darting through the water were goldfish, and drops of molten gold fell from our fingers as we dipped them in and out of the water. Along the banks were thorn trees, full of fireflies. They looked like Christmas trees. Capiz is a pretty place, and there were some unusually fine illuminations. Four houses had been arranged for us on shore, where we were expected to spend the night, but we decided to return to the ship. The banquet was served in the convent, where a number of priests and ladies served us.

In Capiz we noticed a number of ladies in costumes that may be said to mark a transition from the charming mestiza costume to the European dress. It is ugly; a tucked waist of silk, with lace and ribbons, and over this a neckerchief, while flowers and bows decorate the shoulders. Almost all of the girls wore tight belts, with buckles, something quite unusual.

The public session in Capiz began as usual with the reading of the Provincial law, which I am sure I can now repeat from memory, in both English and Spanish. One of the presidentes was eloquent and

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complimentary in his reference to the beautiful American ladies present, and expressed his admiration at their fortitude in accompanying the Commission, and undergoing the many hardships of the journey in their desire to help and benefit the Filipinos. I thought of the carabao stew and the warm champagne, and said softly: "*Muy bien.*" I am afraid the credit we received was not altogether deserved, but Filipinos regard a sea trip as full of danger and misery.

The province of Capiz is in a sad condition, having been devastated by war, locusts, and the cattle pest. The streets were thick with dead locusts. The presidente of Jimeno, who spoke very good English, reported that the people of his town were very poor, and were crying: "No money to pay policemen, no money to buy rice. All the carabao are dead and the rice is all gone, eaten by locusts." It was afterwards learned that several delegations from the interior were in town, but did not attend the meeting because they were barefooted. A small ten-year-old boy, Penonto Ludivico Hedrosallo, made an address in excellent English with an almost perfect accent. He was complimented by Judge Taft, who hoped that very soon not one, but all of the boys of Capiz, would speak English, to which sentiment there was a salvo of *Muy bien* from the audience.

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OFF BOHOL, Friday, April 19.

THE days fly now, and one is like another. We left Cebu this morning early, and are steaming along. The coast is said to be dangerous with shoals, rocks, and reefs. Our captain, however, is a very careful navigator, and takes no risks. We spent two days in Cebu. It is the largest town we have visited since leaving Iloilo. It is dirty and dusty at this season, and, according to the commandant, a dangerous place yet unpacified. There are many rich citizens, who live in fine houses, and there are numbers of wealthy Chinese shopkeepers. There are several fine churches; one contains a celebrated wonder-working black wooden statue called the *Santo Niño*. Carromata, coaches, victorias, and every available vehicle on two or four wheels met us at the landing. We started from the landing in fairly good order, but I cannot say there was anything imposing in the procession, for once in motion it straggled or raced through the streets according to the greater or less degree of speed which the yelling cocheros could beat from their ponies. The Filipino *cochero* is a sport, and sometimes a carromata horse of dilapidated appearance will develop extraordinary speed. As the driver has no respect for rank, the conveyances of the private secretaries sometimes arrive first at the place of public meeting, and notables rush out to receive the "President of the Honorable Civil Commission." They begin their eloquent

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speeches of welcome as the private secretaries and their wives descend from the carriages. Explanations and protests follow in halting Spanish, and the bewildered natives have to begin all over again when the portly form of "the Honorable Presidente" looms up.

On our arrival at the Ayuntamiento a delegation of principales and citizens made long speeches of welcome and a reception in the courtroom followed. Among the guests were two elegant Chinamen, richly dressed, wearing large bell-shaped hats tipped with glass knobs and covered with red fringe. After the reception we went to the theater, quite a large building, where Judge Taft addressed the natives on the unsatisfactory condition of the Island of Cebu. Although Cebu has been recommended for civil government by the military governor, there is a general belief that the inhabitants do not deserve it, as there is much unrest in the province, and bands of insurrectos prowl about in the neighborhood of the capital to the great alarm of the officer in command. President Taft's speech was quite to the point. He told the delegates that the question they must face was whether they desired two or three hundred men to continue a hopeless struggle after the insurrection had collapsed, and keep the people of Cebu, the majority of whom want peace, from achieving that desire. In order to obtain peace they must organize to get it, and the Commission had

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come to see if they could do it. "This, gentlemen, is the unfortunate truth. It is not as grateful to your ears as some other things that might be said, but we believe in speaking plainly and showing you what our attitude is, and what we think yours should be. We want to give you civil government; to give you such individual rights as are enjoyed by every citizen of the United States, but within the sound of arms the law is silent. While nothing would be a source of more regret to the Commission than to leave the Island of Cebu without a civil organization, the Commission will not hesitate to do so, and to leave it to the unfortunate prominence of being the only province in the archipelago not organized, because of its condition, should that condition demand it." You see the President of the Commission is not the soft-hearted coddler of insurrectos that some critics of civil government would have you believe. Later he held out the promise of harbor improvements paid for from the general fund if peace were permanently established.

A patience-testing flow of Filipino oratory followed, and after a time we escaped and drove about the picturesque town with the wife of a prominent citizen whose father is an old Chinaman. Although he is homely as our old cook, his Spanish is good, and he appears to be a gentleman. We saw a number of rambling old churches, and bought a few pieces of jusi, ending our drive at the house of the

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presidente, who has seven daughters. They are pretty girls, and have agreeable manners. Auria was made happy by the gift of a toy nipa house and a pink jusi dress. We returned to the *Sumner* to dress, and in the evening went on shore to a banquet given by the town in our honor. We were invited at half-past seven, but it was nine before we sat down to dinner. This was caused by the too great politeness of the presidente's wife, who came to meet us at the landing, escorted us to the club, and then went home to dress. This took her so long that everyone was out of patience.

Finally dinner was announced, and we filed in. In every town we have surprises, and in this place the table arrangements were different from any we had seen before. There was a small table placed at the upper end of the room. At one end was placed the wife of the presidente of Cebu, at the other end was Mrs. Taft, while Judge Taft sat on one side midway between the two ladies. They were so far away from each other and everyone else that conversation was impossible, so they sat and ate their dinner in solitary grandeur. The dinner was long; there were thirty-two different courses on the bill of fare. The members of the club waited on the table, and in consequence we were badly served. A noted Filipino judge, solemn and sedate, supplied us with knives and forks. He carried them off and wiped them on a towel behind the door, and then

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returned them to the guests, but never to the original possessor. I sat where I saw this performance, so I kept mine during the rest of the dinner. The ball was tiresome and we went home early, escorted by a guard of soldiers as far as the landing, on account of the treacherous character of the citizens, so said the commandant. Yesterday morning the wife of the presidente, with fourteen leading Filipinas, came on board. We showed them over the ship; they went everywhere like a flock of birds, their sleeves fluttering, their slippers clacking, and their voices chattering. Our sailing captain has a great scorn for these people. He said not one of them took any interest in the laundry or kitchen, nor could they ask an intelligent question. Finally, we treated them to ginger beer, with ice, and commissary candy. One old lady who had never taken ice before had a chill, and the ginger beer tickled her nose, so altogether we had an exciting time. We went on shore at noon to visit the house of the Chinaman I mentioned, where luncheon was served, and each one received a toothpick of silver and mother-of-pearl. I have quite a collection of these curiosities.

At last we left Cebu, tired out with all the entertainment, but the visit had not been in vain, for the citizens promised to stop supporting the insurrection, and they were given civil government on trial.

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April, 19, 1901.

THIS morning we anchored off Bohol, and the town of Tagbilaran lay in front of us on a hill. It was raining over there, and the town gleamed like an opal. The water was deliciously green, and one tall palm dominated the place, rising above the white roofs of the town. About twelve o'clock we started for shore. The town lies on a bluff, and is approached either by a carriage road or the so-called river, which is really a strait between the islands of Bohol and Panglao. We went up by carriage through a tropical forest. It was beautiful, for at every turn we caught glimpses of the emerald green water, mottled with pale gray green where it shoals over coral.

The town is exceedingly picturesque. There are some good stone houses, a fine well-proportioned church, and a most attractive rambling old convento, built on a hillside, with double walls and terraces winding around it on the river side. We had an amusing time; the officers had provided a buffet luncheon for us, and after it we took a siesta in a big bedroom overlooking the street. As we could not shut the windows, we were obliged to wash our faces and comb our hair in full view of the natives, to their intense interest. This island is yet under strict military law, and no one is allowed to go out of town without an escort of fifty men. Mrs. Taft and I went driving in a quilez through the streets,

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and the officers made us take a pistol to our great discomfort, as we were afraid it would go off and hurt us. We visited the church and took a walk, without a pistol, through picturesque roadways, with steps cut in the coral rock. I cannot tell you how European and mediæval it was.

In the evening there was a banquet in the convento. The rooms were decorated in fresco, representing gardens and mountain scenery wonderfully well done. The feature of the dinner was a great centerpiece made of endless varieties of bottled and brandied fruits, with fancy flasks of whiskies and all kinds of liqueurs and bottles of strange appearance. I was prevailed upon by an *insurrecto* general to taste a curious dark liqueur, a liver tonic as I found out later, to my horror. Don't you wonder we are alive? But "die rather than hurt a *principale's* feelings" is my motto, and I live up to it. If they were really waiters one would not mind refusing the deadly "dulce" and lukewarm champagne, but by refusing a "sigh of love" (a sweet cake) from the hand of a wavering "*amigo*," one might turn him into an "*enemigo*," while an *insurrecto* might be won over by drinking with him a glass of liver tonic. I inquired afterwards about the remarkable display of bottles on the table, and learned that they had been lent for the occasion by the saloon keeper and the apothecary in town, and the uncorked stock was to be returned.

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After dinner we sat out on the terrace and watched the fireflies. We went down the river in two unsteady rowboats, and had a difficult time in getting off the shoals. There have been two incidents in the past week that were a relief from the monotony of the banquets and balls; one at Cebu, where we arrived at sunset, and were immediately surrounded by canoes full of natives. They performed a weird dance, accompanied by song and handclapping. This was preliminary to diving for pennies. Early the next morning we were awakened by the same songs and dancing. In Tagbilaran there was a torchlight procession in our honor. There were at least three hundred transparencies in line. They were made of colored paper in various shapes, of ships, stars, flags, animals, and fruits in endless variety. It was like a fairy scene.

With many misgivings Bohol has been given civil government. It is hoped the people will try to stop the fighting now that Aguinaldo has published a proclamation telling all loyal Filipinos to lay down their arms. Samson, the leader of the insurrectos, is a Tagalog, whom the natives of Bohol fear and hate. He will not come in, for he has been told that he will not be pardoned, as there are many crimes to his account besides insurrection. It is said that he has relatives in town who rent houses to the army and send the money out to the insurgents in the field. It was finally decided by the commanding

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general that anything Samson would do to bring about peace would be considered in the proceedings against him.

April 20, 1901.

TO-DAY is Sunday, and I am resting. We are lying off Tacloban, and the Commissioners have just gone on shore. No doubt, when they come back, they will tell us it is the finest place they have seen.

TACLOBAN, April 21, 1901.

THIS morning the launch carried us all ashore. We found it a charming place. The town was decorated in palms and bunting, and with elaborate arches. On the top of one arch a large eagle of painted bamboo flapped its wings in a most life-like manner when we passed under it. It is needless to mention that several bands were in attendance. In almost every street there were rows of banana trees, brought in from the jungle and stuck in the ground to decorate the town. There are charming drives over coral roads, hard and smooth as macadam. The colonel has a very nice house, as neat as wax, a garden, a lawn, and a summer house. After luncheon we went back rather early to the ship, for the wind was blowing and the waves were high. The Commissioners went off toward evening on a gunboat with General Hughes to Cat-

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balogan. They refused to take us, much to our disappointment. We think it is because Samar, the island where they are going, is in an insurgent district, and they say the town is fired on every day or two. We shall be here till Wednesday noon.

Tuesday, April 22.

WE are now in the country of the insurrectos, and begin to hear of fighting. Major Gilmore has just returned from an all-night hike he had made into the country back of this town. Another party is out hunting two native friends of the Americans who were carried off yesterday. The two islands of Samar and Leyte lie so close to each other that the insurrectos in Samar swoop down on the innocent natives of Leyte and carry them off. The inhabitants of Leyte are not a bad people, and the officers and soldiers seem to have a friendly feeling toward them. Schools have been established, and one could see in several towns a real enthusiasm among the natives for the officers in command. There is here a strong desire for education, and the people of Tacloban wish to have secondary schools established. They say they are willing to contribute money for buildings. One of the features of the public session was the presence of a number of the native clergy. This is the first town we have visited in several weeks where they have not discussed changing the capital to some other town. Major

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Allen has been appointed governor, and the choice was that of the people as well as of the Commission. He has been very successful in managing the natives.

We are now turned toward Manila, and shall reach there in about twelve days. I, for one, shall be glad to go where I can move about a bit. We are very crowded in our stateroom. The Commission returns from Catbalogan to-morrow, and we sail at noon.

BETWEEN ALBAY AND NUEVA CÁCERES, April 27.

THE Commission returned earlier than they expected, so we left Tacloban in the morning about dawn. We had a remarkable experience to-day. We steamed for hours through water from seventy to one hundred and twenty feet deep, and we could see the bottom as plainly as if it were not more than three feet from the surface. The bottom was clear white coral, and in places we could see rocks. As these waters are practically uncharted, it requires most careful sailing to avoid shipwreck. We have been in constant danger of grounding or going on reefs. The captain says that after we have left the next place, Nueva Cáceres, we shall only be exposed to the ordinary perils of the sea. Doesn't that sound cheerful? We sailed from Tacloban to Albay, which turned out to be a ruined town, and the Commission meeting was held in Legaspi, cele-

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brated in our memory chiefly as being the place where the *Hancock* quartermaster was wounded.

This is a great hemp country; fine abaca, a thin pretty fabric, is woven here. Legaspi lies at the upper end of a bay, at the foot of a mountain over eighty-nine hundred feet high, an active volcano that has caused the destruction of Albay and the surrounding towns on several occasions. The last eruption was in 1894, when a thousand persons were killed, and all the houses and churches destroyed. Before the town had been rebuilt came the war, and the insurrectos burned all that the earthquake had left. This morning we drove out, with an escort of twenty men, to the two towns, through a jungle that was only a short time since cultivated fields. The insurrectos are lively, and said to be within fifteen miles of town. Albay itself looked not unlike Pompeii, for we saw street after street with only the lower story intact and the interior walls standing.

Beyond the ruins of Albay, which are already beautiful with tropical vines and brilliant flowers, lies Garaga, a half-ruined place, dominated by a fine old church and convento overlooking the town. We drove in an ambulance accompanied by several young officers and the surgeon, who amused themselves by telling us of hairbreadth escapes, and hinting that insurrectos were concealed behind every bush. At the foot of the hill we had to leave the

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ambulance in order to climb up to the church. The path was narrow, and on either side the impenetrable undergrowth hemmed us in. The officers declared this pathway a fine place for an ambush, and speculated what would happen if the concealed insurrectos should really make an attack. We suggested that the presence of three second lieutenants precluded the possibility of such an occurrence, but I must confess I was glad when we came out on the open plaza in front of the church. The façade of this building is black and weatherbeaten, but it is elaborately carved and decorated with twisted columns, and the deep niches still contain statues of saints. The old convento is a big rambling place in which a few soldiers are quartered. From the broad windows are exquisite views of the Bay of Albay and the volcano of Mayon. Below us on the plain we saw the top of a church tower standing up like a sentinel from a lava bed. It is all that is left of a buried town. All over the plain at the base of Mount Mayon are towns hidden beneath the lava and ashes. The volcano is higher than Mount Vesuvius, and a wreath of smoke floats continually about its summit. The charm of the place and its surroundings is indescribable. We sat pensively in a window overlooking the buried town, and might have yielded to melancholy thoughts had not the second lieutenants broken in upon them with a dozen bottles of ginger ale and a tin pail of ice.

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We left the place with a friendly pity for the friars who had never known the joy of owning an ice plant. On our return to Legaspi we found that the preparations for our luncheon had been delayed by an accident to the young daughter of the presidente. Wishing to dress her hair *à la Americaine*, she had burned herself quite badly. This cast a gloom over the party, but finally the luncheon was served to our great relief.

In the afternoon, the public meeting and the provincial law palling on us, we went out to buy abaca, a pretty material made of hemp woven in stripes. We find that although our Filipino friends receive us as brothers, and are overwhelmed with joy at our presence, they do not hesitate to ask us three prices for their wares. The wives of the principales beguile the pesos from our pockets while our husbands are bestowing civil governments with liberal hand on their provinces. It's rather shabby treatment, don't you think? And what shall I ever do with all the stuff I have bought?

One feature of our visit to Albay we have not enjoyed. The landing has been most disagreeable. The bay is almost always rough, and, although the trips to and from shore have been made in a tug, our launch being too small, we were tossed about and shaken up in a decidedly violent manner. At the landing place we had to watch our chance and

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be hauled up by the arms, afraid we might be dropped back into the water.

We are all safely on board at last, and preparing to lift the anchor. Mount Mayon is majestic in the evening light, when her white wreath is touched with the pink of a reflected sunset. The views of the mountain have been among the chief pleasures of our visit to Albay. The clouds that float about the summit and halfway down the flank are constantly changing. Yesterday morning the mountain was dark purple, and it rose from the water's edge to the summit distinctly outlined against the sky, with one fleecy cloud lying halfway up the side in a little hollow. Last night we saw it in the light of a full moon.

We are starting for the open sea, where the waves, in their uninterrupted sweep across the Pacific, break on the eastern shore of Luzon. The captain is delighted at the prospect, and prefers to take the longer way around rather than trust to a native pilot, who offered to show a shorter way through an uncharted strait.

MANILA, May 4, 1901.

WE came into port this morning, and found Manila hot and dusty. Our house, however, was cool, and everything was ready for us, even to iced lemonade. The latter part of the trip after leaving Legaspi was trying; the weather became

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hotter than it had been, and the daily round of meetings, banquets, often two in one day, and balls were exhausting to everyone. We went up to Nueva Cáceres, a town of especial interest for me, as I had vivid memories of Vieja Cáceres in Spain, from whence this little town, far away in the islands of the sea, takes its name. We went up the river in a launch, through a country said to be infested with insurrectos. Several young officers, who had come down to the *Sumner* to get us, filled our listening ears with tales of Filipino treachery, and their apprehensions lest our party be shot at from the river bank. The launch was what they call "protected"; that is, it had a piece of thin iron along the rail on either side about four feet high. A sense of the ridiculous prevented me from sitting behind this protection, and I imagine the rest of the party felt the same way. I suggested to the infantile second lieutenant that the Filipinos were bad shots, but he removed even that consolation by telling us that they put up targets on the opposite river bank and trained their guns on them. When they heard a steamer coming they sighted their rifles, and then all banged away as soon as the vessel came into range. This dampened my spirits for a time, but as the hours passed and nothing happened, I recovered, and concluded the youth was "talking to a civilian," as they say.

Three launches of the Federal party, gayly dec-

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orated with flags, came halfway down the river to meet us. At the landing were arches and banners bearing mottoes. One of the arches bore the inscription: "Fuera los Frailes"—"Away with the friars." I'll not weary you with details. The most vivid recollection of our visit to Nueva Cáceres is the trip down the river by moonlight. We reached the *Sumner* at three in the morning just as the full moon, red as blood, was setting in the sea. It was a magnificent sight.

Next came Sorsogon, where the wife of the presidente had a fine "best parlor" with twelve blue satin sofa pillows ranged about the room. They were precisely alike, and all embroidered in pink chenille moss roses. The effect was "grand." In Sorsogon the natives had something quite original in the way of street decorations. They built towers of bamboo, decorated them gorgeously, and placed them on wheels and pulled them along in a procession. In one of these edifices stood a young Filipino girl, who recited a poem in honor of the "Commission Civil."

Then came the charming little island of Marinduque, a paradise, newly pacified. The Commission had visited it six weeks previously and declined to give it civil government, as there were a hundred insurrectos in the field. They have all come in now, and instead of a squad of soldiers welcoming us on shore, as was the case before, a band of small natives

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in short gauze shirts were ranged along the roadway calling out "Good morning," and singing "America."

Finally, Batangas, our last stopping place, was reached, and a bad sort of a place it was, too. The people of this province are apparently irreconcilable. The night of our arrival the town was fired on, and the Commission telegraphed to Manila for further information as to the state of affairs, reporting that in their opinion Batangas was not ready for civil government.

And so it came to an end—the "Southern Trip," as it is called. It was an interesting experience, both for us and for the islanders. I am sure a great many Filipinos now know something of what the United States Government intends to do for them, and are convinced that the Americans, after the fighting is over, will give them a government in which they may be active participants. Of course, the great mass of the people neither know nor care what is being done. As for us, we shall never forget the warm welcome we received everywhere, and the interesting scenes we visited. It was the event of a lifetime.

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VI

MANILA SOCIETY

MANILA, May 15, 1901.

CIVILIZATION and the civilized are a bit slow after the experiences of the past weeks. Not that we are dull, but there is not the pleasant anticipation of waking up in a new place each morning, and the wild tribes and Moros are certainly more picturesque than the Europeanized overclad natives of Manila. However, there are always new experiences even in Manila. There is the usual round of official and army dinners and receptions; but they are all more or less alike, so when we received an invitation from Don Tomas to breakfast with him last Sunday I accepted with alacrity. I find that I miss sweet peppers, *chile con carne*, and various other native dishes I learned to like on the southern trip. Our American menu lacks "color."

Last Sunday was hot even for Manila, and our house, open to the breeze as it is, was an ice chest in comparison with the *casa* in Santa Cruz. I went to church in the morning feeling that the spiritual part of me would need fortifying, but I was obliged

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to listen to a sermon by a zealous young man lately arrived, who directed his remarks to the Commission and their policy, accusing them of staying away from church for political reasons. He warned them that the very ones they were trying to conciliate by this action, the Roman Catholics, would turn and rend them if occasion offered. He drew a touching picture of the early influences that had surrounded the members of the Commission and their church-going habits in America, and lamented that in this foreign land, where they were trying to build up American institutions, they had become backsliders through a sincere but mistaken idea that they were thereby showing the natives they were unbiased in religious matters. Although I felt I was the target of all these remarks, as the only one present even remotely connected with the offenders, there was something irresistibly funny in the elaborate scheme worked up by the estimable young man to explain the absence of five overworked men from religious service on hot Sunday mornings, when even the bamboo did not rustle and the banana leaves drooped in the scorching air. I felt less conscious and more cheerful when he turned his attention to the ladies who spent all their mornings playing cards and neglected such opportunities for their benevolent activities as the hospital and the "Manila Aid" offered. I concluded the heat had got on the young man's nerves. I, at least, give up but one

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morning a week to cards, and so was not included in that list.

Don Tomas lives in Santa Cruz, on the other side of the river, crowded and shut in by tall houses. The pavements were baking hot as we drove to the breakfast, and waves of hot air quivered up through the narrow streets. The house was dark, and after the glare and heat outside comparatively comfortable. The affair was what is called in polite society an *obsequio* in honor of the doctor and his wife, a word which always suggests a funeral to my mind. As the guests thus honored were about to leave us for an army post in the wilds of Samar, the *obsequio* seemed almost sinister in its suggestion. However, that was my obsession, and the others were happy to say that the word called up no such suggestions to their minds. The rooms were already filled with guests, many of them known to us, and we were immediately surrounded and embraced by fluttering gauzy arms. A sprinkling of officers lately in the service of General Aguinaldo gave a certain interest to the masculine contingent, but the mild-eyed and soft-voiced youths who carried the imposing titles of "General," "Colonel," and "Major" seemed quite shorn of any warlike fierceness they may once have possessed. Our host presented a basket of flowers to each of us, and after many greetings we went out to the dining room which opened on a little shady patio, where a banana tree sheltered

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some ducks and several lordly turkeys. I sat by Don Tomas and General Montenegro, who reminded me of a Japanese. He mentioned meeting my sister, whose "intellectual conversation" he had found most "entrancing."

The breakfast was good, very good. The fish was a joy to look at and a delight to eat, all garnished with tiny rounds of silver onions and bits of ginger root, and gay with my favorite *pimientos dulces*. The turkey, however, bore off the honors; fat as butter, well cooked, of fine flavor, a brother to the pair under the banana in the patio. On my remarking its juicy flavor, Don Tomas said it had been killed by the cook the night before, in a manner peculiar to himself, by pouring brandy down its throat until it died. I was glad I had finished the last delectable bit of breast on my plate before hearing this culinary secret. The ice cream was a gorgeous architectural construction, and the sweets without number. After administering thus to our material needs, Don Tomas had prepared a little musical entertainment, but first we were mercifully permitted a half-hour siesta on a cool bamboo bed. The variety in the powder boxes at the disposal of the ladies always strikes me at Filipino entertainments. Of glass, porcelain, silver or gold, their number is legion, and the powder market of Paris must certainly count on the demand in the Philippines. Thickly laid over the dark olive skin of the

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native belle, it gives her complexion a heliotrope tint that is weird indeed until one becomes accustomed to it.

After the siesta an orchestra of girls with mandolins, guitars, and a harp played waltzes and well-known ragtime airs, picked up from the soldiers. One pretty little girl was a picturesque figure in a green skirt with pink camisa and panuela swaying toward her gilded harp. She sang "Just One Girl" over and over again in response to repeated encores from the assembled gentlemen. Her voice was not so nasal as the native voice usually is, and her accent lent a charm to the absurd words. At four o'clock the rooms were cleared and dancing began, and at half past the hour we departed amidst the lamentations and remonstrances with which a polite host always overwhelms the parting guest.

As penance for my attendance on a Sunday dance I took Auria at dusk to the Augustinians, where there was a procession. The church was wonderfully beautiful, lighted by thousands of candles. Over the altar was a theatrical arrangement of clouds, angels' heads, and Santa Rita kneeling in the center. It was lighted by invisible electric lights, and looked, as Auria said, like a big valentine. The statue was dressed with much magnificence in gold-embroidered velvet. The diamonds were gorgeous, consisting of a tiara, a necklace, and rings without number. It was carried in the procession on a solid

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silver standard some five feet in diameter, beautifully dressed with flowers. The figure of the saint was not well carved, however, and her face was whitewashed. There were more pretty Spanish girls and handsome women than one generally sees gathered together. Padre Izar had arranged that we should go into the cloisters with the procession, so when it had almost passed we joined the ranks. Men, women, and children all carried candles, and a very nice-looking woman, seeing Auria without one, handed her a light. This was a great delight to Auria, who marched along like a little saint herself. The sight was fascinating as the procession wound about the cloisters which surround a big square patio. The silver stand, twinkling with candles and gay with pink flowers, was borne aloft on the shoulders of white-robed friars, and behind her followed the clergy arrayed in golden and brocade vestments, with musicians and altar boys. It is astonishing how many beautiful jewels the saints wear. When we returned home some one was questioning if they were real, when Auria said reproachfully: "You don't think they would put false diamonds on their Holy Mary, do you?"

This has been a very busy week. Three dinners and two luncheons, besides a dinner we gave on Friday. All of them were army or civilian affairs, and were more or less stereotyped with the exception of the one we attended last night—a Filipino

affair. It was at the house of the father-in-law of one of the "greatest of Filipino politicians." The latest excitement in Manila society is this latter gentleman's conversion to the Methodist faith. His enemies make all manner of fun, and call it a political move. The religious members of his family, one of his daughters especially, mourn him as a lost soul, the others amuse themselves at his expense. His vivacious little sister-in-law remarked last night at dinner: "Miguel does not know that the Americans neither care nor ask if a man be a Catholic or Protestant." An insurrecto officer who ordered eight American soldiers shot in the Apalit district was at dinner. It has been reported that he is a monster of cruelty and ferocity. He is a small meek-looking man, not in the least one's ideal of a monster, or even a soldier. One of our party said he seemed feeble-minded, but the doctor's wife thought he had a sinister look. He has been in Europe, and speaks French and Spanish well, but talks little. The family of our host have been rather reticent regarding their relations to the insurrecto leaders, but I noticed the old grandmother, who came into the drawing room after dinner, called him "Pepe," and patted him affectionately on the back. I imagine they know him better than they are willing to acknowledge.

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June 12, 1901.

I SPENT Wednesday evening at the Alcaldes, a family well known in exclusive anti-American circles, who belong to the irreconcilables. A Spanish friend took me there, hoping, as he said, that they might see the American ladies were "*muy simpáticas*." I did my best to be "*simpática*," and incidentally had a most amusing evening. The father of the family is dead; the mother, a lady of "great talents," is an artist, and the house is crowded with specimens of her work. Not only are the walls hung with oil paintings in gilt frames, but they are decorated with trailing vines and sylvan scenes. The mirrors are trellised with dogwood blossoms in oil. Plush palettes and screens are covered with roses, and the chair backs and table legs have not escaped her hand. The lady has a photographic talent for likenesses, and the paintings in the gilt frames are all most weirdly lifelike portraits of different members of the family, including several of herself. Her taste inclines to the primitive colors. Yellow, red, and blue predominate, and the outlines of her figures suggest wood carving.

My attempts to be "*simpática*" seemed crowned by success, for later in the evening the lady beckoned me mysteriously from a doorway and led me to her inner sanctum, where she showed me works in the process of making, and a series of early attempts before she became a *verdadera profesora*, or real

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artist. Besides the artistic mother there were two musical daughters, one who played the piano and another who sang. The company embraced, among others, a melancholy Spaniard stranded in Manila, a poet with long hair, who recited a canto of an unpublished epic, and a virtuoso on the violin. My escort and I were the only ones there who were without talent. The supper was truly Bohemian, served on the azotea, or roof, dining room. The table was covered with a confused mass of bottles, cold meats, and sweets. We were served by slipshod "boys" in short trousers and undershirts, and unkempt little girls whose low-necked camisa kept falling off their shoulders, exposing nice round arms. One can never forget the motion of a Filipina girl's shoulder as she hitches up her camisa sleeve. Ham sandwiches and orange marmalade were served with sweet champagne and pink sugar cakes. We remained till twelve o'clock, and went home in a pouring rain. I am assured by the knowing ones that I am at last in "real society," but I could not see they were very different from the rest of Manila, only a bit whiter perhaps.

July 3, 1901.

LAST evening there was a brilliant reception to the departing commanding general at the Army and Navy Club. Everyone in town was there, and many of the ladies were in new gowns.

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The newly arrived army women were in evidence, their up-to-date sleeves and dainty evening fabrics filling us colonials with envy, but later in the evening I had reason to be glad that I had worn an ancient jusi. The floors had recently been cleaned with kerosene oil, but enough had been left in the cracks and hollows of the floor to ruin fresh ruffles and dainty silk petticoats. There were crowds of army officers and a sprinkling of civilians, and more generals than one often sees gathered in one place. One of the finest-looking officers is the head of the signal corps, a big man with gray hair and beard and fine eyes. He is a contrast in size to the little general who captured Aguinaldo. The popular brigadier who came out to the Philippines a first lieutenant in the regular army, and is sure to get his volunteer-general's appointment confirmed, was there, besides many others less well known.

The supper was a brilliant achievement in this land of tinned lobster. It was under the management of the quartermaster's department. We sat in the seats of the mighty with generals and major generals. The departing military governor has a neat little talent for sarcasm. One of our party, a lady of gracious manner, exclaimed, as we were leaving the table: "Well, general, so you are really going away. I can't tell you how sorry we are. It is a shame for you to leave us." The general bowed low, and then said quite slowly and distinctly, so that

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all at the table heard him: "Thank you, madam, it is always flattering to hear such things, even when they are said for politeness only, but when one knows that they come from the heart it is doubly pleasant." That was not so bad, considering the general's well-known feeling toward the Commission.

July 4, 1901.

JUDGE TAFT was inaugurated Civil Governor of the Philippine Islands to-day. The ceremony took place in the morning on the plaza facing the Ayuntamiento. A platform had been erected on the massive stone foundations of the "New Palace," which have been laid many years. I have been told that the money for the erection of this building was voted and paid by the Spanish Government, but that it was appropriated by the officials in charge of the work, and that in Madrid in the archives one may see a picture of the finished building and a description of it representing it as completed. The building, however, was never erected except on paper. The plaza is a cool, green square, with a fountain and large trees. On one side stands the cathedral; opposite it is a row of Spanish houses. On the third side is the Ayuntamiento, or City Hall.

The participants in the day's ceremonies gathered in the Ayuntamiento. On the platform three hundred seats were reserved for those whose position

in the government and in the army and navy entitled them and their families to places. There was no end of trouble over these reserved seats. No sooner was I seated than all around me I heard complaints: "Well, how did she ever get a ticket, when poor Mrs. — had to stay at home because she would not stand on the street like a native?" "I should think those civil-government people would know better!" "Well, what can you expect from civilians?" And from another quarter: "One would know the army had managed this affair." "Will you look at all those second lieutenants' wives in the front row, and Mrs. Blank, whose husband is head of the — Bureau, down there in the sun!" The first row of seats near the grand stand was reserved for the families of the governor, the commanding general, the Commissioners, and invited guests. The seats were not numbered, and many of those entitled to seats had brought guests, and others had taken possession of them without title, so when I arrived the front row was well filled, and neither the families of the new commanding general nor the governor had arrived.

I found a place in the second row, where I was surrounded by small children and the second lieutenants' wives so scornfully referred to by a "civilian lady." The arrival of another official's wife, who did not wish a back seat, made a readjustment of chairs necessary, and a row was placed in front

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of the first row. This was again almost immediately filled by those who belonged there and several who did not. I declined to change my seat to the front row, as I was quite comfortable and out of the sun, but there was a good half hour passed in getting the right persons in their proper places. No one seemed to realize that the wife of the principal figure in the day's ceremonies would, on her arrival, be obliged to sit on the railing or take a back seat. When she finally arrived, there was another scurry for seats by the long-suffering officers acting as ushers, and it was a miracle how two more chairs were squeezed in at the top of the first row. I felt that the civilians might truly say that the army should have arranged things a little better, for they were in charge of the ceremonies, and are supposed to understand that bugbear "rank." At the same time it was partly the fault of the women, who wanted to sit in the front row whether they belonged there or not. A democratic society when the idea of rank and precedence first dawns upon it is likely to run into all manner of pitfalls, for very seldom do all its members remember their proper places all the time. Rank not being part of their inheritance, their native Americanism causes them to forget it at times when they ought to remember it, and to remember it when it would be just as well to ignore it. Those who occupy the lesser positions are, as a rule, the most sensitive on the subject.

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By the time the ladies were all settled the procession had started from the Ayuntamiento across the way, heralded by a blast of trumpets. The plaza was crowded with Filipinos and American soldiers, who, I noticed, seemed more enthusiastic over the inauguration of the civil governor than the officers. Across the broad central path of the plaza the procession passed, the Americans in white duck suits, the Filipinos and Europeans in black. It was certainly a sight to remember. First came the "diplomatic corps," as some one called them, in array more or less gorgeous, as business had been dull or lively during the year, for the "diplomatic corps" consists principally of merchants of Manila acting as consuls or agents of foreign governments, very few of them being natives of the country they represent. The consul for Spain, however, is a Spaniard, and he headed the corps in a uniform gorgeous with brass buttons and gold lace. He had a proud and haughty air. Behind him came the German consul in a duck suit not quite immaculate, belted in so tightly that he recalled the traditional pillow with a string tied about the middle, but on his broad breast glittered seven medals, and a black cocked hat made him almost as imposing a figure as the Spanish consul. The representatives of countries less conspicuous wore everyday clothes, but the Chinese consul, in bell hat and button and yellow silk robe, lent a picturesque note to the corps, while the

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French consul was in full evening dress. There seemed little *esprit de corps* among them. They did not pretend to march two by two, or even in single file, but flocked along anyhow after the Spanish consul. The second division of the procession consisted of the representatives of justice in the Philippines, and was headed by the chief justice of the Islands, who was appropriately dressed in a robe. As for the judges, they wore the traditional black frock coat of the variety one recognizes as oriental, with a collection of tall hats, including the opera style, I have not seen equaled since I left Japan.

Then hearty cheers arose from the crowds around the plaza, from Americans and Filipinos alike. The contrast between the Americans and foreigners was especially marked by their simple dress and their martial bearing. First came General McArthur with Judge Taft, followed by General Chaffee. Behind them, two by two, the four civil Commissioners, and then a long line of colonels and majors comprising all the staff officers in Manila. It was a fine sight. They were all tall and straight, keeping time and marching in a straight line. The white duck uniform with brass buttons is becoming to most men. General McArthur introduced Judge Taft without any special ceremony. Judge Arellano administered the oath of office, and then Governor Taft made his inaugural address. It was to the point, and not too long.

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The procession returned to the Ayuntamiento after the inauguration, where they entered carriages and escorted General McArthur to the office of the captain of the port, where he embarked in a launch for the transport. El Señor drove with Judge Ide in his carriage, but Lorenzo and Luis had not spent half the night polishing our carriage and harness for nothing, so when they saw el Señor enter Judge Ide's carriage, instead of waiting for us, they whirled into line, and so were not cheated out of the glory of being in the procession. Fräulein, in her quaint German way, remarked that the empty victoria looked "noble." We remained at the Ayuntamiento till the company returned, and then went into the big reception hall to shake hands with, and congratulate, the governor and the new commanding general.

Governor Taft is now the highest official in the Philippine Islands, and takes precedence of the military authorities. The governor will move at once into the Malacañan, the residence of the Spanish governor general, where General McArthur has been living. It is a tumble-down moldy old place, and must soon be put in order to keep it standing. Its name of palace is rather farfetched. The commanding general will occupy the Taft house.

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July 15, 1901.

SATURDAY evening one of our friends, a young civil employee, was married to a mestiza, a pretty girl with a mother, half-a-dozen sisters, and two aunts, all impecunious. "Poor Mr. Hunt!" we all say, but he is happy, so why should we pity him? According to one of his chums, who has boarded in the same house with Mr. Hunt, the courting has not been unalloyed bliss, for the family has never allowed him to see the girl alone. Even when they go out walking the two aunts have always accompanied them, and generally several of the small sisters, making quite a procession led by Hunt and his fiancée. The friend is something of a tease, and he delighted in timing his promenades to meet Hunt, his betrothed, and the aunts and small sisters, and then demanding later what religious procession Hunt had been leading through the streets of Manila.

Auria and I were invited to the ceremony. We reached the big Dominican church at the appointed time, but instead of a bright interior it was quite unilluminated, only half-a-dozen candles glimmering faintly from the altar through the dusky aisles. Every time I enter a Catholic church in Manila I am impressed with its beauty. The proportions are fine. The decorations are not gaudy, and there is a certain religious atmosphere that is lacking in many of the European and almost all our own Catholic

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churches. We waited a long time, surmising all sorts of accidents to the bridal party. Small brown choir boys ran about constantly, reminding one of acrobats as they doubled themselves up like jack-knives, never pausing in their trot, each time they passed the altar. Quite an hour after the time set for the ceremony, the bride and groom, followed by the family, aunts, small sisters, and half-a-dozen friends, stumbled into the darkness, and groped their way across the church to the sacristy, where they were to be married, on account of some taint of heresy on the part of Hunt, I suppose, although he became a Catholic last week, according to his scoffing friend. We followed the procession into the dark sacristy. There was a hurry and a scurry of small boys to light the candles, and it was ten minutes before everything was ready. Hunt was nervous, and wiped his perspiring brow continually, for it was a hot evening, and the darkness, delay, and confusion were anything but soothing. It is reported that he had to pay for the candles, although they were not lighted when they should have been, and that the unburned ends are a perquisite of some one of the various church officials; hence the delay in lighting them.

At last the signal to begin the ceremony was given. A wheel of bells was violently whirled around by a small boy, a weak organ piped forth a monotonous march, and a wreath of electric lights

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around the altar was turned on; and then the blue silk curtain before the altar was drawn, displaying painted statues of the Virgin and St. John handsomely dressed in velvet, surrounded by a halo of angels' heads peeping over silver clouds. Three priests marched in from an adjoining room, and the bride and groom, accompanied by the family, went within the railing. The ceremony was performed at a tremendous rate of speed by a mumbling priest. A piece of money, which Hunt had forgotten, played a mysterious part in the ceremony. A small boy was sent to fetch it, which caused a most embarrassing delay. I asked the meaning of the money, but no one could tell me its significance. It was handed to the officiating priest, who blessed it and passed it to his assistant, and we were left to guess if it were the wedding fee demanded at a point in the ceremony where Hunt must produce it or not be married—this was the suggestion of the scoffing friend—or if it were the symbol of earthly goods with which Hunt was to endow the bride, her aunts, and small sisters. That it might be a survival of the time when grooms bought their brides with gold was the suggestion of our learned secretary.

The bride did not remove her veil after the ceremony, and was kissed through the lace. We congratulated the groom, who looked unhappy, as all men do on such occasions, "but not as unhappy as he will feel later," remarked his best man.

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July 30, 1901.

WE have been occupied making calls on the newcomers during the last week. It is interesting to renew one's first impressions with the recent arrivals. Among the passing crowd were two "literary lights" on their way around the world—a writer and his wife, the latter a lecturer, I believe. One of the Commissioners tells me some remarkable tales about them. They have made it unpleasant for him by insisting that he shall give them a series of his photographs to illustrate their lectures. They did not take one or two refusals, and succeeded eventually by their persistence in forcing him to give them a number. We met these celebrities at dinner. They belonged to the "eager-anxious-to-be-in-everything" type, whose existence one has forgotten in the placid Philippines.

At a large reception Fräulein was amused to hear them asking for introductions "to all the noted persons present." As there are eight generals in town this week, they succeeded in adding numberless names to their autograph collection. The way in which "famous names" were obtained at the reception lessened the impression they had made on me at the dinner, when the lady proudly displayed the signatures of "distinguished persons she had known." Isn't it strange how some persons amuse themselves?

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MANILA, August 1, 1901.

YESTERDAY the governor gave his third reception at the Malacañan. The living room is surrounded by a broad-tiled veranda, which forms one of the features—in fact, I should say *the* feature—of the “palace.” It is always cool, and there are exquisite views up and down the river. Guests begin to arrive about half-past five. I poured tea yesterday afternoon, and I enjoyed watching the various persons who called. It is a very well-dressed crowd, but with no uniformity in the style of its costumes. One of the first to come yesterday was Señor Legarda, who has been appointed a member of the Commission. He brought with him his daughter-in-law, who has just returned from Paris. She wore an exquisite black brocade gown embroidered in jet, and a hat that one had only to see to know where it was made. Her husband, whom Señor Legarda referred to as “fat, isn’t he?” needs no further characterization, for that was all there was to say. Behind this family group came several American ladies in organdies and muslins, followed by a Spanish mestiza dressed in a thick brown cashmere gown with a silk front, looking perfectly cool and serene. A crowd of girls in low-necked juis, dressed for the Fifth Cavalry ball, attracted one. It is quite the thing to come to an afternoon reception in a low-necked dress; even women of advanced age wear them. Yesterday the Filipinos were out

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in large numbers. The Garcia girls were in evidence as usual. Their little thin hands flutter in yours for an instant, you see their clear soft eyes, and then wonder why they should have such bad teeth and mouths. Their father is one of the most eminent Filipinos in Manila. He has a fine head, and a genius for talking Spanish to foreigners who cannot speak more than a few words of that language. It sounds as if there were an animated conversation going on, yet he does all the talking. His daughters dress in mestiza costume, and are picturesque bits of color in the room. There was an ex-general of insurgents, whom the army more than suspects of murdering prisoners, but can't prove it, and little Señor Manuel from Iloilo, ladylike and gentle, with his coquettish señora, who bestowed the purple and black jusis on us during the southern trip as "suitable to our ages."

The large room was quite full by half-past six, when the governor appeared. Everyone turned when he came in, and everyone was eager to speak with him. It is not because he is governor, either, but because everyone likes him, and believes in his sincerity and ability. General Chaffee was a notable figure. I think no one can help feeling he is a strong, brave man. The Commissioners rally every Wednesday to the governor's reception. The American newspapers are talking of him for President of the United States. I only wish our country

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might be fortunate enough to have such a man for president.

We had a dinner party last week, and as I have told you of so many that went off well, I must record of this that the pigeons were served alone. The fried plantains that were to go with them were forgotten. In order to have something with them I told Lai Ting to serve some plum jam. He promptly appeared with it in a tin can which the cook had chopped open with a hatchet. We were entertaining Major Allen from Leyte, who took us through the Straits of Samar last spring.

August 15, 1901.

YOU ask me continually about the political situation, quoting articles from the *Evening Post*, which seem to give you melancholy forebodings lest the government be going to pieces. Civil government is flourishing in almost all the places where it was "planted" last spring, although some of the recommendations were, perhaps, premature. Batangas was evidently not ready for it, and it has been taken away from Bohol also. The most difficult problem at present is the organizing of the courts, and putting the new code in force. Everyone is out for himself among the native politicians, and the office seeker is as omnipresent here as at home. There have been several squalls in the sky, and every once in a while the Federal party gets sulky. Some

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of the new American judges are rather young, and others are decidedly old.

Some persons appear to be alarmed at the way the teachers are marrying. Half a dozen have already entered the matrimonial state. Still, as el Señor says, this will make it all the easier to get others.

The military sentry at our gate has been replaced by the new municipal police. The municipal police is a fine lot of men. They are tall and well set up. Their uniform is khaki with leather leggings, and tourists and other travelers say there is no other city in the world where there is so striking a police corps. They were carefully selected from the volunteer regiments about to be returned to the United States, and many of them were non-commissioned officers.

August 25, 1901.

YESTERDAY we went to Cavite for lunch, or rather, as it turned out, a *banquete*. It was rough going over, and we did not enjoy it. The town does not amount to much, but the naval station is interesting.

We were the guests of a wealthy Chinese who is married to a Filipina. It is noteworthy that the children of all these Chino-Filipina marriages are educated as—dress like and become—Filipinos. The affair was elaborate, the house large, and filled with expensive imported furniture.

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The most delightful part of the day was the return toward sunset. The western sky was gorgeous. The colors were vivid and strong, and the sky was as brilliant in the east as in the west. We saw the wrecks of the Spanish cruisers sunk by Dewey. They gave a melancholy tone to the scene. We took the band on our launch, and they played some soft, rather sad, native music. The drives along the Luneta at sunset and the launch rides on the bay are among the most delightful experiences of our life in Manila.

August 30, 1901.

YESTERDAY we returned from a three-days' fiesta in the country, worn out as usual, our digestion upset, but having been both amused and enlightened by the experience. I have come to one conclusion regarding fiestas. If the loyalty of Filipinos is to be fostered at the expense of my stomach, I shall give up the fight. The terrible bugbear of hurting a Filipino's feelings by not eating all the deadly dishes pressed upon one has held its sway too long already, so last week I gently and firmly declined to eat more than twice as much of every course as I wanted. In consequence, I am not quite so thoroughly exhausted as I usually am in returning from one of these outings. We left Manila on the seven o'clock train in the new American cars recently sent out here from California.

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They seem wonderfully luxurious to us as well as to the natives. The new third-class cars are superior to the old first-class cars, and the new first class, with polished California woods and stenciled decorations, are crowded with gaping natives at every station, who pass through them to look and admire. We had not been up the railroad since last year, and the improvement in the country was noticeable. The tents of the soldiers guarding the railway bridges and stations had disappeared. There was land under cultivation where last year the fields were deserted. New bamboo houses had been built near all the stations, and few soldiers were in evidence. The little native policeman strutted up and down the platform at every station, alive to his importance in the eyes of his fellow countrymen.

We were met by the daughters of our entertainers in a fine new rubber-tired carriage, and we fairly flew over the new road to the little town, which lay some distance from the railway. The house of our host was spacious, and elegant in its simplicity. After greetings had been exchanged we were led to our room, a large front chamber with a big window overhanging the principal street. I mention this window as it is connected vividly in my mind with our visit. The room contained three handsomely carved four-poster Filipino beds, each covered with a mat. A pillow was the only other article on it. Two chairs and a washstand comprised the rest of

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the furniture. On the washstand stood a most gorgeous toilet set. It consisted of pitcher and basin, countless bottles, soap dishes and powder boxes, all of pink glass, fluted around the edges, and heavily decorated in gilt. The basin held about a pint of water, and the only place to empty it after washing was out of the front window. How many times I leaned out with that fragile pink glass basin, fearful lest I might let it fall, and more fearful of deluging a passer-by, cannot be counted. After each of the party had bathed her hands and face, and I had safely emptied the precious pink basin three or four times, we went to the drawing room. The house was filled with guests, many of them old friends from Manila. And we were at once plunged into the interminable formalities of greeting. To each and everyone I was obliged to recount the story of Elena's departure, to give an account of the health of all my relatives, and in turn remember to ask after each member of the various families and all their relations. Then we sat down to dinner, spread on a mahogany table that would fill a collector of antique furniture with envy. I pass over the dinner in silence. Afterwards I accompanied our host to see his wife, who had a new baby only a couple of days old.

In this country, just as one is bored to death by too much dinner, too much Spanish, and too much Filipino, something so unique, so interesting, and so

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picturesque turns up that everything else is forgotten in its enjoyment. We went downstairs and softly opened the door of a small darkened room, almost bare of furniture. Half-a-dozen old shriveled women sat around on the floor; one was preparing food over an earthen brazier of glowing coals. The babe lay on a mat wrapped in swaddling clothes, and just behind him knelt his mother. She wore a loose white chemise and blue skirt, her long black hair fell about her shoulders, and she looked at us with large mild eyes, a little startled at our sudden appearance. It was the Christ Child in the manger, as one sees it in faded old Italian frescoes, and during my visit I haunted that darkened white-washed chamber, always received with gentle friendliness by the mother and her ancient hand-maidens.

Our host is progressive, and the other children wear European dress that makes one long to see them running about in their pretty brown skins. On my return to the drawing room I found the ball had begun, and, although it was but five o'clock in the afternoon, everyone was dancing. There were a number of newly arrived guests presented, among them American officers from a neighboring post. With one of these officers—I was assured later by his “brother officers” that he was “one of those civilian appointees”—I had a most extraordinary experience. He had arrived late, and had partaken

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freely of the different refreshments a Filipino host has learned to provide for his American guests, so, when he was brought up later in the evening and presented to me in proper Filipino style, his ears conveyed to his brain only the words "Civil Commission." "The lady of the Civil Commission" is the form the Filipinos always use in introducing me. The captain, for such was his rank, hearing these words, gazed meditatively beyond me, and repeated: "Civil Commission! Civil Commission! I'd like to pitch Civil Commission into Manila Bay!" And then he smiled benevolently on me, and was beginning to repeat his wish when he was forcibly retired from the room by his brother officers, repeating: "Pitch-Civil-Commission-into-Manila-Bay!" It was irresistibly funny, but at the same time it was painful, for the Filipinos were horrified, expecting I should feel insulted, and would include them in my displeasure. My host implored me to command him to put the offender out of the house, protesting he would willingly do it, no matter at what cost to himself. The Filipinos stand in the same awe of our officers that they did of the Spanish officials, and permit almost any rudeness to pass unchallenged, because they have not yet learned the American point of view. Everyone knows how universal is the belief that the civil and military authorities in the Islands are not friendly to each other. This is the first time I have ever encountered any expres-

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sion of that alleged feeling, and it is only due to the captain to say that later he made ample amends. About midnight he returned to the ball room looking weak and chastened, his hair suspiciously smooth and damp, suggestive of a recent douche under the pump. His brother officers tried their best to keep him out of my way, but he was determined like a man to say he was sorry. So, in a pause of the dance, he came up and, planting himself in front of me, said quite gently: "I love Civil Commission; want them to spend a week; I will not pitch Civil Commission into Manila Bay." He then sat down in an armchair, where, conscious of an offense condoned, he peacefully slept during the remainder of the ball. Of course, the other men were overwhelming in their apologies, and excused the man on the ground that he came in late from a long ride and did not know how strong Don Antonio's whisky was.

After the midnight banquet dancing was resumed. At two o'clock I went to bed. The other guests danced till dawn in Filipino fashion. I must record that there were many pretty girls in unusually pretty dresses. Doña Maria wore a flame-colored camisa and panuela, embroidered in white marguerites. The flowers were shaded with gold thread, and there were four tiny pearls in their centers. The blue silk skirt was shot with zigzags of white. Every girl wore either a pearl or diamond necklace.

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Sunday was a laborious day. Dancing began at ten o'clock in the morning. At twelve we sat down to a long dinner. One of the dishes was a young pig served with a delicious green sauce. It was roasted out of doors, over a bed of coals; a bamboo pole thrust lengthwise through its body served as a spit. It was turned by a relay of small naked boys. The old women basted it continually, and kept law and order among the lazy little Filipinos with the basting spoon. The mahogany table seated thirty guests. At each place were three handsome French plates with a crest in the center. In front of each cover was a solid silver tray holding three delicate wineglasses. The center piece was a large bust of a Roman matron in frosted glass supporting a pyramid of fruit on her head, and amidst the array of sweets were two immense vases holding bouquets of silver and gold leaves and flowers. In spite of the Roman matron and the glass vases, the table was handsome.

I passed another long evening watching the ceaseless whirl of dancers, whose heelless slippers never seemed to tire of gliding over the shining floor. Some of the guests did not go to bed at all, and were eating sweet cakes when we came into the dining room at dawn, ready for our early train. One can entertain numberless guests in the Philippines. A supply of clean straw mats, and as many rolls of cotton covered with turkey-red calico, is all

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that a hostess needs. These are spread on the floor in the hall or drawing room, and the guests are perfectly comfortable.

September 4, 1901.

LAST night we went to a teachers' banquet. There was a large number present, and they had a good time, I think. There was one amusing event. An invited guest, one of the judges from the interior, made a speech in which he spoke of the failure of justice through the unreliability of witnesses, and of the oppression of the poor natives by the presidentes, the heads of villages. He suggested that it might be a good plan to change the name presidente, which had become associated with oppression, and substitute some other, which would cause the people to inquire into the powers of the new office. In this way he thought they would discover that presidentes could no longer make them perform forced labor or pay unjust taxes. Of course, this was not actually given as a suggestion to the Commission, and the judge apologized for mentioning it, but it aroused the ire of the toastmaster, a member of the Commission, who arose and in his most metallic tones said he wished he might believe that the simple remedy offered by the judge would make honest men of the corrupt class known as presidentes. Then he gave at great length a history of the office of presidente, showing it to be a name

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of quite recent date, and selected by the people in place of the old Spanish names, *gobernadorcillo* and *alcalde*, for just the reason that it was suggestive of free institutions. It was all true, and quite interesting, but the poor judge, thus convicted, not only of giving advice not asked for to the great U. S. Philippine Commission, but also proved ignorant of what he was talking about before twenty-five or thirty school teachers and junior graduates of a university where he had been a professor, looked crushed, and a little indignant, I thought.

When one thinks about this great educational immigration, it certainly appeals to the imagination, but when he is brought into close contact with six hundred of all sorts and conditions of teachers, both male and female, he has the truth forced upon him that the few must leaven the lump. Their spirit is good, and they consider their coming to the Islands in the light of a crusade. It is amusing to hear them talk about "our unique position in the history of the world." It reminded me of Kipling's comments on the American's character, and his belief that everything American was the biggest, best, and most remarkable "in the world." Ever since the teachers landed, people have been telling them that the future of the Islands depends upon them; that they will do more than all our armies have done. This is true, and it must inspire them, but it also puffs them up to a certain degree, and they already

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assume the airs of the conquerors. In a day or two they will all be gone into the provinces, and Manila will see the soldier straps emerge again from the obscurity into which six hundred civilians have cast them. The undertaking, not in the least simple, of collecting, transporting, and maintaining over six hundred men, women, and children, and finally assigning and sending them to various parts of the Islands, is fortunately successfully ended.

Monday the three new Filipino Commissioners were introduced, and took the oath of office. The secretaries were also sworn in. I send you an account of the ceremony. El Señor forgot to tell me about it, so I did not see it. I was sorry, for they say it was interesting. The Filipino gentlemen who were appointed Commissioners, and their friends, are naturally delighted to have a share in the government. Both the Manila representatives know English well enough to understand all that is said, and do not hinder business. The member from Negros does not speak or understand a word. The promoter of the peace fiesta last year has succeeded in founding a new party, which puts forth neither more nor less than the old insurrecto platform. He and a Filipino editor are the mischief makers, and both because they want preferment, and hope by annoying the administration to get office. Otherwise, everything is serene, in spite of all the papers may say.

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VII

A WINTER IN MANILA

MANILA, November 20, 1901.

RETURNING from a journey of two months in China, I found my worst fears realized on the trip from Hongkong. The monsoon was blowing with unusual force, and from the time we left Hongkong harbor until we reached the shelter of the Mariveles point we were tossed and battered about in a most disagreeable fashion. The waves banged themselves viciously against the steamer, but the *Chang Cha* was stanch. All day and all night the dishes, pots and pans, and all the movable cargo crashed back and forth, adding to the din of dashing waves and splashing water. We all stayed miserably in bed, waiting in dull despair for the two nights and the day to pass.

Finally, we reached the coast of Corregidor, where the government tug was to meet us, and where the *Chang Cha's* owners had agreed to take us, Manila not being a port of call on their trip. It was accommodating in them, for they went about ninety miles out of their course. At dawn the cap-

tain sighted the big sea-going government tug, and at eight o'clock we, our boys, and all our belongings were on board, and we were waving good-by to the captain, who had expressed his opinion to me quite freely about the oppressive red tape of the American customs and harbor regulations. He considered Manila under the Americans the worst port of the Japan-Australian run; and he lamented the ancient Spanish régime, when twenty pesos pressed into the hands of the customs and harbor officials would leave him free and unmolested to land his goods in his own way. Now he has many papers to make out which must be signed and countersigned, and he is obliged to go on shore in person and drive about in the heat in "beastly dirty, broken-down rigs" to present papers to the authorities. So he avoids Manila whenever he can, and prejudices other skippers. He affirms that all the lines will boycott the port of Manila. I tried to argue faintly in favor of Anglo-Saxon probity, but he said one soon got over that nonsense in the East.

On board the tug was quite an army of secretaries and clerks, who looked rather hollow-eyed, as they had been cruising about all night waiting for the *Chang Cha*. The news of the governor's improved health relieved our anxiety, and we enjoyed the sail up the bay. I confess to a thrill of homecoming as the low, white level line of the shore flashed out from the blue background of the hills and

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sky. Luis met me with the new quilez, and I was soon at home refreshing myself with soda and lemonade, exclaiming over Auria, who had gained an inch in height, and listening to her enthusiastic account of the new municipal school, where she has been placed with all the "Commission children," as she calls them. Fräulein is spending the morning hours, while Auria is in school, teaching small Filipinos English. She is successful in her work, and imparts a good English accent to her pupils. Not only the "Commission children" and the army children attend the school, but any Filipina or Filipino who can speak English well enough to understand his work may enter, and already a large number attend. Auria tells me that last week the Filipino boys beat the Americans at football, a game the latter taught them quite recently. The session begins at eight and ends at twelve o'clock, and tag and prisoner's base are the favorite recess games; but they seem not exactly suited to a tropical climate. At first the exclusive Spanish and mestizo families were not inclined to send their children, especially the girls, but lately el Señor has had many encouraging talks with the fathers of children who have always attended the convent schools, but who are now going to the municipal school. The fact that Governor Taft sends his children has naturally placed the public-school question in a new light. The teachers are selected with care, and the standard is excellent. As

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for the native children, Fräulein says they are docile, quick, and obedient. Other teachers of experience in the United States say they are far easier to teach than American children, for they do not "get on their nerves," as American children do.

Auria has become quite intimate with two polite little girls who live near us in a fine house. Their father is progressive, and has this year enlarged his business along the line of the American department store. He calls it the Twentieth Century. The family is wealthy, and Auria is enthusiastic over the wonderful French toys the children have. Filipinos are extravagant in many ways from our point of view. They buy all sorts of mechanical toys, talking dolls, and wonderful little houses completely furnished. Already all the shops in the Escolta are beginning their holiday display, and one could spend a small fortune in Parisian novelties. I notice, too, the American woman has created a demand for hats. The best houses are showing glass cases full of the latest creations from Paris. They are, however, decidedly gay: pink, blue, and red predominate. I have seen only one really pretty hat. I am sorry we are introducing the hat; it is healthier and more comfortable without it.

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MANILA, November 26, 1901.

OUR interest in these days is absorbed in house hunting. You can't imagine the discouragement I feel, for it seems as if the comforts of this place are magnified and its drawbacks diminish now we find we must leave it. All our friends are on the alert, and we daily receive messages suggesting this house or that one, only to find on investigation that it is impossible. I also notice that rents go up most alarmingly when it is known that a Commissioner wishes to rent the house. One place was offered us by a friend who had been repairing it, and who described it as palatial. You should have seen the frescoes! American flags and eagles were spread all over the ceilings, and the most impossible colors were on the walls. There was not an inch of ground back or front, and only three bedrooms, no dining room—one ate in the hall—and the price was one hundred and fifty gold a month. The only house we can consider is the Lawton house, now held by the military authorities. It has been the headquarters of a general officer, but owing to some new arrangement of the commands he is moving out and we are putting in a claim for the place.

The owners are in Paris, and have not received any rent for the house since it transpired that they are insurrectos. One of our friends, a Filipino, is making inquiries. It seems as if the owners ought

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to have rent now, as civil government is established and the insurrecto family out of the country.

MANILA, December 1, 1901.

IT is all arranged; we are to have the Lawton house. The commanding general waived his claim, thereby bitterly disappointing several members of the medical staff, who with their wives were anticipating big airy quarters. It must be maddening to be ranked out of houses, as officers are in the army, but they are certainly very good-natured about it.

The house was beautiful, but it is so out of repair that it will take months of work to put it in order. The owners are jubilant to get the army out and civilians in, but we must do the repairing. The house interior must be reclothed and papered, tinted and painted, partitions taken down, plumbing overhauled, and the whole house rewired in accordance with the new regulations. At present the interior is gloomy and ugly. There are imitation Corinthian marble columns in the drawing room, which is covered with tattered gray paper. The ceiling cloth is torn, and hangs down in many places. Trellises with cupids peeking through them, and ladies and gentlemen promenading, adorn it. There are fine mahogany floors, and the proportions of the rooms are good. I know when we have cool, soft tints on the walls and plain ceilings, when the forty carved chairs and six sofas in the drawing room are cleaned

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and repolished, and the eleven mirrors regilded, it will be quite splendid. There are some fine pieces of furniture scattered over the house, but it all needs repolishing and repairing. The butler's pantry is a room about thirty feet square, with a cistern under the floor twenty feet deep. All the rain water rushes into it. There is a big tiled bath downstairs supplied with water from the roof when it rains. At other times it is filled from a faucet. The house faces Calle Concepcion, and the back of the house is on the river. The great drawback is a rice warehouse on one side three stories high. The blank wall of the galvanized iron reflects the tropical heat directly into the bedrooms. However, we are thankful to get so good a house, but it will not be as cool as this house, and possibly not so healthy.

Governor Taft is still at the hospital, and, in spite of his dangerous illness and two operations, maintains his usual cheerful frame of mind. Whenever I go to see him, and tell him the more amusing incidents of our China trip, he laughs till the bed shakes. In spite of the fact that he is still seriously ill, he keeps in touch with all public business, and discusses and decides questions as if he were perfectly well. It has been decided he shall go to America at the end of this month to recuperate. I think Mrs. Taft needs the change as much as he does. She is very debilitated, and has worked as hard in her way as the governor in his. It is no

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easy task to entertain on the scale they do in this climate, with inefficient servants, and the harassing question of getting something new to eat in a place where tinned milk and canned goods form one's chief supply for dinner parties. I think she shows remarkable ability, but her weekly receptions must seriously tax her strength. The Filipinos adore Governor Taft, and the first question in every gathering is to inquire as to his health. They know he likes them, and that is the secret of his popularity.

MANILA, December 15, 1901.

YESTERDAY we went up to Malolos with half-a-dozen Americans on the invitation of Señor Rojas, who is one of the best Filipino judges in the Islands. The picnic was an all-day affair, with much eating and dancing.

The weather is delightful at this season. December is perfection, and I would be willing to live here all my life if every month were December. We went up on the morning train accompanied by several Filipino guests. Among the others was Dr. Tavena, who had not been in Malolos since the meeting of the famous congress, of which he was a prominent member. He told us in his dramatic, nervous way of the night he fled to Manila because he was no longer in accord with Aguinaldo and his plans. Our Pampangan friends joined us, inquiring solicitously after each and every relative, and send-

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ing remembrances to Elena and her "*estimado marido*." When we reached the station there were waiting for us various country vehicles we had learned to dread on the southern trip. From one of them descended Governor Serapio, the terror of Ladrones, whom you may remember as the principal figure in General Grant's dramatic flag presentation last spring. The governor is seventy years old, but so well preserved that he does not look over fifty.

On our drive to the house where we were to be entertained an incident occurred which shows how many foolish things are done out here by thoughtless officers who wish to impress their power on the natives. As the first carromata, containing several Filipinos and one of the private secretaries, was passing the convento where the soldiers are quartered, a sentry called to them to halt, and commanded that they salute the flag. They protested, explaining who they were, and were only allowed to proceed after remonstrance by the American. The remainder of the party were allowed to pass unchallenged when the guard satisfied himself there were Americans with the Filipinos. Malolos is under civil government. The post is there only as a post in our own country. Imagine the officers of a garrison in America commanding all passers-by to salute the flag. It would create an insurrection at once. The whole region is indignant at these petty

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annoyances, but our host, the judge, had not reported the case, as the Filipino dislikes to get himself into trouble with the military authorities.

We had left Manila at half-past seven, and, forgetful of the Filipino customs, I had before leaving home eaten a hearty breakfast. Immediately on our arrival, welcomed as usual by a native band and the *gente*, we were ushered into the dining room, where companies of wine, beer, whisky, and champagne bottles were ranged up and down the center of the table, and cold and hot dishes of all kinds were pressed upon us with the hospitality that will not take nay for an answer. From half-past nine till eleven o'clock we sat there, the company leisurely eating, changing places like a progressive luncheon, coming and going, talking or silent, as each one saw fit. Now and then one of our Filipino friends would rise and make a little complimentary speech to the ladies, which was always received with *muy bien*, the Filipino expression of approval. Our host sat calmly at ease during the long collation, not in the least alarmed lest his guests might be bored. The band played persistently. The younger couples went off to the big reception room for a waltz, returning now and then for refreshments. At eleven o'clock we all adjourned to the sala, where the officers of the garrison, their wives, and three school teachers were assembled. We were naturally interested in hearing how the teachers were enjoying

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their work. All three were women, and university graduates. One was a pretty girl from Wellesley, the other two were from the University of Michigan. They were dressed in light jusi gowns daintily made, and presented an attractive appearance. I could not but notice the manner of the young Filipinos toward these girls. The lighting of the eye and the animated expression of the face, the American handshake that accompanied the formal words of greeting to the teachers, showed plainly the place these young women had taken among the Filipinos. These girls were happy and interested in their work. Two who taught in Malolos were enthusiastic over the progress of their pupils. The third from Dagupan was quieter, but said she was glad to be in the Philippines, and liked teaching Filipino children. They said life was quite gay, that they were invited about to balls and fiestas. They were popular, and danced with the young Filipinos, and I am sure no one could wish for a more attractive partner or more graceful dancer than young Señor Arnedo, of Sulipan, who was the life of the party.

A short hour was spent in greeting, chatting, and exchanging the necessary compliments incident to the occasion; then, to our consternation, the *banquete* was announced—the twelve-course dinner we knew so well from long experience. But there was no help for it, and we spent two hours eating, enlivened by speeches and toasts. The simple, straight-

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forward, unadorned sentiments of the Americans contrasted sharply with the elegant phrases that fall so easily from the tongue accustomed to the Spanish language.

During the hot hours of the afternoon the younger guests danced with marvelous energy. In the company were two pretty Spanish mestizas in European dress, who came in yellow slippers two sizes too small for their feet. These señoritas danced unceasingly, although their faces were distorted with pain, and between dances they slipped off the little yellow shoes and moaned "It hurts! It hurts!" in their soft Spanish accent. The younger one burst into tears after an unusually long waltz, but with the fortitude of American Indians they returned to the torture every time the band began to play.

I was so overcome with the heat, dinner, and this spectacle that I retired to a big bedroom containing four large Filipino beds, hoping to rest, but it proved to be the dressing room, where the ladies came to plaster their perspiring faces with white chalk, and where the Spanish maidens came to weep over their yellow shoes, so, although I "saw life," I did not rest.

After our attempted siesta we returned to the scene of festivities, but found the sala deserted, and the company eating cakes and drinking chocolate in the dining room. In the cooler hours we walked

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about Malolos. It is practically ruined. The beautiful church and convent were burned by Aguinaldo when he left the town. Numbers of private dwellings were destroyed, but among those standing many are remarkable for their picturesqueness. Several were decorated with elaborate wood carvings. One of the façades was adorned with four caryatides of heroic size. A half-ruined stone house was decorated with colored tiles; over the doors and windows were carvings that suggested Moresque influence. It was probably presumed that we were exhausted by the exertion of our sight-seeing, for supper was served on our return. The long-suffering men of the party balked this time, so we poor women, not to hurt our host's feelings, were driven to partake of sticky sweets and a cup of tea.

We were accompanied to the station not only by our hosts, but by all the inhabitants of Malolos and the band. I proudly record that I kept up an hysterical gayety of demeanor during the last half hour of our sojourn in Malolos, only to sink into stupid blank dullness the moment the thousand thanks and million compliments had been hurled out of the car window at our hospitable friends. Truly such a day makes for what Professor Sill used to call "pleonusia," or larger experience, but it is not good for the stomach.

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MANILA, December 24, 1901.

TO-DAY we said *au revoir* to Governor Taft and his family. They left on the *Sheridan* for San Francisco, and the Filipinos are lamenting their departure. "We have never had a good governor who was not taken from us," an old Filipino friend said to me to-day as we were returning from the transport. Many deputations and committees of Filipinos have waited on the governor during the past week. He did not wish to go away without seeing them, so the last days have been exhausting. As he went on board the transport he looked pale and worn, but he was in good spirits, and was able to stand up and shake hands with the hundred or more friends who came to say good-by. If the government knows what is best for the Philippine Islands, Governor Taft will remain in office as long as his services can be retained, for he has a rare gift of attraction for, and sympathy with, the native population. At the same time he has the wisdom to govern them wisely.

MANILA, December 26, 1901.

CHRISTMAS was not a very lively fiesta with us, for Auria was ill in bed. With the exception of a box of lemons from San Francisco, our Christmas presents did not arrive, but I bought a little artificial German tree, hung all kinds of decorations on its stiff wire branches, and under it

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placed a quantity of gifts for Auria, who from the bed watched the lighted candles.

A friend who has children told me a story to-day of the pathetic Christmas letters she had received from America lamenting the toyless condition of the little ones in "the far-away heathen land" to which they were exiled, and of the box of gifts on which she had been obliged to pay a high duty when everything it contained could have been duplicated on the Escolta, probably for half their cost in America.

One of the jokes of the season is a Christmas party which was the result of this lack of knowledge of conditions out here. *Pascua de la Natividad*, as they call Christmas, is one of the most popular holidays of the year. As early as two weeks before Christmas, in all the squares about the churches, booths are erected for the sale of all imaginable European toys and notions. Every man, woman, and child in Manila knows about Christmas gifts, and among the wealthy families extravagant and beautiful presents are exchanged. Everyone who has ever been employed in any capacity during the year in one's house has hopes of an "aguinaldo," which is a Christmas present. Little poems are left at the door to remind you of your duty to these various persons; trees "made in Germany" are lighted on Christmas Eve in many houses.

All innocent of this a benevolent American lady.

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in the United States, who was deeply interested "in the benighted natives," sent out a large collection of toys, small dolls, blocks, picture books, and knick-knacks of every sort to a friend in Manila, asking her to invite a party of Filipino children to her home, decorate a tree, distribute the gifts, and for once give them an idea of a real American Christmas. It was exactly the kind of tree one gets up for a mission Sunday school. Behold assembled a hundred or more of the élite of Manila's mestizo-Filipino society with a respectable sprinkling of American children. What they thought of the "American Christmas" I only surmise from the stories I heard of the extravagance usually displayed at the Filipino celebrations. The Filipino must derive much amusement from American ignorance.

I received several *aguinaldos* from friends. One especially pretty basket, decorated with red, white, and blue ribbon and little American flags, was filled with every imaginable sweet thing to eat. There were Malaga grapes, imported from Spain packed in sawdust, that still retained their flavor, raisins in fancy boxes, nuts, little bottles of champagne, peaches in sugar, and rich preserves.

The Filipinos spend large sums on their *aguinaldos*, and my dining room was like the show window of a fancy grocery.

Christmas Eve I was invited by some Filipino

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friends for a *huelga*, which, translated into corresponding English slang, would be "going on a tear." We began with the theater, where we saw some very good Japanese acrobats. The building was half open to the sky, and the seats for the common people were benches. For such as we there were small wooden stalls containing cane-seated chairs at the side of the stage. We stayed only long enough to see what the show was like, and then drove about town to all the principal churches. There are open squares in front of almost all of the Manila churches, and they were crowded with persons of all conditions except just the element we should at home find in such places—the rough element. Anyone, a woman, or even a girl alone, could have gone anywhere as we did without fear of rude treatment from the natives. The "tough" class was represented by soldiers from the United States and a few of our countrymen, who considered it funny to "talk Spanish" to native women. One trio of well-dressed young Americans were driving about the streets, lolling back in their carriage and singing or shouting at the passers-by.

The Christmas Eve masses and brilliant decorations of the churches attracted large numbers of persons, and we could seldom push our way further than just inside the doors. I am always impressed at the season of festivals with the refined and exquisite taste the Filipinos show in all their decora-

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tions. The churches are never decked out in the tawdry adornments we see in other countries, but color and light are blended, and the effect is always beautiful. Everywhere the *Natividad* was represented in miniature as in Europe, and here, as there, attracted a crowd of round-eyed children carrying small babies to view the wonder. Outside, the scene was scarcely less brilliant, for hundreds of booths lighted with candles filled the square, in which all imaginable articles, toys, lamps, trays, and vases, were gambled for or bought by the crowd. There are other attractions for those who have ten centavos to spare—shooting galleries, picture galleries, and one called the animatiscopo. It came from Paris, and was very good. The scenes were colored, and it was sometimes almost impossible to believe the figures were only light reflections. One incident occurred in this place which shows how well known Governor Taft is to the common people. The place was crowded with natives, who expressed their emotions unabashed as the moving pictures were thrown on the screen. One series depicted a prize fight in a realistic manner, a thin, wiry champion taking off the honors against all comers until an immense pugilist of the John Sullivan type entered the contest, and with a few well-directed blows laid the thin man low. The moment the stout pugilist was thrown on the screen an exclamation ran all through the room, “El Gobernador Taft!

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El Gobernador Taft!" and a storm of applause greeted every well-directed blow. "*Los españoles*," I heard one man say, pointing to the thin and vanquished champion, whom the stout pugilist finished by sitting on him till he totally disappeared. We amused ourselves immensely at this show, and then tried our luck, or rather "unluck," in the shooting gallery.

The company with whom I was taking the *huelga* consisted of several Filipino girls and a couple of respected native members of the Manila bar. None of these young people seemed to take the least interest in the church ceremonies as religious celebrations. Two of the girls would not enter the doors of the Dominican or Franciscan churches; they were so opposed to the friars. It is too bad that so many of the better-educated Filipinos distrust all the clergy on account of their hatred of the friars. At one o'clock we terminated our *huelga* at a restaurant on the Escolta, a place unknown to me and to most Americans, I suspect, where a delicious French supper was served, including baby lobsters, wild boar, ices, and champagne. At three o'clock in the morning we all drove up to our house, where I parted with many Christmas greetings from my Filipino friends.

Early Christmas morning we distributed our gifts to each other, and to the waiting house servants and coachmen. The guard came in for cigars.

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The newspaper boys, postman, and others presented poems which were cheap at fifty cents apiece. As our *aguinaldos* from friends began to arrive, we learned the messengers expected a pesata apiece, and there was a loud demand for silver coins. Our old toothless cook produced a bag of coppers, which he exchanged for gold, and we loaded down the bronze-skinned Mercuries with pockets full of centavos. In the evening we ate a cold-storage turkey from Australia. Our guests were a number of secretaries and school teachers.

MANILA, December 31, 1901.

YOUR letter inquiring about the Samar affair and the "real truth" about the success of civil government arrived to-day, and, although I am in the hurry of moving, I will free my mind at once on that subject. The newspapers are misled by the reports of the associated press correspondent, who is not only pro-military, but is bitterly opposed to the civil government. All occurrences which can be construed as indicating weakness in the latter are telegraphed directly to America, and the desirability of a return to the military régime advocated. All we can say with respect to the civil government is "wait." At present it seems successful to those who were staggered at the task which had been set them, but as I have heard el Señor say so often, "only time can prove the wisdom or folly of laws

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and institutions made by men who are groping almost in the dark, but who are working earnestly for the best interests of the Filipinos."

As to the Samar affair, from which so much derogatory to civil rule is being deduced, it should be said the island never was under civil government. It has always been under military rule, and was never pacified under the Spaniards. No province where the Commission was itself satisfied that the natives were ready for civil government has revolted. Batangas was never pacified, and it was only on the express recommendation of the military governor, and against the judgment of the Commission, that the province was organized by them. The insurrectos were shooting into the town when the Commission visited it. The native constabulary has not yet proved itself treacherous, as was predicted, nor have the native scouts betrayed their officers. In many places the withdrawing of troops has been the quickest way to insure peace, and their presence is often a menace to friendly relations. I told you of the feeling in Malolos, and only a short time since a wholesale revolt was reported in a southern district, and the story was magnified as it was sent to America. On investigation it was shown that the insurrection consisted in the entire population of a small town taking to the mountains; the captain in command of the troops stationed there had brought in two friars, and given the church

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over to them. The average second lieutenant who comes to the Philippines would like to go home a brigadier general, and he naturally can't do it if he does only garrison duty. I don't say the officers consciously try to stir up trouble, but many of the younger ones, and especially the civil appointees, show no judgment and little sympathy in their dealings with the natives. They can't understand why they are not able to manage the civil as well as the military affairs of the district in which they are quartered.

The events just prior to the departure of Governor Taft for America furnished a proof of the popularity of the established civil government. The Malacañan was crowded with deputations and committees and representatives of all classes, anxious to have from the governor's own lips a promise that he would return to the Islands. Rumors have sprung up among the natives that he will not come back. I have been asked again and again by intelligent persons if this were true, and even my "China" boy said the other day: "Market man he say gov'ner no come back, everybody all same fighty bime bye." Luis, our head coachman, an honest, faithful Ilocano, came upstairs last week, twisting his hat and rubbing his toes together, to tell me that if "el gobernador" did not come back he would return to his native town, which is in the mountains of the north. A possible way in which these rumors orig-

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inate is suggested by something which happened the other day at the Oriente Hotel. A newly arrived officer was in the barroom talking politics when one of the private secretaries of the acting civil governor entered and was introduced. "Oh! secretary of the civil governor, are you! Well, that civil business will be in our hands before the year is out." This anecdote, related to me by the secretary himself, naturally goes the rounds of the clubs, and, exaggerated of course, filters into the ranks of the natives. Can't you understand how delicate a problem this is out here, dealing with a timid, credulous, and terrified people who don't dare trust us or each other?

MANILA, January 2, 1902.

WE began moving this morning, and I had no idea there were so many things in the house. We bought the furniture from the owner several months ago, and it is a poor lot of stuff, all excepting some carved chairs and an immense Filipino carved bed. However, the new house is large enough to contain ten times the amount of our furniture. The manner of moving in Manila is unique. Each article is slung on a pole, or poles, and carried by coolies piece by piece. You can see that a house flitting is a slow process in the tropics. One big wardrobe was brought from the shop by ten men, and it will take that number to carry it to the new

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house. Don't imagine, however, that the house is near completion. The bedrooms and dining room are habitable, but the papering and painting are only in a state of spasmodic progress. The hall and drawing rooms are only begun. We discovered under whitewash some beautiful gold-leaf capitals to the Corinthian pilasters in our hall and drawing room, so we are decorating it in cream and white. The rooms are palatial in size, and finely proportioned. One might entertain forty guests in the dining room. White ants have destroyed much of the furniture, and I have abandoned a number of pieces on that account. In one dark closet, the dis-used wine cellar, I put my hand on a shelf, and it crumbled into dust. Many of the bins and shelves in the kitchen were in that condition. We have made many changes, taking out partitions, cutting doors in places, and removing several cartloads of trash, precious, no doubt, to those who own it, but impossible in a house like this, which must be severely simple to carry out its style. Japanese fans and lacquer panels hardly adorn the walls of a room sixty feet long and twenty feet high. One curious feature in the furnishing was swinging half doors with painted burlap panels. These were placed within the large doors, like the screens with "push" hung within beer-saloon doors in America. I can't imagine what they were for, for they did not in the least conceal the legs and heads of persons behind

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them. They were removed, and our reception hall no longer suggests a whisky joint. I suspect we shall be two weeks moving, and I am not hurrying, as I am somewhat ill with a sore throat. It does not, however, confine me to the house.

123 CALLE CONCEPCION, January 14, 1902.

YOU will be glad to know that we have at last moved, but at present writing I must confess that the disagreeable features of the transition are in the ascendant. We have been ten days in the house, and we are no more settled than we were the first day. This arises partly from our own fault, as I was taken ill the day before we moved, and went to bed with a trained nurse to care for me. On the day I was suffering most, Ethel came. She decided at the last moment to leave her party at Hongkong, visit me, and join them in Colombo. It was a terrible disappointment to have everything upset, and not to be able to move during her visit. Fräulein was attentive, and showed her some few things, but she missed the cream of the season, the Christmas holidays. Just before she came a number of interesting functions took place. There was a New Year's ball at the International Club, where all the mestiza society were present in their jewels and gorgeous costumes. I wish a first-class artist, like Sargent, could paint some of these girls. Doña

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Maria was a picture in gold-colored brocade, with camisa and panuela of the same shade exquisitely *painted* and embroidered. Little Mrs. Heredia sparkled like a small electric tower. She wore a white-spangled tulle dress from Paris, and her celebrated pearl and diamond necklace. Filipinos' manners are good. They always keep within the formal line. This is more than many Americans know how to do.

You benighted people have never heard, I suppose, of the great Filipino hero, José Rizal. Being a dead hero, it is quite safe to eulogize him. My own opinion is that, were he alive now, he would be an insurrecto. All the orators are telling us what he would have done and said at this juncture. The Federal party says that he would have been a peace-party delegate. The Americans call him the Washington of the Archipelago. I often wonder what George Washington would think if he found his name pinned on Aguinaldo and other "liberators." The Filipino people wish to raise a monument to Rizal, so they first asked the Commission to subscribe, and have already raised two thousand dollars, Mexican, seventeen hundred of which was subscribed privately by the members of the Commission and civil authorities. The committee wish to raise one hundred thousand dollars, but I doubt if they can do it. On the thirtieth day of December they held a memorial service in the Zorilla Theater. It was a gay af-

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fair in spite of the funeral marches. The boxes were packed, and society was out in full dress. A gayer scene could hardly be witnessed anywhere. There were also exercises on the Luneta, the anniversary of the day Rizal was shot. It was early in the morning. There were flags and wreaths, and hundreds of banana trees were set in the ground as decoration. In the center of the band square was a broken shaft with a little fence around it, like a grave in a cemetery. Every barrio in town brought a wreath. Buencamino made a speech in the vernacular, and others spoke in Spanish. There were thousands of Filipinos on the Luneta, but only a few Americans. In the evening the Carmonas took me to the Rizal Theater. It was an awful place. There were six hundred persons crowded in an immense barn, and but one small exit. It made me nervous, especially as the stage was decorated with lanterns and bamboo, and a dozen small boys frolicked about behind the scenes. I remained about half an hour, and then told Señor Carmona that I was sure I should faint if I stayed in the heated air any longer, and rose and went home. I did not feel embarrassed to leave my entertainers, for the girls' pleasure in having the wife of a member of the Commission in their box was added to by the sensation I created parading down the theater in the middle of the play escorted by the chief of police, who happened to sit near us.

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The acting governor gave a New Year's reception at Malacañan. There was a big crush; over six hundred guests came during the evening. It began about five o'clock, and an officer told me that there was a scramble on the part of the representatives of the army and navy each to get in ahead of the other. I don't know how true the stories of the rivalry between army and navy are, but they are always floating about. Last winter, at General McArthur's New Year's reception, the papers said that several persons left the palace without going in, because they had not been assigned to their proper places. This year I think it was a "go-as-you-please" affair; at all events, the guests were not kept shut up in a room half an hour, and let out into the reception room according to rank, as they were last year. To say, however, that the love of rank has not invaded the civilian breast is not true, for I heard two ladies earnestly discussing whether the wife of the auditor ought to precede the wife of the postmaster, or vice versa. That certain persons leave good manners behind them even on formal occasions like an official New Year's reception was proved many times to-day, when certain Americans shook hands with the white members of the reception party and passed the Filipinos by without recognition of any kind. It is wearying to stand three hours shaking hands, and I think to exhaustion as much as to anything else was due my illness of

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last week. The weather is still fresh, so cool at night that I sleep under a blanket.

MANILA, February 1, 1902.

THE house is still unsettled, but we hope that next week everything will be in order. The days pass quickly in superintending the coolies who clean the floors and arrange the furniture. There is much more to do at this house than at Calle San José, so we have added two Filipino boys to our servant corps to polish the mahogany floors and dust the furniture. They need constant watching, but are merry little fellows, and enjoy the skating back and forth over the mirrorlike surfaces; at least they are always playing jokes on each other and giggling. I have discovered, too, that I can appeal to their vanity to induce them to work, for they adore brass buttons, and the promise of a white duck livery with boots and buttons is so effective that the floors are becoming dangerous; they are as slippery as ice. Since moving into this house all the servants have larger quarters. The five Chinese have a big room by themselves, and there are half a dozen small rooms where the Filipinos spread their mats.

Ever since we came to Manila we have obstinately set our faces against the Filipino habit of introducing the relatives of servants into the house. Our first question on interviewing a Filipino for

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any position was, "Have you a wife?" and "Yes" was cause for immediate rejection. So, day before yesterday, great was my astonishment when Luis, whom we all considered a confirmed bachelor, came up the stairs in a state of tearful despair, dragging a ragged little girl behind him also weeping. After much incoherent explanation it transpired that "el Señor Commissionado" had given orders to the guard that no Filipino, man or woman, who was not employed on the place should be admitted, and that he, Luis, had been married three weeks, and had hidden his bride in a cubbyhole downstairs, but that the prowling guard had discovered her and wanted to turn her out. This was confirmed by the guard, who had just found an ancient female and an old man in a far-away corner of the premises, who were acknowledged as the father and mother of the sixteen-year-old bride. It did not seem to occur to Luis that el Señor had not the power forcibly to separate man and wife, nor did he threaten to betake himself and his relations to another, more lenient master. He only begged me not to let "el Señor" take her away, for he liked her very much, and would keep her hidden all the time so we should never see her. During the discussion the bride was sniveling, and the two old ones, dragged from their retreat by the big guard, were twisting their toes and gazing at me as if I were their judge in a trial for their lives. At last I could

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stand it no longer, and, much to the disapproval of the guard, I began to laugh. At once a magic change came over the company, and my laughter was reflected in their faces; the sniveling of the bride ceased, and she raised two very big black eyes to my face, while Luis, taking my levity for consent, began to shower me with *mil gracias*. The other Filipinos and the Chinamen had come to assist at the negotiations, for in these patriarchal households all the servants participate in everything of interest, and Lai Ting sagely remarked: "She no mush tlouble, velly small girl."

The barrier is now down, and the number of *parientes* will gradually increase. The term *parientes* will, moreover, be liberally construed like Chinese "cousin," and will include anyone without a place to live. I shall now expect Hieronimo and Esteban, who are respectively sixteen and fourteen, to take wives unto themselves. Luis assured me that his bride was his real wife, and that it cost him ten pesos to get married. I suspect Lai Ting's approval was not altogether disinterested, for I saw Anna, the new wife, peeling potatoes for the cook this morning; no doubt he gives her scraps from the kitchen in return. I persuaded el Señor it was narrow-minded to force our customs on these people, where the principles of government were not involved, and that Luis is the only coachman who can manage our black horses. They kick everyone

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who comes near them, and one of them bit a piece out of the leg of Auria's pony the other night. Sometimes they make night hideous stamping and squealing, so prudence points to conforming ourselves to the Filipino custom of housing *parientes*.

I am going to give a big card party next week to open the house. There are invitations out for dinners and receptions in large numbers for this week, as Lent will close all festivities for a time, much to the relief of everyone. There is no "season" in the tropics, and one has to entertain all the year.

MANILA, February 11, 1902.

TUESDAY evening I went to a masked ball, and it proved that some persons found "loot" in Pekin if we did not. There were numbers of gorgeous mandarin robes, and the affair was oriental and beautiful. Auria has gone to the Luneta to throw confetti, as it is Mardi Gras, and the children are having a little carnival. Don Tomas, my informant concerning all things social, came to call, followed by his servant carrying a little mandarin orange tree covered with fruit, growing in a fancy pot, as a carnival gift. He says this season used to be very gay under the Spaniards, and that the Luneta was always crowded with masqueraders. It has been too cold for comfort to-day. I really longed for a cheerful little hearth and a fire; the mosquitoes were almost torpid.

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There has been an effort made here lately to start a riksha company, and we thought it would succeed, but the Chinese and Japanese consuls and citizens have protested against "making beasts of human beings," and the company cannot get coolies to pull the rikshas. The rikshas are, I hear, still in the customs house. The English consul uses one, and his coolies seem quite as human as some of the dirty bare-legged drivers who beat broken-down ponies about the streets. An automobile company, too, has started a bus, but the fares are too high to make it popular. There are several private machines in town, as I know to my cost. One so frightened our ponies yesterday that they ran away and broke the harness. Only the skill of Luis saved us from a general smash-up, and I am glad we let him keep his wife. This winter a great many officers are driving American horses in imported rigs. The ladies wear hats on the Luneta, and the white duck skirt and white waist are no longer fine enough for morning wear. It is too bad. One can't enjoy a tropical climate in hats and gloves.

MANILA, February 24, 1902.

THE unprecedented cold weather has led the Filipinos to believe the end of the world is at hand, and as usual they lay it to the coming of the Americans. They say we have brought the cold weather with us.

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I have just received a unique gift from a Filipino friend, a quarter of hot roast pig with a delicious green sauce. As it is only ten o'clock in the morning I do not know what to do with it, but Lai Ting says he will take care of it. A look in that heathen's eye reminds me that roast pig was invented in China.

We discourage the *regalo*, or gift habit, so ingrained in the native character, but one can't return hot roast pig to his friends. Yesterday an English acquaintance sent us a big basket of vegetables from Hongkong. There were cabbages, turnips, carrots, cauliflower, brussels sprouts, and beets. That sounds prosaic enough, doesn't it? But, after the tinned-vegetable diet, cabbage is a delicacy, likewise corned beef.

We went to a ball the other night in honor of George Washington's birthday, given by the Federal party in the International Club rooms. The place was decorated with the usual taste which distinguishes the Filipinos. They make use of garlands exactly like those in the fifteenth-century Italian paintings. The greenery is of a fine-foliaged plant, and brilliant flowers are tied in among the leaves. Hundreds of yards of garlands are often used on festive occasions. I wore a mestiza costume, which caused the elderly Filipinos, ancient judges, and dignitaries to overwhelm me with compliments. There was, as usual, an elaborate supper. On a corner of

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the invitations were the words "*rigorosa etiqueta*," meaning that no one would be admitted who did not wear a dress suit. This was explained to me by one of the managers, who said that whenever they gave a ball, about supper time a crowd of Americans, I confess it with mortification, were in the habit of coming in uninvited in khaki suits, making themselves disagreeable by their disregard of the common rules of politeness. Isn't it a pity that a few rude boors can so disgrace the country?

I think our people are too offhand with the Filipinos. Many quite nice Americans will take liberties in the way of going with friends to houses where they are unbidden. The other evening I saw a number of persons who "just came along with the crowd," as they openly confessed, and in consequence the champagne fell short, and the master of ceremonies, whom I knew quite well, was covered with confusion, for it was too late at night to get any more. "Señora," he said in excuse for apparent inhospitality, "there are nearly fifty guests here to-night who were not invited." These are unimportant facts, but they might possibly help to throw light on the statement so often made by Americans returning home, "that the Filipinos do not like us."

The Americans celebrated Washington's birthday with the Amateur Racing Association. There were mule races, and pony races, and very bad hurdle

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racers. The betting was so universal that, seeing one of the major generals present without a book, I asked in surprise, "Don't you bet, general?" "No, madame, I believe in setting a good example to the younger officers, and the horses are no good." It rained, and was cold all the afternoon, which somewhat spoiled the effect of the gay scene.

Last night I was awakened by a sound like a fusillade of pistols. I jumped out of bed and ran into the hall, where I found a crowd of half-awake, trembling, wild-eyed domestics frightened out of their senses. "Insurrectos, insurrectos!" they wailed. I thought so myself, and called to the guard to know what was the matter. It was a big fire in a Filipino barrio near by, and the revolver-like explosions were the bamboo poles, of which all the native houses are made, bursting open with the heat. It was exactly like a succession of pistol shots. The fire spread rapidly, and was so fierce that I thought our house might take fire. I do not suppose there was really any danger of our house burning, but in the middle of the night it seemed so. We all dressed and went out on the sidewalk, where the natives were gathering from the burning barrio. The sight was both funny and sad. A Filipino house burns so rapidly that the inhabitants have only time to seize the nearest articles and save themselves. So we found our sidewalk filled with old women and babies, men and small boys, laden

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with the most nondescript collection of household goods. Some sat on chairs or stools clasping a bundle of rags in their arms. One woman had saved a spoon and a broken rice bowl. The little earthen stoves in which the coals are placed to cook their simple meals were clasped in the arms of half-clad girls and boys. Every man had his precious fighting cock under one arm, and not a few held a guitar under the other. There was no complaining or lamenting. The round-eyed babies sat gazing quietly at the flames, while their mothers and fathers squatted on the ground, and watched their household goods disappear in smoke with an apathy that was surprising. Fortunately, it was not raining, and the night was warm, so before we retired from the scene half-a-dozen families were preparing to go to sleep in an angle of our wall under a coconut tree. Auria enjoyed the fire immensely. She showed great presence of mind, too, when we all half believed the insurrectos were attacking the town. She kept assuring me that there was no danger, for our guard had his gun.

This has been a busy week. I cannot see that the Filipinos or the Europeans keep Lent with any strictness. Cards are the excuse for any number of gay affairs, and dinners and luncheons are as numerous as ever.

I am planning to take Auria and Fräulein to Japan during the hot weather, while the schools are

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closed for the long vacation. We all need a rest in some quiet place.

MANILA, February 28, 1902.

THE past week has been spent in so frivolous a manner that I have nothing to write. The only event of importance was Lukban's surrender. The general feeling is a regret that he did not "die, honorably fighting for his country," the heart's desire of all the insurrecto officers, if one may believe their eloquent manifestoes. It would certainly be much simpler for the army, for no one seems to know what to do with a captured insurrecto general. Aguinaldo is living in the former residence of Commissioner Worcester. He has dropped out of sight in the Islands. Now and then I hear of a tourist who asks permission to see him. He never leaves the house even with a guard, for he is afraid of being killed by his enemies. It is reported the friends of General Luna, whom he caused to be killed, have sworn to bolo Aguinaldo whenever they have the opportunity. He is anxious to go to America, and has petitioned the commanding general several times to permit him to do so. A Filipino, formerly a member of his cabinet, told me that he visits Aguinaldo sometimes, and he seems interested only in what is being said about him in Europe and America. He is disappointed that the newspapers pay no attention to him.

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The provinces have just elected governors for the first time, and we are all rejoicing over the results of the election. You may remember that, on the establishment of civil government in the Islands, the Commission appointed the provincial officers. Whenever possible they made a Filipino governor, but in some places it was not advisable; in others the people wished an American. The law provided that the people should, in February of this year, elect their governor. Almost everyone was pessimistic as to the wisdom of this provision, and I know that Governor Taft and the Commissioners were anxious about the outcome of the first election. Isn't it rather remarkable that a people unaccustomed to the exercise of any political right should hold quiet, orderly, and legal elections in almost every province? In most cases the officers appointed last year were reelected. When others were substituted they were in almost every case persons who had been actively in favor of the American régime. The franchise, you know, is not extended to all citizens, but an educational or a property qualification is the basis of the right to vote. A man must either be able to read and write, or be worth five hundred pesos. The success of the provincial elections may give a partial answer to your letter last month asking for the "real truth" about the success of civil government in the Islands.

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March 15, 1902.

I HAVE written no letters in two weeks, as Auria has been ill with fever, and the weather has been abnormally hot. Everything is dry; fine dust settles everywhere, and the mosquitoes are a terrible pest. I spend most of my time sitting under a mosquito net on my bed. The nights are hotter than they were last year. All night long I hear in a half dream the continuous noise of vehicles passing over the Ayala bridge, or the cry of the casco men as they float down the river from the Laguna with loads of stone and cargoes from Batangas. We have been waiting to get a stateroom on an outgoing transport for Japan, but Auria has been too ill to go. Her blood does not show malaria; it is not dengue, and, when I call it "plain fever," the doctor says in a superior way "there is no such thing." Although I am sorry for the doctor, who has been waiting four weeks for transportation home, cooped up in a hotel in the walled city with a wife and two children, I am glad he is here to watch over Auria.

We went to an exhibition and ball at the Nautical School last night. There were fifty-eight young cadets, trim and jaunty in their uniforms, and, in spite of their good looks and the pride of their relations, they appeared surprisingly modest. The average young Filipino, if he has any claims to good looks, especially if he be in a uniform, is somewhat trying by reason of his conceit. Anyone who has

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had the least smattering of an education longs to put on the dress of a gentleman and become a secretary—an *escribiente*, as they call it. El Señor tells a story of a Filipino who had been asked why the trade schools, which had been established to teach carpentry, mechanics, and such things, were not better attended by the Filipino boys. The man struck an attitude, and, pointing to his arms, said: "Americans very strong here; Americans like work." Then, raising his hand to his head and pointing to his forehead, continued: "Filipinos very strong here; Filipinos like to study books."

If Auria is better Saturday we shall leave on the *Thomas* for Japan. There is a great deal of sickness in town. The Worcesters have gone to the Benguet Mountains, and half the army women here are leaving for Japan. Fortunately, there is little or no plague this spring. The war on rats last year has protected us from it this season, I hope.

MANILA, March 23, 1902.

I SUPPOSE the correspondents have telegraphed to America the news of the outbreak of cholera, and that you are imagining all sorts of horrors. The fact is that after the first uncertainty—during the days when the authorities suspected its existence, but were hoping the disease would be sporadic—we were all more or less nervous, but now that we know that Manila is really in for a siege of cholera,

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everyone has calmed down, and is hard at work making the town as sanitary as possible. The excitement attending so serious a situation as the outbreak of cholera, in a city in which only a few years ago thirty thousand persons perished within three months, keeps one from taking time to be frightened. I confess to a queer sensation in my knees, but that is excitement, I suppose. At all events, to watch twelve ignorant, superstitious Orientals, who are as likely to die of fright as of cholera, keeps me busy. The doctor, with his wife, arrived from Bohol the day the existence of cholera was definitely determined, and under his direction we put our house into sanitary condition so far as we could. The odors are awful, but comforting, and the fact that a very little heat kills the cholera germ keeps up our courage. We hosed off the "China" boys and Filipinos with disinfectants, and I made their eyes stick out with fright by describing a cholera germ. I searched the dictionary for appropriate terms, and made such an impression on the coachmen and their *parientes* downstairs, and on the floor boys, that they go about with their mouths shut tight, scarcely daring to open them lest a *microbio* pop into them. The two little boys, I am sure, expect to see them jump out from every dark corner. I told Lai Ting: "Cholera all same cockroach, only velly small. He hide in dirt, and jump out to kill 'China' boy and Filipino. If 'China' boy keep house clean, no die."

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We are doing many things just now that seem like overprecaution. Of course, we eat only tinned vegetables and well-done meats, but in addition we toast all the bread, heat all the plates, and scald all the glasses before every meal. We open a fresh tin of cream each meal, and have concluded to buy tinned butter. The water is distilled, and the bottles in which we keep it sterilized. This means continuous oversight, and at night I am so tired that I have no time to let my imagination run riot.

The Commission is holding extra sessions, and everyone is working to prevent the spread of the disease, and get the city in as sanitary a condition as possible. It has been divided into districts, in each of which there is a chief surgeon, under whom are doctors, inspectors, police, and helpers. There is a house-to-house inspection, and the nipa shacks in which deaths occur are to be burned, because the nipa hut cannot be properly disinfected. The government will pay the owners for the property destroyed. A detention camp has been built outside the city, where it is proposed to detain the inmates of the houses where a death from cholera has occurred. This quarantine camp is regarded with suspicion by the natives, who imagine all kinds of horrors await them there. It is difficult to manage the lowest classes, who are the ones at present in the greatest danger. They instinctively hide their sick, and do everything to avoid a quarantine. Even

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intelligent Filipinos are disposed to conceal the fact that a member of their family has cholera. One reason is the prohibition of funerals, and the fear of cremation, which they seem to think will send them straight to perdition.

MANILA, March 24, 1902.

TO-DAY the surface wells are being filled, and the stream which supplies Manila with water is guarded by soldiers, from the springs all along its length to the pumping station. In the ice plant another boiler is being installed, and thirteen thousand gallons of distilled water a day are to be placed in various parts of the city, where all may get it free of charge. There is a plan to make vegetables a government monopoly, to be sold *cooked*. This means a tremendous amount of work if it is carried out. Dr. Bourns has charge of this part of the work, and if the disease becomes alarming kitchens are to be established where natives may buy cooked vegetables. Rice and potatoes will be sold as before, for the natives do not eat them uncooked. No fruits will be brought into town. Already the ice-cream and sorbet makers are corraled, and are only allowed to sell ices made in the neighborhood of the cold storage and ice plant. We know that the city water supply is not infected, as it is examined every day.

The disease was probably introduced from Hong-

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kong in vegetables, which are imported in large quantities. When the Hongkong people cabled that cholera had broken out, the quarantine authorities condemned and threw five thousand dollars' worth of fresh vegetables into the bay. There is no doubt that the disease existed before it was made public, and it was started here by some one eating the condemned vegetables.

Since I wrote the preceding lines the doctor has come home to luncheon, and reported three new cases since eight o'clock this morning, and an outbreak in Bulacan, a town on the railroad north of Manila. It will be more difficult to deal with the cholera in the provinces, because there are few Americans to work in the sanitary departments. It was fine of the doctor, who was on his way home, to give up his trip to Japan, and stay here just because they needed him.

MANILA, April 4, 1902.

AS we are going to Benguet to-morrow morning, and as the mails from there are uncertain, I'll write a few lines now to send on the *Peru* to-morrow.

We are still fighting the cholera, but, as the natives persist in hiding the sick, the number of cases is increasing. The Board of Health is burning whole districts where the shacks are in a filthy condition. It is hard for the natives; they are be-

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wildered, and cannot understand the reason for it. Some one said the other night that the natives were more afraid of the sanitary inspector than of the cholera. Sometimes, when I think of our rough ways of doing things, I feel an intense pity for these poor people, who are being what we call "civilized" by main force. Of course, in the cholera time it is for their immediate good, and the government pays for their houses and their goods, yet they cannot understand it, and it seems an act of tyranny worse than that of the Spaniards. In spite of all my lectures and my practice, our Chinese do not understand the first principles of sanitary cleanliness. Last week I was standing over Lai Ting, who was filling bottles with distilled water after having sterilized them; one of the bottles being a little hot, he turned to the faucet, and began to cool it with city water. I was discouraged. A number of Europeans have died since the outbreak of the disease, but in every case they have been of a low class, and had lived in filthy surroundings.

We think Benguet will be a better place for Auria than Japan, and at present the transports are held in the bay five days before sailing, as the authorities fear an outbreak on shipboard. We shall go to Dagupan by rail, and from there by ambulance to Naguilian. There we shall take to the trail with Igorroto carriers and ponies. The heat here is in-

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tense and debilitating, and the doctor has ordered Auria away from the coast.

The Commission has decided to enlarge the sanitarium, and to plan for several houses at Baguio, where the officers of the government may recuperate during the hot season. El Señor goes with us to decide on suitable sites, and make plans for the new town. Thirty Chinese carpenters have been engaged to build the addition to the sanitarium, so we shall form a considerable colony. There were fifteen new cases of cholera reported at noon to-day. One of the police, who has been on guard at the gate during the week, died last night. This seems to bring the disease rather near us. It is amazing how careless the men are. Our guard will drink from the faucet in the yard rather than take the trouble to walk to the back stairs and ask for distilled water. We are planning for a two months' absence from Manila. El Señor will return in a week.

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VIII

IN THE WILDS OF BENGUET

DAGUPAN, April 5, 1902.

AT four o'clock this morning I was aroused by the guard knocking on the house door, and awoke to the unhappy consciousness that I must get up in spite of the weariness a sleepless night had brought me. We were to leave Manila for Dagupan at eight o'clock, so I shook off my inclination for one more nap, and went to the window for a breath of fresh air. As I leaned out, the sky toward Ermita was brilliant with the blaze of a burning barrio. The sanitary board was destroying infected shacks. A fire at night is always a solemn spectacle, and the silence was intense. Just above the blaze was a waning moon, and a bright star shone below the crescent. The air was cool, and in a moment I felt quite refreshed.

I wish you might have seen the procession starting for the station. First went the doctor and his wife in a calesa laden with a nondescript and disreputable lot of baggage. Then came our carriage, the double one, with a mountain of small luggage,

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two saddles, rolls of blankets, luncheon, and water bottles, while we tucked ourselves in anywhere. A private car had been attached to the train for us. Imagine how the Philippines have progressed since last year. It was a real private car. There were three Pullman-car beds, a table, desk, ice chest, and an observation section at one end. All this made our trip comfortable. There were interesting sights, as there always are traveling. Everywhere the bamboo has been thinned for the market until it is only delicate tracery against the sky. There were great mango trees laden with green fruit, and coconut groves bending under clusters of yellow globes like footballs. At one place ten million young wingless locusts were crossing a river *on the railway bridge*. We made paste of at least five million, and the locomotive could hardly draw the train over the slippery mass. Everyone was in good spirits. Manila and the cholera vanished, and the strain of the last few weeks was relaxed.

At Dagupan we were met by the officers of the garrison. Two captains very kindly gave up their quarters to us, and arranged for our dinner. We have been laughing at ourselves all day, for our Benguet outfit is suitable for a trip to the North Pole.

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BAUANG, EN ROUTE TO BENGUET, April 6, 1902.

WHEN I look back on my various experiences, I think that for a combination of the new, the picturesque, and the foreign, our trip yesterday from Dagupan to Bauang was perhaps the most complete. We went to bed early in Dagupan, as we were all tired, but the wind blew, making sleep difficult. We intended to start on our ambulance trip at six, but, through some delay in getting a guard, we did not get off till seven. We laid in quite a stock of commissaries at Dagupan, for we did not know how long we might be *en route*. The road leading out from the town was narrow and level. For some distance it ran along a dyke between rice paddies. We had a Dorety wagon for ourselves, with four horses and a little white-haired German driver. Behind us came the ambulance and baggage, with the architect, who has three thousand dollars in silver done up in bags to look out for. He carries this money to pay the carpenters who go up to build the sanitarium at Baguio. The doctor, in addition to his medical duties, has been appointed commissary sergeant of the company. The doctor's wife keeps us up to our ideals, or, rather, she struggles to do so without success. We started in the two wagons with a guard from Dagupan at seven, and went trotting along between almost solid rows of nipa shacks. It was Sunday; the roadway was crowded with natives returning from mass, the *hombres* in

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white shirts, with their fighting cocks under their arms, and the *mujeres* in neatly embroidered camisas, with white veils over their heads. Last year at this time all the inhabitants of these pueblos had stampeded to the mountains. Their shacks had been burned and their crops destroyed. They have nearly all returned, and everything looks prosperous on account of the newly built bamboo and nipa houses. The windows were full of smiling women and children. There were pretty girls with their fat and good-natured mothers, and thin, gray-haired, worn-out old men and women.

We came near having two serious accidents during the morning. The ambulance, with four lively horses, followed our Dorety. Twice in a narrow place they bolted, and came perilously near taking off our rear wheel, and avoided by the merest chance being upset themselves. After two of these narrow escapes we ordered the ambulance to take the lead, much to the disgust of our driver, who called the ambulance man all sorts of new and strange American-Filipino names. He was, moreover, somewhat annoyed by our insisting on walking over the bridges, which in this part of the country are rickety wooden frames covered with woven bamboo. They are springy and full of holes, and at first sight filled us with terror, but they were comparatively safe. Later in the day, where there would have been some reason in our alighting, we boldly sat in the

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Dorety as it swung to and fro, and shook the crazy dilapidated bridges to their foundations of soft mud. We drove twenty-seven miles in the morning over a rough but not a bad road, fording the streams in many places, and were agreeably surprised at the coolness of the fresh air. During the last three hours our road skirted the sea, which was wonderfully blue, like the Mediterranean, but the shore line was undiversified. At one o'clock we came to Santo Tomas, a pueblo where we were to take luncheon. We found it a dilapidated place, all of the wooden houses having been burned, and the stone church ruined by an earthquake. The presidente and the principales all turned out, and there was the usual *hablar*.

The doctor's wife and I have acquired the proper society speeches, and, while our husbands attend to business, we make ourselves agreeable with our *mil gracias, muy contentas, el honor está nuestro*, and all the forms that hinder the dispatch of business, but the use of which places these inhabitants of distant pueblos within the ranks of civilization in respect to formal politeness. It is surprising to find in mountain villages men and women with the ease and repose of manner that would do credit to persons who have traveled and had experience in the world. Last evening in this place we descended on a family in whose house we had been invited to spend the night. A gray-haired woman received us

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and the other visitors, who came to pay their respects to us, with the air of a duchess. She had never been away from her pueblo, and was a pure-blooded Filipina. When her sons came to salute her they bowed low, kissing first her hand and then her cheek. We astonish the natives when we arrive in a pueblo by bringing our food, bedding, and little alcohol stoves. On account of the cholera we prepare our own dinners, and refuse the excited invitations of the presidentes who have expected to entertain us. There were at least half-a-dozen officials along the line of our route who had prepared their houses for us, and were filled with astonishment and dismay to see us arrive, eat, sleep, and depart. They remonstrated with us, saying, "The voyage is too quick, too quick." From the Filipino standpoint it ought to have taken four days to travel as far as we went in one.

In Santo Tomas we took our luncheon in the half-finished house of a prominent citizen. We ate tinned beans and brown bread with a relish from a new table, taking a siesta in big Filipino beds on clean mats. After the siesta we started on, and from Santo Tomas to Bauang was by far the more enjoyable part of the drive. The road was wide and fairly smooth. On either side were small farms, divided by neat fences. The principal crop was tobacco, and the little patches with their broad green leaves and white spikes were an attractive sight

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growing in the well-tilled fields; the drying leaves hanging in yellow sheets under the eaves of the neat new thatch of the houses made a charming study in color. The roadway was filled with little carts drawn by carabao or trotting bulls. All the inhabitants appeared to be moving, or taking a Sabbath airing. The cart wheels are of a solid piece fixed on an axle which revolves in a ring fastened to the body of the cart. There are several kinds of these carts; some are of wood, and are used to transport the produce of the country—lumber, salt, and merchandise. As it was Sunday we had a fine view of the mothers and children crouched on the bottom of springless vehicles, gazing at us with wide-open eyes as they withdrew to ditches in order to clear the way for the Americanos. These family carriages were usually open basket carts, but we passed many covered ones. The tops were of woven bamboo matting bent in an arch, open toward the front, and closed at the back. We saw all sorts and conditions of persons in these creaking, lumbering conveyances—from a fat Chino, who was reposing inside one at full length on a bed, to an American family followed by a train of household goods. Just as the sun was setting we met a sturdy American miner with a stocky little pony; he was walking some distance to the rear of the animal's heels, and guiding him with reins. The miner's pick, hatchet, and camping outfit told us what its owner was look-

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ing for in this new land. He was young, and as he passed us his clear-cut profile and decisive chin were for a moment silhouetted against the sky. I think we all saw in him the type of the energy that is to make this new land yield its wealth to the fair-skinned stranger.

As the sun sank low in the west our road lay close enough to the shore to show us fishing villages of brown thatch nestling in mango groves, with tall cocoanut palms raising their slender stems and waving their tasseled plumes against the yellow sunset. Why does the sight of a cluster of cocoanut palms thrill the Anglo-Saxon blood? There was a memory of Japan in the shore line that haunted me all the afternoon. The latter part of our drive was in the short twilight, and we forded several streams pink with the reflected rays of the setting sun. At the last river bank, just before going into Bauang, we saw an unusual sight. Gathered at the edge of the stream were at least fifty wooden-wheeled carts. The trotting bulls and carabao were lying in the sand at rest, and the groups about the fires, where, in gypsy fashion, women and girls were cooking the evening meal, made pictures in light and shade which would have delighted an artist. We forded the stream, and with a final attempt at style dashed up the hill and drew up our horses in front of the tribunal. The officials were waiting for us, chairs were brought, and the presidente bustled about, and

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in a short time we were lodged in the best house in town. We ate our supper, and after receiving several neighboring secretaries and presidentes, who came in a quilez drawn by three horses abreast, we retired to our blankets and the floor. The owners took to the sala floor, where they added a finishing touch to the scene as they rolled themselves up in blankets and stretched themselves in all the available corners. The strange noises and the excitement of our trip kept me awake, and all night the picturesque scenes we had passed through floated before my wide-open eyes. The doctor's wife, with her usual foresight, had prepared for spiders and cockroaches, and was, with the irony of fate, the only one molested. Two curious young locusts crawled down her neck during the night, and the disturbance they created suggested an insurrecto uprising. Auria was alarmed in the night by pigs and chickens under the house, and the cracking of a whip which resembled pistol shots.

NAGUILIAN, AT THE FOOT OF THE BENGUET

MOUNTAINS, April 7, 1902.

THIS is the place where we cut loose from civilization, as represented by negro teamsters and cavalry sergeants. There is something Gilbert-and-Sullivanlike in taking a guard to the wildest and, to the average mind, the most dangerous part of the country, and then leaving it and trusting one's

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self to a hundred Igorrotes in the lonely fastnesses of the mountains. Our trip from Bauang to this place showed how hardened to danger we had become, for a rougher road one cannot imagine. At first we drove for miles through a stony, sandy, dry river bed. Tall pampas grass grew in thick clumps close to the trail, and our road was made more difficult by branches of waving thorn, which caught our veils and scratched our faces. There was a repetition of yesterday's scenes at the fords, and we were never tired of watching the wooden-wheeled carts and their picturesque occupants. We found ourselves for the first time in the land of hats. Hats which heretofore we had seen adorning the walls of officers' quarters were seen here on men and women alike. The inhabitants of the district seemed industrious, and the little valleys were well cultivated. We looked down on one stretch of fertile land as we reached the last hill before Naguilian came in sight. It lay below us like a bit of southern California, green and beautiful, with bare hills on either side; across the valley the foothills rose into wooded blue mountains, and beyond was the suggestion of heights hidden by cloud and mist that thrills the traveler in the dust and heat of the plain. Think of it, we are going to the real mountains covered with great pine forests, where the cool breezes blow, and where spicy odors will refresh us.

I wish you might see us now, in an empty nipa

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shack, our impedimenta strewn about the bamboo floor; the doctor and his wife are stretched out on blankets. I am on the floor, and Auria is sitting in a rattan swing I made for her. You ought to see Auria; she is growing fat every minute, and her cheeks are already as pink as heart could wish. She has a comical little air of dignity when she shakes hands with the presidentes and provincial secretaries. She is a fine traveler, and finds everything *herrlich*. The moment she awakes she is ready to start out on her travels. Our treasurer, too, is developing beyond anyone's expectations. He is a temperance man, and never drinks wine; but early this morning he sent Auria to me with a half bottle of cherries preserved in maraschino—"vino 36," they call it here. He had taken a bath in the river, and had bought the cherries to warm him, and keep him from taking cold. He sent word that the "juice tasted fine." The doctor and I sampled it, and decided that it would kill all kinds of germs. El Señor is in great form, only he will not shave, and looks like a brigand. This morning at the town-hall he called a meeting of the principal citizens, and lectured them on the subject of good roads in eloquent Spanish, and aroused so much enthusiasm that they promised to rebuild all the bridges before we returned from Benguet.

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SABLAN, HALFWAY TO BAGUIO, April 8, 1902.

GLORIOUS! Splendid! Beautiful!" Do you remember the time-tables with their gay posters in the railway stations at the foot of the Alps—the gentleman with his red-hat scarf and the lady with her Baedeker, both waving their handkerchiefs toward the Swiss mountains and exclaiming, "Glorious! splendid! beautiful!"? We are all doing the same thing. We plunged down an incline of forty-five degrees at noon to-day into a little valley halfway to Baguio. There is a rest camp here consisting of one small straw thatched hut that just holds three army cots, a shelter for horses, and an out-of-door kitchen, with a stove made of sheet iron laid on top of four stones. The doctor's wife and I are writing at a table made of boxes, on which is a can of butter, a package of cigarettes, a bolo, an Igoroto hat, the doctor's medical supplies, a bottle of violet water, a spur, and a Spanish dictionary. Near us are crouched two bronze-skinned Igorrotes, who are eating rice and dainty pieces of dog. There are horses and chickens wandering about, and Auria is advising the cook about our supper of bacon, coffee, and baked potatoes. We are having a glorious time. I am ready to give up civilization. How much more healthy and happy one would be riding over the mountains amidst magnificent scenery, eating from tin plates, and forgetting all about microbes, dust, servants, and dinner parties. I have not thought of

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a cholera germ since yesterday. Even the doctor's wife has forgotten to ask if the plates are clean more than twice during a meal. And how we do eat!

I must tell you about our trip yesterday. Naguilian is a small place, and the town was full of smallpox, so we stayed in our nipa shacks nearly all day excepting when we dined with the presidente in the *Tribunal*. Tinned corn beef and beans had palled on our appetites, and we decided to take the risk of germs. The presidente looks to me like an insurrecto of the worst kind, but he gave us a good dinner and sent us our supper, so I shall suspend my judgment till he proves himself a traitor. We read, wrote, and slept during the afternoon, and had a bit of excitement in seeing the Igorrotes come into town. We had already caught our first view of this much-talked-of people in the morning as we crossed the river just before we reached Naguilian. There were three men and a child bathing together in the stream. As to the absence of clothes, Auria remarked very judiciously: "That's all right; it's their costumbre." The Igorrotes are taller and straighter than the Tagalogs, and better formed. They walk well, and hold up their heads; their chests are well developed. They are darker than any of the native races I have seen, but have no suggestion of the negro in their faces. They carry heavy burdens in a basket strapped over their arms, and held in place by a leather band passing around the forehead. I

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saw one small boy whose forehead was flattened, I might almost say depressed, where the band had pressed against the skull.

During the afternoon our carriers arrived in squads, and we furnished them as much entertainment and of the same kind as they did us. It was eight o'clock before the last band arrived carrying torches of fat pine. They slept on the ground wrapped in their blankets. We decided to go to bed early, too, and lay down on the bamboo floor, each one vainly seeking a soft place. The three thousand dollars we carried was piled in a corner. There was no door to our shack, and we were all more or less excited. It seemed as if it would be easy for insurrectos to come in and bolo us all. Just as we were quieting down, a band began the plaintive strains of "Just One Girl." This serenade kept up for some time. Then came a series of dog fights, horse stampedes, Igorrote powwows, the squealing of pigs, and the butting of goats until we were all wide awake. When the noises outside ceased, and we hoped for a little rest, the corner of my mosquito net fell down in my face, and a cat crawled into the room. Every time anyone turned over, the whole house creaked and moaned. We had arranged to leave at four o'clock in the morning, but we were all so exhausted that we slept till half-past five; then we were delayed waiting for horses, and finally started at half-past six. We traveled in a proces-

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sion, I leading the cavalcade in a chair. My four Igorrote bearers were short, stocky, well-built men with stiff hair standing straight out from their heads. They did not look stupid, and their eyes were bright and mild. I at once felt more confidence in them than in Tagalogs of the same class. Our guide was a hospital corps man; he was a good-natured fellow, and knew how to manage the Igorrotes. I can never describe the sights and the delights of our climb. Toward noon we dipped down into this valley of Sablan, and decided to rest here till to-morrow. The bacon and eggs are ready, and the cook has made hot biscuits baked in a frying pan, so *hasta la vista*.

GOVERNMENT SANITARIUM,
BAGUIO, April 10, 1902.

YESTERDAY we came up the trail from Sablan, the halfway camp, where I wrote my last letter, to Baguio, our destination. I wonder if you have formed any idea of our journey from my disjointed pages written in camp or at the houses of presidents while everyone was talking, and it was impossible to think consecutively. The trail from Naguilian to Baguio is thirty-five miles. Of this distance, we made fifteen miles the first day and twenty the second. Strange to say, our party was not so much worn out after the second day's ride as after the first, although the distance was greater

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and the trail much steeper. The views in all directions were far-reaching and beautiful. I remember one place where the pathway, framed in an oval of two giant trees, seemed to fling itself out into space; beyond it in the distance a mountainside lay in the transparent blue atmosphere covered from base to summit with magnificent tree ferns, broad stretches of bamboo, and immense tropical trees. Behind us we caught views of the distant sea over ranges of hills. Once we rode along the backbone of a mountain where the trail was not more than twenty inches or two feet wide, with a precipitous descent of a thousand feet on either side.

It would have been impossible for us to ride over this place had it not been for the tall grass that grew interlaced with tree ferns and bamboos, closing in the dizzy fall. One must keep his pony to the trail, for in one place we passed to-day Danny lost his horse last year. He was leading the animal, when it suddenly took a false step and disappeared down the cañon. In some places the descent was so precipitous that the horses slid down on their haunches; again, the ascent was so steep that we held on to the horse's mane to keep from sliding backward. Auria showed nowhere the slightest hesitation. She was a pretty sight in a broad-brimmed white hat and blue dress, her face all smiles as she turned back to wave us good-by, when she and her father started to lead the cavalcade up a

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steep hill trail. The trail from Naguilian lay in the heat and sun, but from Sablan we went up through shady cañons, where immense pink and purple orchids hung from the trees, and wild begonias, ferns, and new plants in endless variety kept us constantly exclaiming at their beauty. In many places a violet flower like a cluster of feathery balls covered the roadside, and a berry like the thimble berry overhung the path. I might go on describing what we saw for pages, and fail to give you an idea of the beauty and luxuriance of the foliage. We crossed many mountain streams, and drank from numberless springs without a thought of cholera. We sang, laughed, and shouted, while our Igorrotes gazed at us in wonder. About noon we saw the first pine, and under it grew a great tree fern. My botanical ideas have been all turned topsy-turvy. I have seen tree ferns growing in the rotunda of a conservatory, and expected to find them in the swamps of the coast land. Here they flourish in places where only pines and grass will grow. The story of the coolness of the province has not been exaggerated. It is cooler than the Santa Cruz mountains to-day, and April is the hottest month of the year.

The hospital has been built on the side of a hill. There are pine groves behind it, and in front and below is a marshy hollow; opposite, a broad upland rises, on which are built the two or three shacks

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forming the town of Baguio. The view from the sanitarium windows reminds me of a deserted mining camp in California, for the soil is red, and it is all seamed and scarred where the roadways have been cut in the hillside. It is a pity that the main buildings of the sanitarium are built here. There are so many beautiful places elsewhere for building sites. The government cottages will be placed behind the main sanitarium on a hill in the pines.

BAGUIO, April 12, 1902.

IT seems as if we had always lived in Baguio; we have settled down to life here in the most surprising way. The sanitarium contains three bedrooms and a living room. There is one big room downstairs, where the men sleep, screened off from one another by sheets. We have hospital beds and mattresses, and nice soft new blankets. The rest of the furniture is made of boxes, and in the dining room are chairs and a table. Our sideboard is literally a side board. On the porch are rocking chairs and willow steamer chairs. The household consists of six grown-up persons, three children, a hospital steward, a corps man, and Morris, the guide, who is called the King of the Igorrotes, he knows so well how to manage them. We have an Ilocano cook and assistant, and three little Igorrote boys, who are the "cutest" little things you ever saw. They are learning to sweep and wait on the

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table, make beds, and clean house. They are anxious to learn, and really work. They are very sensitive, and when scolded they run away. Around the house they wear short white coats that do not cover their bare legs. When they wish to be very fine they put on trousers. On ordinary occasions they take all their clothes off, and go about in their "gee strings." Their eyes are soft and bright, and their eager little faces are very attractive. We have a good plain table, although almost everything is canned except the eggs, bacon, codfish, and sweet potatoes. The Benguet coffee is delicious. The doctor's wife and I made cake last night and coffee this morning.

There are several Americans in Baguio besides our immediate household. The governor of Benguet is the most conspicuous character, and an interesting man. He is tall and thin, with a square chin and jaw. Every feature is exaggerated; his nose, eyes, and mouth are all of a pronounced type. He is devoted to the Igorrotes, and has gained their respect and affection. They will do anything he suggests, and bring to him such disputes as they themselves cannot settle. This does not happen often, for they have the custom of settling their disputes among themselves. As a rule the decisions are just and satisfactory to all parties, and they abide by them. There is an interesting story of a decision made by an Igorrote who had never heard of Solo-

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mon. Two of his neighbors came to him, each claiming a dog which they brought with them. There seemed to be as much right on one side as on the other, so the judge killed the dog, divided it and gave half to each, and they went off perfectly satisfied.

The Igorrote houses are poor huts, mere sleeping holes, although there are three or four men in Baguio who have better houses. The principal crops raised by the natives are coffee and sweet and white potatoes. The women cultivate the fields, and all the inhabitants except those of the wealthiest families work in the fields and carry heavy burdens from childhood. Very small boys, twelve years old, carry fifty pounds up the trail on their backs. We met old women and girls toiling up the steep mountain paths with heavy baskets of potatoes on their backs. They carry a curious musical instrument of bamboo, something like a jew's-harp, which they hit with their hands as they walk along. The women wear more clothes than the men, and are on that account much dirtier. With their unkempt straight hair hanging over their eyes, and their filthy rags, they are not a pleasant sight. The children wear no clothes. The Igorrotes suffer at night from the cold. On the trail they generally build a fire to warm themselves. One reason the little boys like to live at the sanitarium is because they keep warm, and have heavy coats to wear at night. It is not

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impossible to train the little Igorrotes to cleanliness and toleration of baths. It is the boast of a school-teacher here that she has succeeded in this, and that they take their baths every day, vieing with each other for the honor of heating the water. One little boy who had made himself a coat (she has taught them to sew) would not take it home; he said his house would dirty it. The Igorrotes are grateful to those who have befriended them, and if a "good American" is ill they will bring him eggs and chickens as gifts, and refuse to take money in return. When we meet them on the trail they always say "Good morning," and smile. We have no doors to our house, and everything is wide open, yet no one has the least fear. There are about fifteen hundred Igorrotes in this province, and they do not increase rapidly. They have many strange customs, but no one has investigated them. At night before wrapping themselves in their blankets they go through a performance like an incantation. It suggests gymnastic exercises accompanied by howls. During the night they often awake us by a weird prolonged cry. It seems to be an articulated sound like a word. They told me it frightened the devils. It would be interesting to learn their language, and find out what they believe. They are tenacious of their customs and traditions, and are the only large tribe beside the Moros who have persistently refused to allow the friars to convert them. There are

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only three families in the province who are Catholics.

BAGUIO, April 14, 1902.

YESTERDAY we went on a picnic to the Army Mill, about two miles and a half down the new road; all went on horseback. I have a very good pony now, quite large and strong. On these mountain trails one needs nerve, but the ponies are so small and sure-footed that there is practically no danger, although the narrow pathways seem fearful as one looks up and down them. We carried some of our luncheon in saddle bags, and little Kit Kat, our favorite Igorrote, carried the rest in a big biscuit can balanced on his head. From the meadow, where we left our horses, we slid and scrambled into the creek bed. Kit Kat, who cannot be more than eight years old, walked down the steep bank with the tin on his head and a pair of saddle bags on his shoulders as if he were going downstairs. After many slips and tumbles we reached the bed of the stream, which runs between narrow banks overhung with a luxuriant growth of ferns, orchids, and climbing plants. A water wheel built for a prospective sawmill was a picturesque feature of the scene, and the water, although but a little stream at present, must be of considerable volume in the rainy season. The cañon is full of boulders, and anyone but an Igorrote needs to proceed with care.

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Kit Kat looked like a monkey, and walked up and down the trees like a cat. After a scramble of some ten minutes we found ourselves in a beautiful spot overhung by tree ferns, where we made a fire, heated our beans, and boiled the coffee.

BAGUIO, April 15, 1902.

THERE is never the same outlook twice from the veranda at Baguio, for the atmosphere of the morning is not that of noon, nor the noon that of evening. The shadows change with every hour, and fleecy clouds pile up like snow mountains above the dark pine-covered slopes. We take a new trail every day, and yesterday morning we explored a neighboring hill. On reaching the summit we seemed to come to the end of our world, and look down and off on strange countries. We were so high that the clouds on the opposite mountains seemed to float beneath us, and far below in the valley were green rice fields glittering in the sunshine. Cliffs of a dark rugged rock, piled up like broken columns, formed the precipitous walls of the valley. We camped under the pines all day. There is a great deal of rolling country about Baguio. The steep trails usually lead to stretches of upland where pine needles make a soft carpet under the trees. There are glorious views from the new Benguet-Manila road, and I am constantly reminded by them of Japanese prints. There are not many birds in the

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forests, but they have beautiful notes, and one especially sings a little melody of five notes that is wonderfully sweet. There are few wild animals, for there is little underbrush. The Igorrotes burn off the mountainside every year that they may have grass for their cattle. There is no doubt that all sorts of vegetables and fruits of the temperate zone might be raised in this province.

Yesterday Mateo Cariño, the father of the presidente of Baguio, gave what the Igorrotes call a *tiyow*. For a day or so we had noticed considerable excitement at the *Presidencia*. An arbor and a large square pen of strong bamboo poles had been erected in the front yard. Day before yesterday we received an invitation to attend the feast, written in the flowing hand of the governor's secretary. Yesterday at six o'clock in the morning the presidente himself called, and begged us to come early to the celebration, as he wished us to see all the rites (*ritos*). Before receiving the presidente's personal invitation, warned by previous experience, we had decided to go over in time for dinner and return early, but the word "*ritos*" seemed to indicate something more than a ball, so we started about nine o'clock, and after a short walk reached the *Presidencia*. Mateo Cariño is one of the richest, and was formerly one of the most powerful, Igorrote chiefs in the province. He is also one of the most conservative natives in Benguet. He has said on several occa-

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sions that this would probably be the last, as well as the most elaborate and costly, *tiyow* he would give during his lifetime. Although not an old man in appearance, he talks as if he could not live much longer, and he evidently prefers to enjoy his own *tiyow* in the flesh rather than await the time when he will sit in state, wrapped in his burial blanket, a stiff and sightless guest at his own "wake," if one may borrow the expression.

It is a custom among the Igorrotes when a man dies to divide all his eatable property; one half goes to the family, and the other half belongs to the community. After the customary rites and ceremonies, the dead man, wrapped in his burial blanket, is placed in a hammock and hoisted to the ceiling of his kitchen. The pueblo then assemble to kill and eat until half the live stock, half the rice, camotes (sweet potatoes), and *tapoi* (rice wine) have been devoured, and the dead man is supposed to enjoy the *tiyow* from his smoky perch. But Mateo Cariño wisely prefers to enjoy his *tiyow* during his lifetime, and has invited all the inhabitants of this pueblo to his house, where they are to devour half his substance during the next three days. We walked to his compound, and entered the inclosure through a hole in the mud wall. We were met by Mateo and his son, the presidente of Baguio, who welcomed us to the *tiyow* with much formality.

Mateo's wooden house was low; the roof was

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thatched with grass bleached by time to a soft dark gray. The main building and a small ell were raised some ten feet above the ground. The upper floor of the house contained one large irregularly shaped room, where we were entertained, and a smaller space screened off as a bedroom, for the parents of the family. The ell contained one room, which served as a storeroom and a kitchen. The furniture consisted of bamboo beds, a few willow chairs, a rough table, and one wardrobe. The space under the house was used as a storeroom for rice and camotes, a stable for horses, and a sleeping place for the retainers of the family. Mateo Cariño has a large family of sons and daughters. One or two of the daughters are married. His son, the presidente, was dressed in a white suit, hat, and shoes, the insignia of his office. This official garb is not the least of the trials which accompany the honor of being a presidente. The office carries with it not only a burden of responsibility, but of expense, for every presidente must give a number of feasts during his term of office, costing several hundred pesos. The office sometimes ruins the man financially, and he is therefore not obliged to serve more than two terms. When he returns to private life he passes the coat and trousers, hat and shoes, as symbols of his office, to the next incumbent, and joyfully returns to a "gee string"; on public occasions, however, he may don a shirt. During the day we

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saw one fat and jolly ex-presidente in a "gee string" sitting in the middle of a heap of bloody pig entrails, chopping up chunks of pork with the abandon of one who no longer has any dignity to maintain.

Mateo presented to us his wife and daughters, distinguished from the other women present by their clean and handsome dresses, new turbans, and many necklaces. The Igorrote women are not handsome, and only the children and a few young girls have attractive faces. The majority of them are ugly, and the old women are hideous. They have coarse, straight, and unkempt hair; their eyes are small and their noses are flat; they have thick lips and black teeth. Their figures are thickset, and their legs well developed. All Igorrote men and women are erect, and walk well. The woman's dress consists of three horizontally striped cotton skirts worn one above the other. The favorite colors are black, blue, red, and white, and the stripes vary in width. A loose jacket of the same striped material is worn open in front and tucked in loosely at the belt, so that the brown skin is not concealed. All the women wear chains of beads, berries, or coins. Mateo's wife wore a curious antique golden rosary of beautifully carved beads. Both women and men wear turbans made of bath towels, knit woolen shawls, or of cotton or woolen cloth. This is, of course, a gala dress; rags form the everyday

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garments of the women, as the "gee string" is the common garb of the men.

The inhabitants of the different pueblos came in companies to the *tiyov* on foot or on horseback. After greeting their host they sat down in groups on the ground and chatted together, while the women passed them *tapoi*, or rice wine. A wise guest never takes more than a swallow of *tapoi* from the cocoanut bowl, which, like a loving cup, is passed from mouth to mouth, for a full draught would incapacitate the drinker very soon. By this moderate but continuous sipping of *tapoi* an Igorrote can keep on his feet for two or three days. There were only a few women and children among the guests, but it is the custom to send pieces of meat, strung on rattan, to those who stay at home. An arbor built of bamboo poles covered with fern was reserved for us as the most honored guests. Near it, hanging over big fires, were four large copper kettles in which camotes, or sweet potatoes, were cooking. Naked boys and half-grown girls attended to the cooking. In the shade of a tree were tethered a carabao and a calf ready for the slaughter. A cow had already been sacrificed, and a famous cook from a distant town was preparing a dinner for us in Spanish style. We also saw several dogs reserved as choice tidbits to be eaten later. Finally, we were shown the crowning glory of the feast, the pride of old Mateo's heart, twelve fat hogs, which

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were to be sacrificed and eaten in accordance with the rites and ceremonies of the good old Igorrote times.

There are few chiefs in these degenerate days who dare perform the ancient rites in the presence of the foreigner, and even Mateo did not celebrate them in the open air, as was the custom in the old days, but upstairs in the dark, smoke-blackened kitchen. As a crowd of men and small boys had swarmed on the bamboo fence, each pushing and straining to get a point of view from which to see the sacrificial offering, we concluded to go upstairs to a window overlooking the inclosure. On our way we stopped to examine the drums which four old men had been beating steadily since daylight, and to watch the curious dance which is kept up almost continuously day and night during these festivals. The drums were hollow cylindrical instruments about three feet long. They were eight or ten inches in diameter at the upper end, and somewhat smaller at the bottom. The ends were covered with skin fastened in a net. The old men beat the drums with their fingers, while others pounded on brass pans with the tusks of wild hogs. The sounds were monotonous, but rhythmical, and the dance resembled the children's game of Follow the Leader. The participants shoved themselves about one after the other in an irregular figure, never moving their feet from the ground, and humping themselves up

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and down in a curiously ungraceful manner. One woman took part in each dance; she held her open hands against her breast, with the palms outward, her motions resembling a muscle dance. These dances were performed at intervals during four days and nights.

When we finally mounted the ladder leading to the reception room, and had tasted the sour, yeast-like *tapoi*, a shrill squeal and a chorus of grunts called us to the window, and looking down we saw a square pen containing twelve great hogs. The prize animal, a huge creature weighing at least four hundred pounds, was valued at seventy-five dollars. This great fellow had long sharp tusks, which were not wholly harmless, as more than one Igorrote's bloody leg or thigh bore witness. In the arena, for certainly the show might in some sense be compared to a bull fight, were a number of naked athletes. These lusty fellows had been selected to catch and tie the hogs. They took their proper places, a particular hog being assigned to each one. The scene was grotesque in the extreme. A crowd of eager bronze figures surrounded the pen, dressed, or rather undressed, in brilliant red-and-blue turbans, and within the inclosure the finely built young Igorrotes assumed attitudes of studied grace as they prepared to lasso the hind leg of a slippery pig, or to throw themselves upon it and, more frequently than not, roll over and over with it in the mire. Not a

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few of the animals showed fight, and more than one man received a rip from the sharp tusk of an angry hog. The men were quite half an hour struggling to secure them, but finally the last hog was thrown, his feet tied together, and a beating of drums and mournful howls from the kitchen announced the beginning of the mysterious rites.

Just what these rites signify no one seems to know. Mateo called them his family ceremonies. An Ilocano gentleman, who informed me that he intended writing a book about them, said they were religious in character. After watching them closely, and asking the meaning of each separate performance, I came to the conclusion that they were charms or spells for bringing good luck and warding off evil. The presidente volunteered the information that the Igorrotes have no saints, that they pray to the sun and moon. It is impossible to find out what they really believe, for one must first speak their language and gain their confidence, and even then they are extremely reticent.

A high priestess had charge of the performance in the kitchen, and the wife of Mateo and one of her sons, a boy of about ten, were the only members of the family who participated in the rites. The kitchen in which they were performed was a small, dark, smoke-blackened room with low ceiling. In one corner was a square wooden table, plastered with mud, on which the Igorrote builds his kitchen

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fire. This and a wooden bench comprised the furniture. Four large burial blankets hung on a line across one side of the room. Two drummers sat on the bench, and beat drums continuously during the three hours the ceremonies lasted. Four *tapoi* jars stood on the floor, and beside them sat an old woman who acted the part of assistant to the priestess, who was black, wrinkled, and hideously ugly. Her hands, wrists, and arms were tattooed in an elaborate manner. She wore the usual Igorrote woman's dress, and her head was bound about with a scarlet cloth. Over her shoulders she wore a bluish-purple mantle striped with dark red, completely covering her. One long narrow end hung over her shoulder, and fell down her back. The other occupants of the room were half-a-dozen old women. Mateo's wife and son were crouched down in a corner, and participated passively in the rites. On the floor in front of them was a round flat basket containing three knives and two small cocoanut-shell cups. It would be impossible, as well as tiresome, to recount in detail all the performances of the old priestess. In every rite the *tapoi* played an important part. It was taken from the large earthenware jars by the assistant priestess, who plunged her dirty tattooed hands into the wine and half scooped, half strained it into a large cocoanut bowl; the high priestess then poured it into two smaller cups, which were apparently consecrated by the dipping in of

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fingers and passing of hands accompanied by strange guttural sounds. Mateo's wife and son were then anointed with the *tapoi* on both cheeks, and the burial robes were then sprinkled with some of the same liquid. At intervals the old women performed a slow jerky dance, holding the *tapoi* cup aloft before a spear and a blanket containing three bolos. Then a white cloth mantle was laid folded in a basket; and beside it were placed two potatoes and a cup of *tapoi*. After an interminable dance the potato was placed in Mateo's son's mouth, and the mantle laid carefully in the lap of his wife, who searched in the folds of the mantle, where she discovered several grains of gold, and placed them in a bag. During the first hour the priestess and her audience accompanied the ceremonies with a solemn monotonous chant; but, as frequent cups of *tapoi* were drunk, the voices of the musicians gradually joined themselves to their drums, and now and then a yell or howl was indulged in by the company in unison.

During this indoor performance the pigs lay on the ground outside, covered with green boughs to keep off the sun, their feet bound with *bejuco*, the rattan substitute for rope. As the time drew near for the sacrifice, Mateo's wife was led from the kitchen down the steps to where the hogs lay. Close to the house a large stone had been placed, and covered with green leaves; on either side two bows and

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arrows made of green bamboo were planted upright in the sand, and a bowl of *tapoi* stood in front of them. The woman was led by the priestess to the stone; she sat down; the bowl of *tapoi* was placed in her lap, and a white mantle was laid over her. She sat motionless while the priestess seized the spear, already consecrated in the ceremonies upstairs, and a flat basket, which she held as if it were a shield. With these she performed a solemn war dance around the prostrate pigs. She then returned to Mateo's wife, raised a corner of her mantle, and carefully examined the bowl of *tapoi*. Mrs. Mateo at this point escaped from the mantle, leaving the bowl in the priestess's hands, and went off looking much relieved after her two hours' struggle for luck.

The rites ended by the priestess pulling up the bows and arrows, and waving them slowly over the hogs. Then she cut a bunch of bristles from the side of each prostrate victim to indicate where the sacrificial knife should strike, and that was the last I saw, for a bronze athlete sprang forward with a glittering bolo and a sharp stick, and I fled. For a time pandemonium reigned. I never heard such horrible sounds. The air was rent with the shrieks and squeals of the hogs. The sounds were appallingly human. The doctor, who is a man of nerve, described the *modus operandi* of killing the animal, the object being to keep the blood inside the body. A piece of flesh is cut off the living creature just over

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the heart, back of the shoulder ; then a sharp bamboo stick is thrust into the breast between the ribs and jabbed about until the heart is pierced, when the animal, of course, dies, but not before he has filled the air with the most blood-curdling sounds. As there was no way of escape we had to stay and hear, if not see, the poor creature slaughtered, and then we were invited to view the remains. As soon as a hog was killed, he was carried on poles to a fire and well singed. Around the fires small boys squatted, roasting pig tails and munching the dainty bits with evident relish.

While the hogs were being skinned and scraped, we ate our dinner in the arbor. It was so arranged that all I had to do was to raise my eyes to see the bloody pile of pork being cut into chunks on a great green bed of leaves. We had full view of the baptism of the smallest Igorrote baby, a child not more than two months old, who was dipped into the prize hog's body, which contained enough blood to cover him all but his head. This baptism was a custom in Mateo's family, and made the child an heir of the family property. The dinner was good, but somehow our appetites were not up to the usual pitch. We were entertained by a musician who played on a bamboo flute, accompanied by a man with a bass drum who used his fists on his instrument, and there was dancing for our amusement. Our dinner consisted of rice cooked with chicken and peas, very

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good chops, and sweet potatoes. Two custards composed our dessert; one bore the inscription M^{to}, the other C^{no}, which, after many guesses, was found to mean Mateo Cariño. After delicious Benguet coffee, we were informed there were to be some more performances in the kitchen, and we went upstairs. As we passed the place where the hogs had been slaughtered we turned in disgust from a sight so bloody and barbarous. On a bed of bamboo shoots sat a dozen naked Igorrotes, among whom we recognized our friend, the ex-presidente Antonio. Most of the animals had been disemboweled, and the entrails lay about in bloody heaps. The blood had collected in the empty carcasses, and was being dipped out into earthen jars for sausage. It was in one of these carcasses that the baby had been baptized. Some of the men were cutting huge chunks of meat off the carcasses, which they threw to others who sat on the ground, holding a bolo upright between their toes, slicing the larger pieces into smaller bits. These pieces were strung on strips of bamboo, and given as souvenirs to the departing guests. The manipulation of the bolo man was clever, for he cut toward him as the Japanese do, and it must require immense strength to hold a large knife upright between the toes. At the foot of the kitchen ladder stood the priestess, anointing the cheeks of every member of the family with the blood.

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The ceremonies upstairs were curious, but unintelligible. A side of hog hung in the kitchen, and the priestess and women had prepared bits of meat with chipped greens. These were used in the rites, as the *tapoi* had been in the morning. They were put in pans, and with signs and incantations they were placed on the heads of Mateo's wife and sons. They were raised and lowered before the carcass on the wall, and manipulated in a dozen ways. Every detail of these rites is prescribed according to immemorial custom. Once the priestess handed a wisp of broom, which she had waved in front of the meat, over the *tapoi*, and above Mateo's wife's head, to a man standing near her. He started to place it in the wall above the stove. Thereupon a yell arose from the musicians, and with every manifestation of anger the priestess sprang at him, snatched the wisp from his hand with a howl, and placed it over the window. The priestess, her attendant, and the musicians became more and more noisy, and the ceremonies more weird. The dark room, the bloody hog, the priestess no longer covered by her long robe, but with skirts girded high, barelegged and red-handed, danced and yelled, the members of the Mateo family with marks of blood on either cheek, and the excited musicians, all formed a picture that for downright savagery could not be surpassed. The final ceremony was performed on the mother and her sons, and repeated with the daughters.

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They sat in a single file, the mother first, and her sons according to age in front of her. The hands of each rested on the shoulders of the next in front, and their knees were on a level with their shoulders. The priestess advanced, bent over, kissed the mother on her forehead, raised her face toward the ceiling, and spat in the air. This she did in turn to each one. She then touched the right knee of each in turn with her foot, and then the left. Finally she pulled out the thumb and fingers of the left hands of all the party, and then the right, as if she were massaging them. Between these performances they all danced, and the musicians howled. When it was all over, the boys scattered with howls of joy.

By this time all the native guests had eaten the half-cooked pork, and had taken enough *tapoi* to make them drunk in their "legs, but not in their heads," as one said. When we started for home there were many drunk in both head and legs, but Mateo and his family were able to shake hands and say "good-by." To-day we still hear the "tum tum" of the drums from over the valley, which have scarcely ceased since yesterday morning. Reports have come in to-night that Mateo and the three principal chiefs were no longer able to move, but were lying unconscious on the table under the green arbor. The calf, carabao, and cow, and even the dogs have all been eaten, and as we ride over

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the trails we meet men and women carrying home long strings of pork or beef and baskets of boiled camotes. Our share of the spoils was a ham from the prize four-hundred-pound hog, and it tasted good in spite of our memories, for a piece of fresh meat is a luxury at present in Benguet.

BAGUIO, April 28, 1902.

IT is Monday again, and a week since I have written you. I find I must spin out my tale very fine if I write oftener than once a week. We have spent most of our time in the saddle, and have explored the country for miles around. This morning the doctor's wife and I did a good-sized washing. Our Igorrote washwoman, on account of the recent *tiyow*, I suspect, has been *mucho malo* ever since. She sits crouched over a fire, her head tied up in a towel, and refuses to understand any language. Clothes brought and laid at her feet, big shiny dollars held up before her, have awakened no sign of intelligence in her dirty black face; so, having but one riding habit apiece, necessity compelled us to wash it, for we felt hardly respectable in a garment in which we live from one week's end to the other. Early this morning we set our Igorrote boys to build a fire on the hillside below the house, and put on a washboiler of water to heat. When we began operations with an American washboard in a big dish pan, a large crowd of spectators gathered, both

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white and brown. The Igorrotes gazed at us with open-mouthed astonishment, the men with complacency. It is an instinct of the aboriginal man to be pleased when he sees women working like slaves. So the doctor and el Señor stood about, congratulating us and encouraging us to keep on with the good work. We were determined to show them we could do it, and after a somewhat strenuous morning had the satisfaction of hanging out a neat little line of clothes. We did not omit pointing the finger of scorn toward the hut where our washwoman sulked, saying "Mala, Mala!" to all the Igorrote men who passed by, that they might see the reason for our extraordinary performances. We decided not to iron our wash, but have pulled it out, and find it quite as smooth as it is usually returned to us by the ancient female, who began to show signs of life when she saw the clothes dried and taken into the house.

BAGUIO, April 29, 1902.

TO-DAY we rode over to Mrs. King's school, one of the sights of Benguet province. Mrs. King is the wife of a miner who is "sitting on a claim waiting for a mining law," as they say out here. We understand that he is a man of means, who made his pile in the Klondike, and has come to the Philippines because he can't resist the fascination of hunting for gold. Prospectors who have

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stopped at the sanitarium to rest have reported that he has a good claim. It is at the bottom of a steep crevicolike cañon, so far down in the earth that it will be difficult to get the gold out even if he finds it.

The Ridge, as the Kings call the site of their camp, is four miles from the sanitarium, down one of the steepest trails we have yet attempted. As there had been a storm during the night, accompanied by hail, thunder, and lightning, the mud was deep in the shade, and we were obliged to dismount at times and toil through the sticky soil, pulling our stubborn ponies behind us. In one spot a thunderbolt had struck a pine tree and chiseled out a spiral of bark from the top to the bottom as neatly as if done by a machine. The miners say the lightning always strikes in that particular spot because of the presence of iron ore. Our journey was uneventful but for a meeting on a narrow trail with a herd of fine little cows and calves belonging to Mateo Cariño. This caused a halt, and a council of war among the women of the party, one of whom had on a red waist. It was finally decided that, as the doctor, in case of a charge from the cattle, would devote all his attention to rescuing his wife, the rest of us would better make a detour, leaving the road to Mateo's cows. This was accomplished safely, the doctor's wife joining us in spite of her confidence in "Jerry," who boldly charged the little beasts,

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while his wife looked on with admiration not un-mixed with anxiety.

The views were splendid. The soil of this region is bright red, and the outcropping rocks are brilliantly colored. The nearer views were dazzling after the rain, and the distant ranges were toned in all gradations of blue. From the King's ridge there was an extensive outlook over many ranges of hills as far as Mount Luzon, which is eight thousand feet high. Before we could see the Kings' camp a shrill piping sound came floating up the trail through the trees. It had a vaguely familiar sound, and yet we did not recognize the tune, which we later learned was "Hail, Columbia." A few steps farther, and we saw the American flag fluttering across the pathway, and under it a log on which were seated a dozen or more naked little Igorrotes, who were trying to sing the new song, clapping their hands and heels together as accompaniment.

King Camp at present consists of a two-roomed shack built of woven bamboo, and a kitchen, which is a roof supported on four poles. It shelters a stove, a table, a slant-eyed celestial, and a canvas storeroom.

Mrs. King keeps school out of doors ordinarily, but there are two movable benches in her sitting room, and a table covered with a black rubber blanket which she uses for a blackboard. The walls are decorated with prints, a series of flags

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of all nations, and a few charts for reading and arithmetic.

The Igorrotes are clever basket makers, and the house was furnished with many specimens of their handiwork, utilized in an ingenious way. One big sweet-potato basket served as a tea table, several took the place of stools, while soap, newspapers, combs and brushes, shoes and books, were held in others of various sizes and shapes. The little bedroom, a model of dainty neatness, is used by Mrs. King as a jail for naughty little Igorrotes, who are put there as a punishment. On the improvised dressing table stood a tall bottle of violet water; a few drops of this on their shirts is the highest reward of merit to which the little fellows aspire, and yet they have never been known to touch the bottle when in jail and disgrace. These little savages began school five months ago. At that time not one of them had ever been washed as far as was known. They were covered with a crust of dirt that only came off after repeated washing. Their "gee strings," the native dress—a piece of cloth or bark which passes around the waist is brought between the legs up to the waist again in front and falls down in a short end—were indescribably dirty. As to their heads, Mrs. King did not go into particulars. They came to school absolutely ignorant not only of the simplest elements of knowledge—that was expected—but of everything connected with

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civilized life. They did not know how to sit on benches, they had never seen pencil or paper, a piece of chalk, or a picture book. Mrs. King began by taking them all over the camp, naming the different articles of furniture. They learned these with a rapidity that astonished their teacher. After she had taught them a number of words, and had accustomed them to her presence, she began a bathing crusade. She began by giving the smallest one a warm bath, and making him a little cotton coat. She also cleaned his head and combed his hair, and then took him as her special pet, treating him to food, and making the others understand she liked him because he was clean. This soon had its effect, and the others became candidates for a bath, until she had her hands full, and had to send to Manila for more brown soap. I never saw Igorrotes as clean as these were, and it was wonderful to see Mrs. King patting their heads and shoulders, taking them on her lap, and fairly hugging one "cute" little specimen. To this disposition is doubtless due her success as a teacher.

After we had rested, school was called, and the small boys donned their little white coats and sat in two demure rows before us ready to "show off," just like children in a civilized country. In fact, they were so eager one to outdo the other that they could not sit still or wait for their turns, but chorused their replies to Mrs. King's questions. The

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questions and answers were in English. Igorrote words were given only to be translated into English. The rule was to call on each boy in turn, and that no one should prompt another. In the excitement this rule was so frequently transgressed that at last Mrs. King stopped and said, "Boys, isn't it bad to tell?" "Yes," they chorused, "all same steal," and proceeded to do it again. The questions and answers usually related to something practical. "What is this?" "My arm." "What do you do with your arms?" "I chop wood, I dig camotes, I carry water." "What is this?" "My leg." "What can you do with your legs?" "I run"—then the little fellow ran—"I skip," "I dance," "I hop," and at each answer he suited his action to the words. This, the language part of the lesson, was the most important, but they can spell and read words of four letters, and they know the multiplication table through the "four times." When the children first came to school they sat about at recess not knowing what to do until Mrs. King taught them ball and Prisoners' Base. One day a boy saw a picture of a top in the reading book, and read of spinning it. The next day he brought a rough imitation of a top to school; this example proving contagious, all the boys were soon carving tops with their bolos. They have learned to spin them very well. Their names are interesting: Malamal, Ewill, Chemus, Parani. Their little faces

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all beam with intelligence, and they are perfectly obedient and docile. I have written at such length because in America we think of the Igorrote as the savage *par excellence* of the Philippines.

BAGUIO, April 30, 1902.

TO-DAY we rode over to the camp at the Benguet end of the new Manila road. This road, you remember, was planned as soon as the Commission came to Manila, and the survey was begun a year ago last August. It is to be built between Manila and Benguet, forming a juncture with the railway at Dagupan. Almost everyone discouraged the idea, and until recently skeptics were numerous who did not believe that there was in the islands a province where the weather was cool in the hot season. There have been many persons here lately, and reports have been spread abroad generally of the delightful climate, so that now no one contradicts the fact that at an elevation of only four thousand six hundred feet, and within the possibility of a day's journey from Manila, is an extensive region with a cool, temperate climate. From Dagupan to this hill station is a distance of fifty-five miles. All but fifteen miles of the road has been finished in such shape as to be passable for wagons. The last fifteen miles, however, present a difficult problem to the road builders. In America or Europe it would be a simple proposition, and the road could be fin-

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ished in a few months. Here, however, the labor problem, the lack of proper tools, and the scarcity of skilled bosses make it slow work. It will be a splendid driveway when finished. We went down to the road camp to-day; first, through the familiar pine woods, and then, entering the valley of the river, a glorious view opened before us. The color is wonderful. There are no sweeping slopes of green, but on all sides the crags and ridges are tossed like breakers against the mountains. In the afternoons, when clouds come sweeping up from the west, piling up one on another, they produce beautiful effects of light and shade. The road is cut far up the mountainside. In many places the drop to the bed of the river is over fifteen hundred feet. With the foam lines clouding the green water, the river looks like a vein of porphyry at the bottom of the valley. In several places there have been landslides, and in some places the side of the mountain has fallen out. The slides are a menace to the permanency of the road, for the whole mountain seems to be made of broken rock and sand, and may slip away at any time. We found some miners and road employees at the camp. They gave us baked beans for lunch, and Igorrote baskets to carry home as curios. We walked down a mile below the camp, and saw the place where last week a man fell fifteen hundred feet.

There are several miners "sitting on their

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claims" near the camp. At intervals all along the road we saw little tunnels dug into the rock three or four feet deep, and as high as a man's head. These "show intention," as the miners told us. The rock contains iron pyrites, quartz crystals, and copper ore. There were some galena specimens, silver ore they called it, very pretty. Our trip back was uneventful, and we were not tired, although we had ridden sixteen miles, and most of it on a narrow trail.

BAGUIO, May 2, 1902.

WE assisted this morning at the thatching of the provincial hospital, which the governor is building in the woods just below his house. The structure cost one hundred dollars gold, and is a good-sized building made of pine framework, woven bamboo walls, and grass-thatched roof. For a week or more Igorrotes of all ages, carrying great bunches of the thatch on their heads, have been trotting up and down the trails at a gait that over this rough country will soon distance a good horse. Often twenty or more Igorrotes coming down the mountainside together would be quite hidden by the grass on their heads. The grass having been gathered, the day of thatching was announced, and a fiesta planned. Over one hundred Igorrotes were on the spot when we arrived. Some were tying the bunches of thatch to the rafters with rattan; others,

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shining like bronze in the hot sun, stood balancing themselves on the roof in the most graceful postures, catching the thatch as it flew through the air like arrows from below, where others were tossing it up, bunch after bunch, with lightninglike rapidity. You cannot imagine anything more animated or picturesque than these men and boys. The thatch was a beautiful soft yellow, and there was a spicy fragrance in the air. We sat on the grass for an hour or more watching them. Later in the day the workers were treated to a feast of roast pig washed down with *tapoi*. To see them eat is quite an experience, though not as picturesque as the thatching.

BAGUIO, May 4, 1902.

YESTERDAY we went on a picnic to Trinidad. We decided to start early, and were ready by seven o'clock. Then came the usual and tiresome delays. First, the presidente did not want to rent his horses, and we had to send for them three times. When we had finally secured three, a train of patients came up the trail with cut fingers, broken bones, and vaccination sores. A picturesque woman with a yellow handkerchief around her head came with the others. She had been suffering from fever, and had lost her hair. She would not take off the handkerchief, as she was ashamed. A small baby was of the number, with an awful-looking head. These were, one and all, treated, and finally,

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after an hour, we started. We trotted for half an hour over a beautiful road, through a well-watered, rice-growing country; then we passed through a narrow gorge opening into a plain entirely surrounded by mountains. The doctor and I, who take an ignorant interest in geology, concluded that the Trinidad plain was once a lake, and that during some primeval upheaval the water burst through the mountains, and the plain was drained. There are immense boulders in the stream as it enters the valley, and even greater ones at the lower side where it flows out. Our plan was to visit the gorge where the great boulders were, and picnic there. We had to use much diplomacy to avoid hurting the feelings of the presidente, the head of the constabulary, and the school-teacher, who wanted us to take luncheon with them. The doctor's wife did her best, and we succeeded in getting away without wasting more than half an hour in palaver. The cañon was more beautiful than had been reported. For a distance of more than three quarters of a mile the river bed was filled with immense boulders. We boiled water and I made coffee, which is my special "stunt," as the doctor calls it. We were lucky in starting our fire and boiling the water before a sudden violent rainstorm came up. We were cheerfully eating the lunch on a rock when, suddenly, the sky darkened, and a deluge of water came down on our heads. We "hunted holes" without delay, and went under

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the rocks, where we ate the remains of our lunch in niches protected by overhanging boulders. After luncheon we washed sand for a time, hoping to find traces of gold, but, not finding enough to compensate our labor, we started for a walk up the mountain. We were energetic, and kept on climbing until we reached the top of a high hill, from which we could see all over the surrounding country. I am sure there can be no more beautiful scenery anywhere than in these mountains.

ITOGAN, May 6, 1902.

THIS morning we started for Itogan hot springs, where a Californian and his wife are working a placer mine they think will prove rich. Their camp is twenty miles from the sanitarium, and we had been invited to remain overnight, so we packed provisions for two days, and took our blankets. Mrs. Allen, the miner's wife, is a courageous woman. She has been three weeks alone in the camp, with only an Igorrote boy to help keep house. There is no white man or woman within five miles, but the camp is off the main trail, so she is not afraid. It is only the wandering white man that one does not like to meet in these mountains.

There were the usual delays in starting. Not long ago all the Igorrotes who did not take to the woods were vaccinated. As the virus was good, and the Igorrotes had never been vaccinated before, it

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“took” in fine style. On many of the children's legs, where they had scratched, there was a series of sores all down the limb. They come now in crowds for talcum powder and salve, so every morning the doctor has a clinic in the front yard, while we sit on our horses telling him to hurry. Many of the natives regard visiting the doctor a novel entertainment, and one could spend the day trying to find out what they want.

The presidente has been renting us poor horses lately, so they have to be sent back and exchanged every morning. The small naked boys, whose duty it is to catch them, are suspected of bringing in the bad ones first for the fun of riding them up and down the trail. They do this in companies of four or five, at a full gallop, bareback, yelling like Indians. Then comes the saddling. As the ponies are not accustomed to army saddles, we have to be very careful lest their backs get sore, so each one saddles his or her pony, and various are the appeals to the doctor to know if he thinks the saddle be too far back, or the cinch too tight. The doctor's wife is a humanitarian, and it takes a good fifteen minutes to arrange her horse's cinch. Our Igorrote carriers, too, must be packed, and their load cinched. I generally carry the coffee pot slung to my saddle, and Auria unwillingly submits to the indignity of carrying a frying pan. The patients with sore heads and their vaccinations all wait to see us start,

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and the house boys gather with the rest of the inhabitants of the sanitarium, while the small boys from the presidente's swing their lariats and give us an Indian whoop as we clatter away. Invariably, within five minutes after our departure, some one is heard calling a halt, and a pathetic voice from one or the other of the four women will be heard exclaiming: "I told you so; I knew his saddle was too far forward." Then a discussion follows, everyone dismounts, saddles are readjusted, and we start again.

This morning's start was typical, and two hours after the appointed time we were ambling along the Benguet-Manila highway, forgetting the vexatious delays in the fresh clear air. Our polista, or carrier, was a new man—a Bussole, or head hunter—sent with us by the governor because he could carry any load for any length of time, and was withal a most gentle savage. The head hunters do not thirst for scalps irrespective of their owner's nationality. A Bussole will only take the head of an enemy fighting with his tribe, so, in spite of his name and the reputation he enjoys, we gladly accepted him as a carrier. He was a lusty fellow, and stepped off with sixty pounds in his "choggy," or basket, as if it were a featherweight.

At noon we stopped for luncheon and a siesta in a grove of pines. Here our head hunter proved his worth, for, after the sticks were gathered and the fire

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laid, we discovered that some one had forgotten the matches; then, from the folds of his "gee string," the Bussole produced flint and steel, and soon our coffee was filling the air with its delicious odor.

Oh! these glorious days in the mountains of the tropics. I would gladly go on living forever, just as we are doing now, in blue army shirts and cotton riding skirts, faded though they be, with beans, bacon, and coffee our principal food. You should see with what appetite we eat them.

Our Bussole joined us in our luncheon on the outskirts of the group, watching every mouthful we ate, and imitating us as well as he could. After we had finished he sat down in the débris, and from my blanket, with my saddle for a pillow, I watched his performances. He gathered the meat and jam tins carefully together, and laid them in a row; examined our forks, spoons, and knives. The knife and the spoon were familiar objects, but the fork was evidently new. He tried it by sticking it into his mouth, but evidently did not like the feeling, so he returned to the spoons, and carefully scooped out the fat from the tinned-beef can and ate it with the remaining jam. To my gratification, he then poured water over his fingers, as he had seen us do, but immediately licked them off, which he did not see us do. He washed the dishes and packed them, and then made a little mound of the tin cans, and, imitating his superiors, went to sleep, using them as a

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pillow. Don Octaviano, the presidente of Trinidad, says, "*Igorrotes no sabe agua*," which, translated from the mongrel Spanish all speak up here, signifies "Igorrotes don't understand water." Our Bussole evidently did, but later in the day, when I tried to teach some dirty little girls the use of soap and water at a small stream, they laughed, put their hands behind them and ran away. Perhaps the head hunters are more capable of civilization than the less ferocious tribes in Benguet province.

About three o'clock we left the main road, and started into the unexplored Itogan trail. We followed it up hill and down dale for four hours. It was a steep and narrow trail, and on that account all the more interesting. We saw numbers of forest fires in the distance. This is the season when the Igorrotes burn off the mountainsides to give the grass a chance to grow. It is destructive to the young trees, and injures the larger ones. Almost all the big trees show fire scars. While skirting a barren ridge we were pursued by a thunderstorm, but managed to keep ahead of it, although now and again we felt big drops of rain. The doctor's wife and I took one or two disastrous short cuts, which stranded us once in an impassable ravine, and the second time in the path of a carabao and her calf. We consider ourselves venturesome, but always turn our horses and retreat when the long-horned, black-skinned carabao meets us. We met a train of fifty

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polistas in one lonely valley carrying rice to the mountains. They were evidently not used to seeing white women and children, and ignorant of the Spanish language, as they responded to our greetings with unintelligible gutturals. Our horses walked almost all the way, but now and then we came out on a smooth hilltop, and then they scampered along at a lively pace. The views were superb. The big blue-black thunderclouds were almost terrifying in their grandeur. We saw few signs of life. Now and then we came to a small hut, and on a cliff overhanging a river we saw a large Igorrote village clinging to the rocks. The trails leading from the village to the river bed, six or seven hundred feet below it, looked like red threads hanging over the rocks. Now and then the dark green of a camote, or sweet-potato patch, or the brighter hue of a banana grove, nestled in the fold of the mountains, showed that somewhere in their neighborhood was a hidden village.

At last, as we were wondering if we had lost our way, we came out on a shoulder of the mountain and looked across a deep wide cañon. Far down in the ravine flowed a river, and, rising like a bastion in the bend of the stream, towered a steep cliff. A grove of mango trees crowned the height, and we recognized the description of Camp Allen. So we rode on, although it was over an hour before we forded the stream that wound around the base of

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the natural fortress on which the Allens had built the nipa shack, and pitched the tents they call home.

Mrs. Allen had been watching us for an hour as we appeared first on one point and then on another of the narrow trail leading down the mountain. Before her eyes had discerned the line of moving figures, the little Igorrote who guards her and her home had spied us far away against the skyline as we crossed a barren ridge, and had run excitedly to her, calling: "Señora, Señora, Americanos, Americanos!" After a final climb that was almost a scramble up the steep narrow path to the top of the cliff, we came out on to a smooth green meadow shaded by the famous old mango grove, the only one growing at this elevation for miles around. The situation of the Allen camp is unique. It would serve as a fortress in time of war, and yet once under the mango trees, surrounded by the green meadows, looking off toward the quiet mountains, it has a homelike air. After unsaddling and turning our horses out to grass, we unpacked our provisions despite the protests of our hostess, and volunteered to help get supper. Then the doctor's wife came to the front. She at once decided to make soda biscuit and tongue hash. This rather staggered the rest of us, and, being unable to compete with such delicacies, Mrs. Wilson and I meekly volunteered to set the table in Mrs. Allen's little dining room. The bamboo house has three rooms, and they are home-

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like American rooms adorned with Filipino curios and pictures from art magazines and periodicals. The Igorrote servant had been sent on a message by Mrs. Allen, so our head hunter acted as waiter, and his dusky form dressed in a simple " gee string " lent local color to the scene. The little table was fresh, and the white china and the silver spoons (we had tin ones at the sanitarium) gave such an air of home to the scene that one might have fancied himself in America had it not been for the presence of this naked savage handing around cups, especially as he had donned a red turban as full dress, which gave him a warlike appearance.

Later we began our preparations for the night. Mrs. Allen had only three cots. Mrs. Wilson and Auria were assigned to the two extra ones, while the doctor, his wife, and I decided to sleep under the mango trees. It was a clear night. The storm clouds had passed away, and the stars glittered as they can do only in the tropics. It is much warmer here than at Baguio, as we are fifteen hundred feet lower. The pine does not grow on these lower levels, and the mango, banana, palm, and coconut flourish. You know how hard it is to sleep "under a strange roof." For hours I lay without even a piece of canvas over my head, looking up into the starry night, and, although I tried all the usual devices to induce sleep, I could not close my eyes. Opposite us in an open tent, with a lighted

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candle between them, throwing their figures into full view, lay the two Igorrotes. One was on the ground, and the other on a bench above him. They seemed interested in each other's company, and talked together in guttural tones, every now and then breaking into the weird chant of which I have so often written. Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Allen were gossiping away like two schoolgirls in the house, and the grass walls did not in the least deaden their voices.

After an hour or so the Igorrotes and the ladies ceased their interchange of confidences, and other noises less reassuring intruded themselves on my ears. The doctor had advised us to tie up our heads and ears in towels as a precaution against dew and insects. As a child, I disliked to have my ears covered, and I like it no better now; so I tossed and turned, and finally, when I could endure it no longer, I took off the towel, preferring to risk the danger of a cockroach walking into my ear. People talk of the vast solitude and the stillness of the night. I never heard so many noises in my life. There was a steady crunch, crunch, and the frequent snort of our horses as they cropped the short grass. A thousand insects filled the air with whizz and whirr, making me re-cover my ears precipitately, only to uncover them at some unusual sound. From far away came the tap of a native drum. A melancholy owl, or night bird, with a hoarse cry, wheeled

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round and round our mountain top. Now and again a low guttural sound from the Igorrotes caused me to reflect on the tales I had heard of head hunters, and the impossibility of even a handsome young Bussole like our carrier winning a bride unless one head at least hangs at his cabin door. Here was his chance to secure at least three fine specimens with nice long scalp locks. This thought, however terrifying, did not drive me from my blanket. But soon another and more horrible idea was seized on by my wakeful imagination. Suppose an Igorrote pig or two—what more likely—should come rooting about my pillow? I certainly heard their grunts, and everywhere their soft footfalls came to my ears. I did not scream nor call the doctor, nor disturb the doctor's wife, but I straightway arose, took up my bed and walked into the house, where I slept in peace, if not in comfort, on the floor. This morning I was, of course, somewhat shamefaced when the doctor and his wife glorified the incomparable beauty of the morning star. I'll sit up some night to see it, but I will not sleep on the ground where Igorrote pigs—you should see the beasts—can wander among my pillows.

ITOGAN, May 7, 1902.

THIS morning, after a fine breakfast cooked by the whole party in concert, the doctor, his wife, Auria, and I went down to the river to wash for

gold, and to take a sulphur bath. It is much hotter here than we imagined, and by half-past eight it was too warm to be comfortable, but we were determined to see the golden river from which Mr. Allen expects to dig a fortune, and to explore the Itogan sulphur springs, which may some day become the site of a fashionable water-cure establishment. The river is broad and rocky, a raging torrent in the winter, but at the end of the dry season it is what a Californian would call a dry creek. The Igorrote women do the gold washing in flat tin pans, and, they say, make successful miners, although the labor supply is very limited, wages not being an inducement. Mr. Allen has dug long ditches in the river bed, removing the rock and débris till he has reached sand. We carried each a pie plate with us, and started in at once to locate a temporary claim. We had been instructed to look for "color," so we patiently cradled the sand back and forth eagerly seeking traces of the golden sand, but finding none. Half roasted, and reflecting that the mines were already located, we decided to sample the sulphur springs, a water cure being more in the doctor's line than a gold mine. As we ascended the stream the banks closed in until the rocky bed of the river almost filled the cañon. The banks were yellow sandstone, covered with orange stains and dripping with moisture from sulphur streams, which sent up puffs and cloudlets of steam. At one spot the springs

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were gushing out of the bank, sending down a stream of hot water that ran parallel with the cold river water for some distance, and then, uniting with it, formed the curious phenomenon of a river with a hot side and a cold side. We sent the doctor upstream to hunt a bathing place, and began our preparations for a bath. Each selected the temperature most pleasing to her. This was not easy, for the water was either too hot or too cold, generally the former. Finally, however, each found a pool to her liking, and found the water extremely soothing to various insect bites, the inevitable result of sleeping on the floor in a bamboo shack. The chapter of accidents attending our emergence from the sulphur pool, changing from wet to dry clothes, and gathering together of our various garments from dry rocks in distant parts of the stream, cannot be set down here.

This afternoon a storm came down the mountain, and it is pouring now. We had much difficulty in getting our dinner, as the wood was wet, and there were too many cooks. Our head hunter also showed a too rapid progress in civilization. When we gave him a pail to fetch water from the stream, he demanded by signs a lantern and the doctor's rain coat. As he was already quite wet to his skin in consequence of his total lack of clothing, we could only attribute his desire for a rain coat to a reprehensible love of finery, which we felt it necessary to repress,

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so we hung the rain coat away and put the lantern in a corner.

As I write, the wind is rattling the bamboo house, and the rain pouring off the thatch in torrents.

BAGUIO, May 8, 1902.

THE first thing I saw this morning as I peered out into the morning light was our head hunter returning from the river with a pail of water on his head, carrying the unlighted lantern in his hand and wearing the doctor's rain coat. The storm was over, and the sky serene.

By six o'clock we were off for Baguio. The trail was muddy, but generally uphill, which is easier than a down grade. We were four hours returning. We did not stop for luncheon *en route*, but rode steadily along without halting.

We found the storm had been severe at Baguio, and the meadow below the sanitarium, where our horses usually graze, was a lake. We were welcomed as adventurers returned from new and undiscovered countries, and were regaled with wine, jelly, and cake for dessert. A company of patients, including a lame carabao, was awaiting the doctor's return; several of them had been camping under the trees since the day before. We are all so delighted with the success of the trip to Itogan that we are now contemplating a camping expedition to Mount Luzon.

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BAGUIO, May 18, 1902.

SINCE our trip to Itogan, we have been rather quiet, taking our luncheon to heights nearby, and spending long afternoons reading or writing. One of our favorite haunts is the flat top of a high mountain standing like a watch tower at the head of a deep green valley. Below it the emerald rice fields glitter in the sun, and beyond them the distant heights are crowned at this season of the year with snow-white clouds. There are a few fine trees and a bamboo hut in this delectable spot. At noon we make our coffee, and toast our bacon in the rough stone fireplace of the cabin, and during the long afternoons we read or sew, and watch the big thunderstorms come up from the China Sea. They do not always reach us, but there is the probability that they will, and there is fun in guessing just how far they will fulfill their muttered threats. Once in a while we are surprised by an attack from the rear, where, by a flanking movement, the storm has reached us unawares, and a deluge through the chimney place causes us to gather ourselves together in the dry end of the cabin. Trains of passing polistas peer in at the door, smilingly greet us with "*mucho bueno*," or, if the storm be on, they crowd into the hut and, while waiting for its passage, lick the oil from empty sardine tins or smack their lips over scraps of bacon and biscuit we politely offer them. When they have gone we invariably shake

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out our skirts, but we like the polistas, and encourage their coming. When the storm has passed, every living thing begins to move. The grass straightens up, and all creeping and jumping things stretch their legs. From the winding mountain trails we hear the twanging of the camote-carrier's jew's-harp, and from the nearer villages the beating of drums. Then we join the rest of the world, and, beating time on tin pans or tomato cans, practice a dance we learned at Mateo Cariño's *tiyow*. Corned-beef hash and canned peach pie is our principal diet just now at the sanitarium, for washouts on the San Fernando road have delayed the transportation of commissary supplies. We are too hungry to grumble, however, and the sweet potatoes are always good.

Last Friday we made a long trip over the mountains. Our objective point was Tublai, where we hoped to get some horses and fresh eggs, but a storm came on before we reached our destination, and we were obliged to return without visiting the village. The trail led us through an unexplored country into the rice district, where the natives, with Japanese industry, have terraced whole mountain-sides. Carefully laid stone walls support patches of rice only a few feet wide. The terraces rise irregularly one above another hundreds of feet up the mountainside. The irrigating stream is carried along the side of the hills in a sluice, and then led down

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from one terrace to another, so that there is a constantly running stream through all the paddies. We looked off on a whole region of these terraced hills. The miners' complaint that Igorrotes will not work does not seem to be well founded, in this district at least. We passed through one village where the houses were substantially built of heavy timbers, with a large loft for storing rice straw.

We did some rough riding, scrambling over stony hillsides where the track was all but invisible. In one narrow path the doctor's wife and I, who were riding ahead, came upon our *bête noire*—a carabao. This time I determined to stand my ground, so, advancing slowly but firmly, I said "shoo" in a weak, wavering tone, which would have betrayed my state of mind to any beast but a carabao. Instead of charging and goring us, as we almost expected, he plunged down a steep bank to get out of our way. We ate our luncheon on the roadside.

Although the morning had been warm and clear, by noon the sky was overcast, and everything indicated an afternoon deluge, so we decided, as Tublai was five miles away over an uphill trail, we would better wait for a more propitious day. Before the discussion had ended, and our decision was reached, big drops of rain came pelting through the trees, and everyone scrambled to saddle his horse and get out his poncho. One wears a poncho to keep him dry, but it is the most successful contrivance for get-

ting one wet I have ever put on. It gathers the drops of water, and sends them in streams down its folds into your skirts and shoes. The wind catches it and sends it over your head, which precipitates a flood into your neck and ears, besides clinging to and nearly strangling you. Before you can possibly get it in place your back is soaking wet. By this time, unless your pony is an army mule, the animal you are riding has shied, and perhaps thrown you off, for the side flaps of the poncho have been slapping his ears and eyes during your eclipse. My method is to take the poncho on every trip neatly rolled and tied into its proper place in my army saddle. It makes a cool pillow and serves as a tablecloth, but if it begins to rain I put it back in its straps, and keep it there until the sun comes out. So, in spite of friendly advice, I sat on my poncho as we turned our horses' heads down the trail. In almost no time I was wet to the skin, but so were my companions in their ponchos. Benguet is not tropical, and a rain and windstorm is cold as well as wet, so after plodding along in a dripping condition for half an hour we turned our horses' heads in the direction of an Igorrote village, and, tying them under the eaves, entered one of the biggest shacks. It was hardly cheerful even for an Igorrote interior, and the stuffy damp air was not inviting, but a fire flickered on the ground at one end and a big heap of wood lay near by, so we made our way

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toward it, stumbling over several blanketed forms. These arose with grunts, and, perceiving our plight, piled wood on the fire and offered us logs, their substitute for chairs. We soon perceived by the light of the kindling flames a woman and several small children crouching on a platform at the upper end of the hut. There was no furniture; a few earthen jars, an iron pot, and the ever-present kerosene-oil can served as their cooking utensils, and old cotton blankets as their bedclothes. Having built up the fire, our hosts reached the limits of all possible hospitality, and retired again to the floor and their blankets. Only the little beady eyes of the babies gleamed out of the darkness; they alone took any interest in the proceedings of the strangers. For half an hour we steamed in front of the fire, not drying our clothes in the least. I emptied the water out of my shoes and dried my stockings, weeping smoky tears. The air in the meantime became more and more stifling, but the hoped-for lull in the storm did not come, so we decided the open air and rain were preferable to smoky steam and Igorrotes.

By the time our little cavalcade was well started the trail was a rushing river, and at the first steep descent our hitherto patient and willing beasts revolted; mine stood stock still, refusing to move, and halfway down the slope two more followed his bad example. These three animals were, unfortunately, those ridden by the women of the party, and an

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animated discussion arose; offers on the part of the men to exchange horses were refused with scorn, and each woman determined to conquer her mount. The result may be divined by the fact that half an hour later three bedraggled women were plunging ankle deep in water, leading reluctant ponies that pulled backward, and laid their ears flat against their necks at every encouraging word from their mistresses. By this time the line of march was somewhat stretched out. Our leader, who after his offer to exchange ponies had been politely but firmly repulsed, found the cause of pony obstinacy in the soft-heartedness of the female nature, and rode ahead, just keeping us in sight from projecting spurs of the mountain. At last we saw him no more for some time, and imagined him trotting steadily on by aid of whip and spur. What was our surprise and delight, although we hypocritically hid the latter sentiment, on plunging into a little ravine to find him seated on a rock in the midst of rushing waters holding on to his beast, that stood planted on the bank, all four feet well anchored in the mud, and his ears farther back than those of our own stubborn ones. We offered advice, and proposed tying the whole bunch together, and attacking them at both ends; but our erstwhile lordly leader was not communicative, and evidently preferred to be let alone, so we all resumed our weary task of dragging and pushing the little beasts

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uphill. Now and then on level ground they would allow us to mount, and carry us to the next plunge, but he who knows the Benguet mountains will remember how few and far between these level stretches are. Finally, the tender-heartedness ascribed to female character fell away from all three of us. At dusk we dragged ourselves into Trinidad, where the streets were rushing torrents, and the village seemed deserted. At the house of the school-teacher we were comforted with dry sweaters and such portions of masculine attire as it was possible for us to use, and a certain "non-alcoholic" beverage which, nevertheless, sent warm waves through chilled limbs and heartened us up for the rest of the journey.

By this time the party had decided to separate into pairs and not wait for each other, so, when I set off, it was in company with the long-legged governor of Benguet, who promised to see me through, and he did. His mount was fresh, brought in by an accommodating *consejale*, and mine ought to have been fresh, as I had pulled him up all the hills that lie between Trinidad and the fork where the main road sweeps over the hills to Tublai. So the governor tied a rope to his neck, and we started off, he towing and I beating my nag not cruelly, but firmly and continuously. We made two stops on our way, one at the little inn kept by a peasant from the far south of France, who has drifted into this country, and

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has already surrounded himself with certain accessories that have created the unmistakable atmosphere of his native land. A patch of garden vegetables, a neat railing about the place, a tethered goat, and an odor of sour red wine and garlic gave one a delightful sense of the unexpected and familiar. At the Whitmarsh place my pony refused to be towed or beaten any farther, so we turned in and spent a brief half hour of delicious warmth beside their hospitable open fire. We were no longer very wet, for the rain had ceased just as we left Trinidad, and when Mr. Whitmarsh's own pony was brought to me, and a stirrup cup of some delicious and, I suspect, not "non-alcoholic" mixture drunk to the health of our hostess, the stars were brilliant above us, and we took the road at a gallop that made me forget all the weary miles that lay behind, and the lights of the sanitarium gleamed all too soon over the marshland. No one took cold, and no one was even stiff the next day; even my wretched little pony looked fresh and gay, and I thought I detected something in his small eyes that said: "I rather enjoyed the trip, after all—didn't you?"

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IX

THE RETURN FROM THE MOUNTAINS

SAN FERNANDO, June 8, 1902.

YESTERDAY morning we left Baguio, after a three months' visit, every moment of which has been full of interest and pleasure. These mountains would not be a bad place in which to spend one's declining years, although, when I gave this opinion the other day, the doctor suggested that I might not enjoy the trails in my declining years as much as I do now. We might have lingered here indefinitely, but the rainy season began in earnest, and we were warned by passing travelers that the trails would soon be impassable. Last week a typhoon washed out several miles of new road on the Manila-Benguet highway, and during a visit down in the flats the little stream we crossed on stepping-stones rose ten feet in two hours, carrying away trees and other landmarks. All the polistas have reported "muchagua," and finally letters from Manila became pressing. To get away from Baguio required time and diplomacy. First, the governor was consulted, and his good-will enlisted with the Igorrotes that

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we might obtain a sufficient number of polistas to carry our luggage down to Naguilian. Then the journey was timed so that we might get down the trail between rainstorms. We planned to start last Monday, hoping we might get off Tuesday or Wednesday, but it was Thursday morning before all our polistas arrived and our horses were ready. Even then we did not leave the sanitarium at six o'clock, as every party should do. The nonappearance of half the polistas caused the delays. A dinner at the governor's the evening before our departure was the cause of our late start, for a young pig had been killed to grace the feast, and Bug Tong, factotum and chief cook, also gave a little dinner in the kitchen to visiting polistas after we had dined. We heard the sounds of revelry, and perceived the odor of rice wine as we were taking leave of our host. At all events, Bug Tong, who was sent in quest of lost polistas, returned at nine o'clock with the missing ones. They looked sleepy and shamefaced as they loaded up for the journey. Auria had a chair carried by two strong fellows.

Miss Norton, a school-teacher returning to her work in Manila after an outing in the mountains; Morris, the guide, and I went on horseback. Miss Norton is a sensible sort of person in general, but she has certain habits and customs which are peculiar and original. One of these is her manner of mounting and dismounting from a horse. She says

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it "comes natural" to her, and "it's the right way on a bicycle," so she invariably gets on and off her pony over its head. We all ride "man fashion," as the governor calls it, and the saddles are of the cowboy pattern with a high pommel to hold the lasso. So Miss Norton's method of mounting has its disadvantages. Finally, we set off, accompanied by the governor as escort and guide, over the Ireson trail, a steep and beautiful short cut we did not dare venture to take alone. It was rougher and narrower than our accustomed trails, and slippery with mud, but now and then we rode through wide green glades, dotted with beautiful trees, and through the branches we caught glimpses of the China Sea. All the streams were swollen, and the dry river beds we had crossed on our trip up to Baguio in April were rushing torrents. Vegetation, too, was more luxuriant everywhere. Large-leaved plants fringed the water courses.

Above the banks of the Ireson River we ate our farewell luncheon with the governor, lingering in the shadow of the pines, hating to leave the cool shade for the hot country below us. Just for the fun of seeing us get wet, the governor volunteered to cross the river with us. The fun was for us as it turned out, for the stream was deeper than we imagined, and the governor could not tuck up his long legs under him as we did our shorter ones, so he soaked his boots and trousers, and we left him

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ruefully contemplating the return trip. Having regretfully said good-by, we realized that our picnic had made heavy inroads on the afternoon, and that eighteen miles lay between us and our camp at Sablan. Already great white clouds were piling up over the China Sea, and we knew that in all probability they held torrents of rain under their soft fleecy coats. The ride was a test of nerve and endurance, and we all considered our record a good one. In many places the trail had been washed into a deep gully with slanting sides, along which my horse scrambled in a manner that made me hold my breath. Farther on it was a succession of holes, one below the other, like a series of steps. At these places Miss Norton invariably stopped her horse and dismounted over its head, running a fearful risk of swinging him and herself headlong down the steep trail. We did not stop often nor talk much, for it was serious work, but now and then I involuntarily held up my pony to look at the glorious views around me. About four o'clock we heard low mutterings of distant thunder, and knew that the storm was breaking below us. The polistas with our baggage, and the chair carrier with Auria, hurried on, hoping to reach Sablan before the rain came. I sent Morris with Auria and the carriers, and Miss Norton, whose horse was a faster walker than mine, soon left me behind.

I was not sorry to ride alone in the strange, won-

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derful country of tree ferns with the background of mountains, and in front of me the spread of the shining sea. One of the many drawbacks of the trail was a tall grass with thin leaves whose sharp edges cut like a knife if they chanced to touch one's face or hands. The thunderstorm kept creeping up, and as I dipped down into a steep ravine I felt a few drops of rain. The trail was completely washed away at this place, and just as the rain began, and I was trying to button up my waterproof cape, it suddenly came to an end, and dropped down perpendicularly six or eight feet. My horse happily stopped on the edge of the break, and I dismounted, when he suddenly turned around and bolted up the trail. I was far behind the others, and had no one to send after him, so back I went, and succeeded in catching him after a tiresome climb of ten or fifteen minutes. By this time it was pouring, and I was wet to the skin. My pony would not let me mount, and I had to drive him before me down the narrow trail. For an hour and a half I plodded, slipped, and slid up and down that wet, steep mountainside. Half the time the trail was a miniature river running over me ankle deep. It was dark and cold under the trees at the bottom of the cañons, and I felt limp and miserable, but on I went. At last I reached the little valley of Sablan, where our camp lay, and as I rode into the glade that surrounds it the sky began to clear, and, in spite of my depressed

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state of mind and wet clothes, I could but enjoy the pink and pearl tints in the sky and the delicious fragrance of the great bunches of white lilies growing in profusion everywhere. Arriving at the hut, I found everyone wet, and the polistas trying to light a fire with damp wood. The hut was dry, and, as I had a change of clothing in the poncho, Auria and I were soon comfortable, although almost suffocated with the smoke from the fire. As no one seemed anxious to cook supper, we ate bread and butter and cold corned beef, and then spent the evening trying to dry our riding skirts, that we might be presentable in Naguilian the next day.

The Igorrotes are not especially wild or savage in appearance, but one has a romantic realization that he is under the Southern Cross in the Islands of the Pacific when he watches them crouched about their fires at night eating boiled dog and camotes (sweet potatoes). For two hours last night I sat on a log, smoked, scorched, and stiff from my day's journey, but fascinated by their strange ways and curious customs. I carried away a vivid impression of Igorrote character. We went to bed at ten, but the excitement of the day, the roar of the river, and the mournful cry of a strange bird kept me from sleeping soundly. Strips of bamboo with a thin blanket over them, and shoes and a poncho for a pillow, are not the softest of couches, but Auria slept quietly all night.

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SAN FERNANDO, JUNE 16, 1902.

IN my last letter I gave you an account of our trip down the mountains as far as Sablan. You remember our being overtaken by a rainstorm and soaked to the skin before reaching shelter. It did none of us any harm, fortunately, and we were up before daylight the next morning to cook breakfast and start in good season for San Fernando. The night before, Morris had shot two chickens, left behind by the miner who lived formerly in the camp. I had some Benguet coffee and cold boiled potatoes, left from luncheon the day before. We fried the chicken in bacon, and I made coffee and creamed potatoes. It was a delicious breakfast, and started us off in high spirits. The morning was cool, and we left Sablan before six o'clock. Oh! that fairy-like tropical world of ferns, bamboo, orchid, and flowering trees, all dripping with the raindrops of the night showers! We made a quick trip down, reaching Naguilian about eleven o'clock. There we were met by the supervisor and school-teacher, who took us in charge and gave us a nice lunch. At three o'clock we started in an ambulance for San Fernando, where we expected to take the steamer for Dagupan, announced to sail that evening. The road passed through the same country we had traveled over in April. Everything was green instead of brown, and the river was wide and deep. We splashed through water almost up to the floor of the

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ambulance. The road was not very bad, and between Bauang, where we spent the night on the way up, and San Fernando, we ate the first mangoes of the season. They were delicious after our diet of tinned fruit at Baguio. It makes one sad to think how much of that delicious fruit is going to waste. On account of cholera no one may sell it in Manila. It is forbidden because the natives eat it in such large quantities that they predispose themselves to cholera. After all, one cannot but wonder if the authorities are not going a little too far in the matter of food supply. The natives might as well die of cholera as of hunger.

To return to our trip and mangoes, which started this discussion. We were not afraid to eat fruit, for there had been no cholera in Union province. When we reached San Fernando the *Butuan* was just steaming out of the bay for Manila. There was no hotel or boarding house where we could spend the night, so we had to go to the governor's. At all times visiting natives is a trial, but this time it was especially so, for the wife of our host, a delicate little creature only twenty-four years old, the mother of six children, was half ill. The baby, three months old, had a bad cough. Had they been willing to give us a room and plain food it would have been easier for us and them, but in true Filipino style we must be entertained, so we were received with due formality. I received in state the

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various officials of San Fernando until six o'clock; then we were served with cocoa and cakes. Immediately afterwards other guests arrived, and, as we did not dine until nine o'clock, I was famished and exhausted. We had six kinds of meat, besides chicken soup, a fricassée, and fish. The postmaster and other public officials waited on the table, with the servants as aides. The postmaster is a relative of the governor, and a fine-looking, very polite young gentleman, who speaks good English. There was a combination of deference and dignity in his manner of serving us with stewed carabao, or roast kid, that was exquisite, and I am serious in saying this. José Ortega, the governor, is an intelligent and agreeable man. He is young, and anxious to learn our ideas of government. He does not speak English, but is studying it.

I had looked forward during the long and wearying dinner to retiring immediately after it, but this plan was frustrated by the eager zeal of the governor and several guests who were deeply interested in the plans of our government, so, tired as I was, I felt, like the doctor's wife, that my duty to "the cause" was paramount, so till long after midnight I held forth on all conceivable subjects relating to America and the Philippines. Finally, when I did go to my room, I found two narrow beds for three of us, adjoining a room occupied by the governor, his wife, two nurses, and five children. The poor

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little baby coughed and cried all night, and the other children had nightmare. I longed for the bamboo hut at the camp of Sablan.

During the evening the captain in command of the garrison had sent us notice that the government launch would probably arrive in port the following morning and leave San Fernando by noon for Manila. While we were at breakfast, to our consternation a messenger arrived saying that the boat was waiting, and we must go on board at once. We were off within fifteen minutes, but saw the launch steaming out of the harbor as we reached the shore. We were both astonished and annoyed. On inquiry, we found that the quartermaster had not informed the captain of the launch that we were waiting to go to Manila, so he left immediately after taking on the mail. The officer tried to excuse himself by telling us that a small boat belonging to the Maritima Company would go out in the evening. So back we went to the governor's. Señora Ortega had a headache. We made it an excuse to go to our room. I was tired out, and it was hotter than I had ever experienced it in Manila. The sun poured into our windows, and the mosquitoes buzzed about our ears. We were afraid to drink water, and there was no ice in town—for civilians. We were given a drink of distilled ice water at the quartermaster's later in the day. At noon, alas! there was the same array of plates, and the mystic number of seven

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courses of meat. In the afternoon I could hardly move, but there was no rest for the weary, and I discussed again our government and American institutions with official guests. Between times we went to the beach to see if there were any signs of steamers.

The one bright spot in that day of torture was a drive along the shore and out into the country. The evening was cool, and the sun set gorgeously in the China Sea. Then came the wonderful changes from gold to pale gray, through all the gamut of color. The shore was fringed with cocoanut groves, under which grew, as it seemed, the soft-toned native houses. Small brown children played in the waves, and the erect, lithe figures of women in turkey-red skirts, basket on head, glided in and out of the shadows. Señora Ortega was silent, and for a brief hour I rested. Our steamer did not arrive, and after another night of misery I went down to the quartermaster and told him he must get me to Dagupan, and I wanted to leave in either a launch or an ambulance that morning. He asked me when I could be ready, and I said "in half an hour." In an hour we had said good-by to our hospitable, but relieved, friends, and, armed with letters to all the presidentes on the route, we started overland in an ambulance for Dagupan. Our adventures *en route* I'll save for another time.

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June 18, 1902.

WHEN I finished my last letter we had decided to leave for Dagupan by ambulance, so we gathered our belongings—there were fourteen packages—and after lengthy adieux to our host, the governor of Union, his amiable little wife and five small children, we started off in the hot sun with four good mules, a decent sort of a driver, some lunch, and a basket of mangoes. We were armed with letters to every presidente along the road, and a special recommendation to the principal citizens of Santo Tomas, where we were to spend the night.

The possibility of our reaching Dagupan was considered dubious by the military officials, and I am sure the quartermaster expected to see us return to San Fernando the next day. I find that in the Philippines dangers are generally exaggerated. We had been told the Benguet trail was impassable for women, but we had come down not only in safety, but had enjoyed every moment, so off we started for Dagupan in good spirits. It is not the climate that is wearing on the nerves in the Philippines, but the feeling of responsibility for the people and the government. One can't help worrying whenever he sees the roads need mending and rivers need bridging. If the supervisors do not seem to understand their business, as some of them do not, an American feels as if he were personally responsible. They are building a new road from San Fernando to

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Bauang, but the man who is doing it does not know his business, or has not facilities for transporting proper material, for he is putting on a soft, calcareous stone that disintegrates with dampness, and is washed away every time it rains. Later on in our journey we came to a fine piece of road constructed by the army; river gravel was put on top of crushed boulders, making a firm bed. The greatest need of this country is transportation facilities. The little bulls and cows the natives use are weak, the carabaos are scarce, and are needed to cultivate the fields. If narrow-gauge railroads could be built into provinces where there are no navigable streams, it would develop the country immensely, and open up districts which now are totally shut off from any commerce with neighboring provinces and the coast. Union is a rich province, and a healthy one. They raise good tobacco, and San Fernando is the headquarters of the Tabacalera Company. There are numberless streams fordable in the dry season which become raging torrents during the heavy rains, carrying off the bridges, and making traveling tedious and sometimes unsafe. Between San Fernando and Dagupan we crossed at least twenty streams, many of them rivers at this season; all excepting three or four were too deep to ford.

Our first detention was at Bauang, six miles out of San Fernando. As we were in a hurry, I did not present my letter to the presidente, but we drove

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through the town and down to the bank of a wide stream we had forded when we came through in April. I never would have recognized it as the same river, it looked so wide and so deep. We saw no means of crossing it, and a number of natives shook their heads emphatically when we asked them by signs if we could drive through it. We could not speak Ilocano, and the natives did not understand Spanish. Our driver was no help in the matter, so we were beginning to think the quartermaster might be right, after all, and we should be obliged to return to San Fernando. Just then two mounted members of the constabulary rode up. I thought of my card from the governor of Union, and soon found the name of a civil commissioner was as potent with them as a general's name with a private. They at once set about to get us a raft. A rickety bamboo *balsa*, as they call it, was brought out from a bend in the river, and with much profanity from the driver the wheel horses were induced to haul the ambulance on the raft, which immediately sank below the surface of the water. The horses were then led off, which helped matters a little. Then our baggage was taken off, and the natives, to the number of about twenty, pushed the *balsa* off. The driver refused to "trust his life" to the rickety old *balsa*, so we watched our ambulance float across the stream with the feeling that we were lessening our chances of getting either to Dagupan

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or back to San Fernando. Imagine our astonishment on finding that, instead of using their poles and punting the balsa over, the men waded through the river in water only up to their waists, pushing the raft before them. We were disgusted, especially the driver, who did not know how to ride a mule, and did not wish to wet his feet; so he had the raft make two more trips, one to carry over the animals and another to take the baggage. We went over in a small banca, which passengers use in crossing streams. When we were safe on the other side, and our luggage packed up and the mules harnessed, we determined to send natives across every river we might come to before we again took a raft to cross in three feet of water.

This experience cost us an hour and a half of precious time. The roads were bad, and we forded the next two streams, sending a Filipino before us to point out the way. There were numbers of bull carts going our way, too, and we began to smile at the tales of the dangerous roads, and felt somewhat superior at having insisted on making the trip. Although a good team, our mules were not speedy, and our driver was cautious to such a degree that he made me suspect he was afraid of them. However, we did not worry, but gave ourselves up to enjoying the sights. I never tire of watching the Filipinos. They are always gay, and sit in their windows watching life as it passes. Our appearance

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was an event in that life, and babies were dropped and children ran shouting to see the big mule team and the Americanos. Auria, of course, attracted most attention, and at the houses where our driver stopped to get a drink of water, and we jumped out of the ambulance to stretch our tired limbs, they crowded about her, some of the bolder ones touching her dress. One woman of better class, at a river where we were obliged to cross on a raft, as it was ten feet deep, said in Spanish that she felt like biting Auria's cheeks, they were so pretty.

We tried to make our driver desist from water drinking at native shacks, and share our bottles of distilled water, but he said he was germ proof, and took fruit and native food with a recklessness that made me fear he might die of cholera before we reached our destination. The Filipinos are all hospitable, and the soldiers have made themselves free with native tobacco and vino, so, when one demands anything, he gets it. As a rule, I think the soldiers pay for what they get, but yet, when they go up to a house, they order things in a lordly way that shows they expect to get what they ask for.

So we drove on till evening. Our road was fairly good, or, at least, so much better than we had hoped, that it seemed good. The highway lay near the sea, and the breeze was cool—that wonderful Philippine breeze that one always feels when he is driv-

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ing, even in the hottest weather. There was a refreshing rain in the afternoon that cooled the air, laid the dust, and did not last long enough to make the roads muddy. Then came a gorgeous sunset behind cocoanut groves, and about dusk we drove up to the house of the friend of Governor Ortega, an *amigo* of the Americans. He was the gentleman who had prepared our entertainment when we traveled through the country in April. Although our arrival was wholly unexpected, we were met by the family with every expression of welcome, and, to my protestations of regret for our unannounced descent upon them, they replied that it was a great pleasure to place their house and themselves at our commands. As to my letter from the governor, they assured me that none was needed, as they considered themselves honored by entertaining us, and our names were a passport wherever loyal Filipinos lived. The house was still unfurnished, although a little further advanced than when we passed through the town in April. The interior partitions had not been put in, and our beds were screened off behind sheets. We were immediately invited to bathe our faces and hands. Fresh mats were spread on the beds, pillows brought, and we lay down to rest after a cup of thick chocolate and small cakes. Our room was fragrant with an odor of mangoes, which were ripening by hundreds under our beds and in all the corners. It was in this house that the doctor's wife

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had boiled water, and washed knives and plates for fear of the cholera, as we went up to the mountains.

After an hour's rest, I dressed, knowing that our hosts were anxiously awaiting news and the opportunity of conversation. There they were, the mother smiling, but unable to speak any but her native Ilocano, a son and daughter both speaking a few English words, and proudly exhibiting a *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Leslie's Weekly*. The father in black, mourning the recent death of a son, had just returned from an interview with the presidente and fiscal. These three gentlemen were somewhat doubtful as to the possibility of getting through to Dagupan. News had been brought that all the bridges were gone, and the rivers too deep to be forded; that the rafts for summer travel were not yet built, and that the mud was over the wagon hubs in places. They advised us to wait in their town, and send a messenger on horseback to Dagupan for a launch. This meant three days' delay, and Santo Tomas was not more attractive than San Fernando, so that after much questioning I found that they did not think there was any danger of losing our lives, so I said, if they were agreed, we would make the trial. Then the fiscal and the presidente, and Don Severino, our host, became as enthusiastic over plans for our journey as before they had been discouraging. They sent messengers to call out the natives to build rafts

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and mend roads, announcing their determination to accompany us on our journey.

By this time it was half-past nine, and Auria had despairingly announced her belief several times that we were not going to have any supper. I was just about to come to the same conclusion when the mother asked us to share their poor dinner, and we went to the lower end of the house, where places for six were laid. Our host and his friends sat in chairs near us, while our party was accompanied to the table by the hostess, her son, and daughter. The dinner was good, and we were waited on by two servants, but our host seemed to feel that their manner of serving was not quite as it should be, so he soon came to the table and waited on us himself. I have never met a Filipino whose face was more indicative of kindness and sincerity than Don Severino's. He was a pure Ilocano, and mentioned the fact with pride. After we had eaten the various courses of meat, omelet, ham, and carabao-milk custard, our host, who had watched Auria's small appetite with some anxiety, suddenly bethought himself of something that would surely tempt her, a *dulce Americano*, or sweetmeat. I confess my interest was aroused, and you may imagine our amusement when a tin of canned corn was passed with powdered sugar. I was able to recover in time to help myself liberally. Auria, alas! did not respond to our host's expectations, and left her *dulce* uneaten.

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They told us that it was much liked by them all. After we had finished, the men sat down, and we discussed politics; and, finally, at twelve o'clock I went to bed, knowing we must eat breakfast by candlelight and be on our way by six. As usual, after a long evening of conversation in which the aims and purposes of our government, and the manners and customs of our people are set forth at length, I am so excited that I cannot sleep, so I tossed all night on my hard bed, and morning came too soon.

In the morning, after a cup of coffee and eggs, we started off, our friends accompanying us on horseback. In spite of the early hour, the village band serenaded us, and the town turned out to say good-by. Where the people came from is hard to tell, for Santo Tomas was destroyed by the fleeing insurgents, and not one house was left unburned, and no one would believe twenty persons could be gathered together. That day we saw demonstrated the power of presidentes, and the weight of a rich man's name. During the night a raft had been built to carry us across a wide and deep river near Santo Tomas, and a hundred *hombres* at least were gathered to help us across. Our day was eventful, and the roughness of the road had not been exaggerated. The mud was deep, and the mules could not go faster than a walk. Getting up and down the river banks was one of the difficult parts of the trip, for

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they were muddy steep cuts. In one place, where a mud stream was oozing across the road, our mules went in with a plunge, and we suddenly were transfixed with terror, for the most heartrending squeals pierced the air, and a muddy ball rolled about in its death agony as our driver, startled, too, lashed his frightened mules, and we bumped out of the hole and sped away, leaving an entire village in consternation. I thought we ought to return and pay for the little porker, but the look of disgust mingled with pity on the face of our driver silenced me. Our attendant cavaliers had gone on ahead to arrange for our next crossing. It was a tiresome trip. We were constantly packing and unpacking the ambulance, and the crossing was tedious, for the *balsa* could not carry ambulance and mules, but always had to make four trips. The natives were all interested and anxious to help, and watched us carefully lest we should get wet. Several times we went down to the seashore, where the tide and river met and crossed on the shallow bar, but the water came into the bottom of the ambulance, and if the sea had not been perfectly calm we could not have crossed. In fact, without our guides we could never have made the trip. We reached Dagupan late that afternoon. What is a four hours' trip in good weather had taken us ten. We learned later that everything had been in our favor, or we might have had serious accidents, for a troop of cavalry, making

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practically the same trip farther inland, lost five men by drowning. Had I to make the trip again, I would use a carromata, or native pony, for the rafts are too small to carry an ambulance in safety, and are only intended to transport the bull carts and small native vehicles.

Having reached Dagupan we were put up by our friends of the army, and left by train for Manila the next day. I am glad we made the trip, for it showed what the country is like in the rainy season.

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X

AN OUTING IN BATANGAS

November 11, 1903.

I WAS invited last week to go down to Batangas for a visit. I left our house at eight o'clock Sunday morning, expecting the transport *Ingalls* to sail at half-past eight, but, after all our hurry, we did not get away until noon. The rough weather in the bay had prevented coaling Saturday, and so we were delayed. It was hot waiting, and the smoke from the coaling cascos made the deck extremely unpleasant. We had a smooth and remarkably quick trip, reaching Batangas at seven o'clock in the evening. It was, of course, quite dark when we landed, but the moon gave sufficient light to show that there had been a number of buildings put up on the shore since we were here last. When we were in Batangas two years ago there were no facilities for landing, or any houses on the shore. Since then a convenient little wharf has been built for the quartermaster's boats. We were taken on shore in the general's launch. The native rowers were rigged out in sailor suits, with ties and sashes,

an innovation of the new quartermaster. The army has built a camarine, or warehouse, for storing goods near the wharf, and there were other signs of life. General Bell's cottages stand back from the road, and are surrounded by fine lawns. They looked very cozy and inviting, with wide-open windows and brightly lighted rooms. There are three houses, almost like suburban cottages at home, in the inclosure. In one of these Mrs. Taft and I were installed. You may see how changed the situation is when you remember that a year and a half ago escorts were provided to conduct us from the beach to the town, and that the insurgents were firing on its outskirts during the evening of our arrival. Last night we slept alone in the house with doors and windows wide open, and a native policeman patrolled the road, passing the house once an hour. Next morning we went to see the new agricultural station, and were surprised to find how much had been accomplished. We brought back some radishes and lettuce. The latter was good, but the radishes were very sharp. Okra was growing, and the pods were very large and tender. Alfalfa seems to flourish in this soil. It is thought that seeds sown later, say in December, would grow better. General Bell has imported a number of American plows and cultivators.

We met the presidente, an ex-insurrecto, who is now most friendly to the Americans. We went to

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the famous reconcentrado camp, a beautiful piece of ground. Some of the nipa shacks are still standing. The natives who were confined there were so well satisfied that, when the time came to break up the camp, the general could not get them to move until he turned them out by force.

November 12, 1902.

TO-DAY we are resting, for we are worn out after a long trip we took yesterday to Taal and the volcano. We started from the house at six o'clock, an hour later than we had intended, and were then delayed by sleepy lieutenants, who kept us waiting for them half an hour longer. Finally, the men were gathered in, and the Dorety and two ambulances started about half-past six on the long drive to the lake of Taal. The first stage of our journey was through a delightful country. The freshness of the night was still in the air, and the trees and bushes were glistening with dew. The distance between Batangas and the town of Taal is about eighteen miles, and there is an almost continuous row of nipa shacks between the two places. In all parts of the Islands the ravages of war in the country are soon repaired. The nipa shacks were almost all new, and the villages really looked more prosperous than before the war. It is in the towns that one realizes the ruin and destruction the war has caused. The first story of the better-class dwell-

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ings is built of stone, and the second of wood. There is but one town of importance between Batangas and Taal; this is Bauang. All the rest of the way we drove between hedges of hibiscus in full bloom, growing together in rows with a beautiful red-leaved plant cut and pruned like evergreen hedges. The people were all leaning out of their windows, smiling and waving their hands at us. At one place where we stopped to rest the mules we were surrounded by a crowd of women and babies, who seemingly regarded us with great friendliness. Either the general has succeeded in pacifying these people, or they are magnificent actors, but I know the spontaneous grins that greeted us from every window could not have been assumed.

Everywhere in the Islands the middle-aged and old women are ill-favored and ugly, but the young girls and the children are attractive and often pretty. The people we saw yesterday were the ugliest natives I have ever seen. The road for about ten miles was fairly good, but after that it was full of holes and mud. I sat on the front seat with the driver, an American citizen named Manning, who was born in Seattle. His mother was a Japanese, and his father an American. It did not make a bad combination. Manning's face was intelligent and attractive. He managed his four splendid mules with skill, and guided us carefully over bad places in the road with great dexterity. About ten o'clock

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we came in sight of Taal. At a turn in the road we suddenly saw the bluest sea you can imagine, and looked down on the white walls and red-tiled roofs of picturesque houses shining against the sky and sea. It reminded me of Sicily. There were the tall palms and cocoanut trees of the tropics, but the general effect was Italian. Taal was once a town of much importance and wealth, and it was also celebrated for the culture of its inhabitants. The city had been terraced, and we saw the ruined remains of many handsome dwelling houses. A number that had escaped being burned were in good repair, and were more pretentious architecturally than any others I have seen in the Islands. They had Gothic windows and handsomely carved archways and façades.

The church of San Martin is, however, the chief glory of Taal. It is an immense fortresslike pile, larger than the Manila Cathedral, and far more imposing. Its façade is grim and gloomy, built of a dark-brown stone in several stories. The interior is plain, with barrel-arched nave and vaulted aisles. The pilasters of the nave are ornamented with Corinthian capitals, but in the aisles the pillars are surmounted by a plain stone cap. The walls are decorated in gray fresco, and the effect is cold. The situation of the church is fine. It stands on high ground, and dominates the town. Taal must have been one of the finest cities of the Philippines. Even

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in its dilapidated, ruined state it made an impression of having been built on a beautiful site with taste and even magnificence. We only stopped long enough to see the church, and then started for the lake. It is a four-mile drive from Taal to the lake, through a shady lane along a road so bad it was almost impossible to pull the ambulance through the mud. It was dangerous in some places, and once, going down a steep hill, the mules in the rear ambulance nearly ran into us. Finally, we reached the lake, and saw the famous volcano rising from what seemed its farther shore; for, although the volcano is on an island, from the spot where we first saw it, it seemed part of the mainland.

I was disappointed, for I had imagined the volcano rising from the middle of the lake like a pyramid. Instead it was low and long, but that it was a real volcano no one could for a moment doubt. Although the shore line was green, it rose pale gray, almost pink, from the trees and shrubs at its base. Its sides were deeply scored as if plowed in furrows, and the crater rim was cut and jagged. From the mainland it seemed to lie about a mile away, but it took us an hour in a swift little launch to reach the island. We began the ascent at half-past eleven o'clock. We were in the tropics under the deadly rays of the vertical sun at noon, starting to climb a steep mountain, and yet I have taken a hotter and more tiresome walk in California many a time. At

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first we forced our way through thick underbrush, tall grass, and a prickly thorny growth. Two natives with bolos went before us to cut the path, but we had to push the undergrowth through and scramble over stones. The natives lost their way several times, and we were obliged to retrace our steps. It was not pleasant and the way seemed long, but at the end of about half an hour we came out of the bushes on to the direct trail up the mountain. Once out of the undergrowth it was cooler. The walking was good till we neared the top, for the trail climbed up a bed of cinders glued together with lava. The last fifteen minutes of the trip was steep, and we sank over our shoes in ashes, but finally we gained the top. I almost lost my breath as I came out on the rim of the crater and beheld the width and depth of the great sunken space.

Then there happened a wonderful thing just as if it had been prepared especially for us. As the last member of our party struggled up to the rim of the crater we heard a deep thundering sound, and then slowly and majestically there arose from the bottom of the crater an immense fountain of white mud which pressed up and up and then shot out column after column of great black cinders, while we all gazed in horror-stricken fascination at what seemed an eruption that would never end. Crowning the fountain of mud was a cloud of white sulphurous

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steam which floated off high above our heads. We were all stunned to silence at the magnificent display, too amazed to be frightened, although General Bell confesses now that he began seriously to calculate our chances of escape. As we were beginning to feel the tension of the situation the great fountain slowly and majestically subsided. General Bell thinks it did not last a minute. It seemed as if it were hours. After the eruption we stayed some time at the top of the crater. Our muchachos went down to the bottom. It was so far below us we could scarcely follow them with our eyes. It took them over an hour to return. The crater is said to be the size of the walled city of Manila: it looked larger. There are three lakes at the bottom filled with a white liquid which sends up steam clouds continually. The crater floor is not flat; it contains valleys and a small hill, cliffs and abysses. The walls are perpendicular on two sides and about three hundred feet high. The two other sides are sloping and covered with ashes and cinders. The crater is two or three times as long as it is wide. We waited a long time, hoping to see another eruption of steam and mud, but finally hunger and the hot sun drove us down to the lake.

It was quite as fatiguing going down as it was going up, for the sun was hotter. Finally, the launch was reached and we soon had our luncheon spread out on the deck. The lake reflected the hot sun and

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the shores seemed to swim in the heat haze, but there was a little breeze and we ate and drank the good things provided with immense appetites. There was a jolly company of young lieutenants and a captain, whose rank made him a little more subdued, so lunch, company, and good appetites combined with a smooth sail made our trip back a pleasant one. The scenery of the lake is fine. The shores are not high, but there is one beautiful mountain rising from them in perpendicular majesty. It looked much higher than it really is, and was covered with trees and foliage of all kinds. Our drive back to Taal was less alarming to the timid, as we knew the road and had confidence in our mules. We took the general's launch at Taal and went back to Batangas by water. Taal, as I saw it from the launch, rising in terraces above the shore line, with its white-walled houses smothered in palms and coconut and crowned by its dark fortresslike cathedral, is a most picturesque town. It was moonlight during the trip back and a fresh breeze sprang up. We passed beautiful little islands and a sheltered nook of a harbor off Mindoro. The music of a good Filipino quartet added a finishing touch to a delightful day.

You have heard the sensational rumors of the "harrying of Batangas," the reconcentrado camps, and the "Weyler-like methods of General Bell." The more I see of the general and the more I see

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of the natives the more I am convinced that he understands how to manage them. The great question now is how to get the people back to work. They have become so accustomed to loafing that it is almost impossible to get them to do anything. Batangas was the garden spot of Luzon. It was covered with fine haciendas of sugar, coffee, tobacco, and rice. Now it is a jungle. We did not see a man working between Batangas and Taal, nor a cultivated field. The common people were not poor before the war, they all had saved money and buried it. For three years they have been living on what the soil produces spontaneously and their savings. Now they are destitute, but they do not want to work. In towns where soldiers have been quartered, almost the entire population depends on the money spent by the government and soldiers. The town of Batangas is so prosperous it is difficult to get a muchacho, or a man to do any kind of work. Small saloons and places for selling beer and sweets are seen everywhere, and it certainly does not argue well for the future of this country that we are teaching these natives the use of whisky. The present prosperity comes from the presence of the military, and it is a prosperity that will decline as soon as the garrison is removed. One of the many reasons why towns where soldiers are being withdrawn have petitioned that they may remain, is the fact that the money spent by the soldiers and civilian employees

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supports the population. This is something they like better than tilling the fields.

The Batangas church is a picturesque building with an unusually well-proportioned dome. The town is large, but otherwise the buildings are insignificant. There are apparently no fine residences. The governor, Señor Luz, is a very interesting man. He is almost totally deaf, which perhaps accounts for his pathetic expression. In spite of his deafness he has learned to read and write English and French remarkably well. He writes what he wishes to say with astonishing rapidity and ease, expressing himself with perfect clearness, although not always idiomatically. His wife is a native of Lipa, a town the Filipinos used to call the "Paris of the Orient." She finds Batangas very *triste*. There are few, if any, really cultivated families here, and no society life among the natives. She mourns for Lipa, and the fine residence the governor owns in that town. They live in a poor house in Batangas, as they cannot afford a better one.

November 14, 1902.

YESTERDAY we took another long trip to Macolod, a high mountain overlooking the lake of Taal and the volcano. We made an early start again in ambulance and the Dorety wagon. It was practically the same party with the addition of a tall, dark, rather handsome captain, a bit older and

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more sophisticated than the lieutenants. Horses and two pack mules had been sent the day before to Cuenca, a town at the foot of the mountain. We drove over the Taal Batangas road as far as Bauang; there we turned off into a charming cultivated country. The natives were apparently not as lazy as they were along the Batangas road. Men were plowing with little humpback bulls. There were well-cultivated fields of corn and sugar, and plantations of cocoa and coffee. The houses looked better kept, and were surrounded by gardens. All of the population were not hanging out of the windows. Little round-eyed children, either totally naked or clad in a short shirt of thin stuff, came peering out from hibiscus hedges and then darted back, half smiling and half afraid. It was market day, and the road was full of women on foot or seated on little ponies between two great baskets of garden produce or heaps of green grass. Strings of ponies laden with immense round baskets filled with red clay jars crowded close into the hedges as we went swinging along. There were scores of old women and young girls with baskets of various sizes and shapes on their heads. Their red and blue skirts were stiff and well ironed, and their camisa and handkerchiefs white as snow. Young girls led small cows and one looked as alarmed as the other at our immense mules and big, lumbering ambulances. One young dude, sitting by the roadside

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caressing his fighting cock, wore a pair of Prussian blue velvet slippers and a big double hibiscus over his ear. We saw women spinning thread on the square, uncovered veranda which is a characteristic feature of the houses in this region. Through the windows we saw old women at looms, and several front yards were gay with long pieces of freshly dyed pink and red cloth drying on stretchers.

Every moment there was something new to delight the eye. Our road ascended about five hundred feet between Batangas and Cuenca, and we were surprised to find what a difference there was in the climate of the two places. Cuenca at ten o'clock with the sun shining was cool and breezy. We found our horses saddled and waiting, the mules ready to be loaded with the luncheon and a dozen young soldiers prepared for a picnic. It was my second attempt to ride an American horse, and I know an elephant could not seem higher than the big cavalry horse assigned to me. I thought I could never get up my courage to mount the first day, but yesterday I did not mind so much and I had a better horse. We "hiked" up hills, through tall grass, down deep ravines, over gullies, and yet I am here to tell the tale, and am ready to do it all over again to-morrow. General Bell always avoids a trail that he has once been over and strikes off at right angles whenever he comes to a well-beaten path, so I know we did not take easy trails yesterday. In fact, the

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laugh was on him, for he was the only one who had to dismount at a bad place, where his horse fell and could not get up. My horse gave me cold chills of terror, for he had a way of going uphill like a grasshopper. When we reached our destination on the mountain the breeze was cool and the view glorious. We could look down into the crater of the Taal volcano and see the Laguna de Bay off to the north, where Manila lay. The day was perfect, and the volcano, the little islands, and the nearer shore were reflected in the surface of the lake. The light was not too glaring and we found a delightful place for luncheon where there was shade, a good view, and a breeze. When one looks at the mountains of the Philippines and sees bare rocks or green slopes they always seem uninhabited, but let him climb the hills or mountains and natives spring up, as it were, out of the ground. We had not seen a human being on our way up Macolod, but scarcely were we seated on the ground when half a dozen women and small girls and babies, boys and men appeared smiling and bowing. They stood at a respectful distance, eyes and mouths wide open during the three or more hours of our stay. They live in nipa huts and raise corn and tobacco on the mountainsides, and an American woman is a strange sight. On our way back we took another trail to Cuenca, then a fast trot of thirteen miles to Batangas with a gorgeous sunset in the west and the blue mountains of Min-

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doro in front of us. It was, if anything, a finer trip than the one to Taal, with the exception of the volcano and the eruption.

BATANGAS, November 15, 1902.

YESTERDAY we had a novel experience, a trip down the river on a carabao raft. I am sure it is only in the Philippine Islands that one can do that, and even here not many people enjoy it. We went up the river on horseback to a point about four miles above Batangas, where the government rice is brought on rafts for distribution into the interior. We had a delightful cool ride through a long, shady lane. Once we met a carabao, a small boy, and a ridiculous looking little calf. The small boy fled, but the carabao stood her ground and, remembering the tale of a whole company of infantry being routed by one of these animals, we wisely halted till the irate mother decided to retreat. These immense creatures with their enormous horns are always formidable.

The raft on which we went down the river was made of bamboo poles lashed together, covered with mats. An awning of green boughs was decorated with flowers in Filipino style. The carabao does not pull the raft from the shore but is yoked on in front and wades or swims in the river, pulling the load behind. A small boy stood on the front of the raft, a knotted cord in his hand, one end of which was

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passed through the ring in the carabao's nose. Sometimes the water was so shallow we could see all but the legs of the bulky beast, then again he would sink into deep water and only his waving horns and the tip of his nose were visible. When swimming, carabaos move their heads with their great horns from side to side and make a snuffling noise. The Batangas river runs through a narrow gorge with bamboo-covered banks which for the most part are quite steep. We floated down for an hour by daylight. Then the full moon gave us light, and the red glow of a brilliant sunset made that peculiar combination of moon and sunlight so difficult for a painter to reproduce. Before dark we saw some pretty scenes at the fords: a girl in a blue skirt carrying a red water jar on her head, a train of carabao rafts loaded with government rice, and the water carriers, whose unique method of taking water from the river and springs is worth noting. All along the road one meets men and boys carrying long thick poles of bamboo tied together at the bottom like the letter A reversed (v), the apex down, and the cross bar on their backs. These are filled with water and hold from two to four buckets. The men place them against the walls and hedges when they wish to rest, and it certainly is an ingenious way to carry water if a somewhat tiresome one.

The day ended with a ball given in our honor by the city officials. We received beautifully written

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invitations to a "modest" reception, but knew, of course, that the "baile" would be the best the town could afford. The city hall was elaborately decorated on our arrival and the main room was filled with guests. There were all classes, including infants and maids; the latter crouched on the floor behind the chairs of their mistresses. There were small girls in big European hats, and others in beaver-tail skirts looking like miniature old women. We made our grand entry on the arms of "high officials," and all the notables were presented to us. This "baile" was much more amusing than many at which I have assisted, for they prepared a programme and it was very well done. First came a song of welcome, written by some budding poet, in which the refrain "Bien venida á Mrs. Taft" was given in old-fashioned oratorio style. An oration celebrating the Civil Commission was delivered in eloquent Spanish. Then came an inevitable rigodon danced by the officials and ourselves, and after that native and Spanish dances and zarzualas alternating with twosteps and waltzes.

To-day we start for Lipa, where we spend the night and where another ball is being prepared for us. It is said the ladies of Lipa will wear their celebrated diamonds on this occasion.

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Saturday, November 15, 1902.

ON Friday night we decided that we must start for Manila the following day. General Bell arranged to go with us, and, hearing that the town of Lipa proposed to give us a "baile," we thought it would be interesting to accept the invitation and stay overnight in that town.

Ever since coming to the Philippines we have heard of the splendors of Lipa. Formerly the inhabitants were rich and lived in great style. Society was very gay, and the diamonds of the ladies of Lipa were celebrated throughout the Archipelago. The source of all this wealth was coffee. About ten years ago a pest killed the plants, and since that time the splendor of Lipa has gradually decayed. During the insurrection Lipa was one of the towns that gave most trouble to the Americans. The inhabitants aided and encouraged their people in every way, and General Bell was obliged to shut up a large number of citizens and keep many more under strict surveillance. This made the people of Lipa bitter against the army. The Americans gave a ball after the pacification of Batangas when General Wheaton and General Chaffee went through Lipa, but none of the ladies of Lipa's four hundred was present, so General Bell was curious to see who would attend our ball.

It was arranged to leave Batangas about three o'clock in the afternoon and drive in the Dorety

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wagon to San José, ten miles distant, and from there to ride horseback the rest of the way. Mrs. Taft, the general's aide, and I were to ride. The general and the governor, who was escorting us through his province, preferred to drive. The good-bys to Mrs. Bell and Batangas were said with much regret. We had enjoyed our visit and were sorry it was over. The Dorety ride was not pleasant, although the road was pretty good, and all but the last four miles was smooth and well macadamized. The four miles, however, were full of holes, and we could not go faster than a walk. The roads in the Islands are difficult to keep in order, for they are worn into deep ruts by carts, the wheels of which revolve with their axles and grind into the macadam. The stone is not of the best quality, and it is soon crushed into powder. Then come the tropical rains and wash it away. The first cost is considerable when one must use the so-called cheap labor. In some parts of the Islands every mile costs five thousand pesos. The men are paid at the rate of twenty-five cents, gold, a day, but they are lazy and inefficient.

We found our horses ready at San José, and I mounted a beautiful bay horse called Bob, and we started on the Lipa train in gay spirits. We went through cañons and over hills. We had to push our way through bushes and trees, and Mrs. Taft lost her hat twice, and I was nearly strangled by a big rope of tough green vine. Now and again the

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path widened out and we could trot or canter. Finally, Lipa came in sight and at first we were much disappointed, for it looked mean and dilapidated. Pigs ran about the weed-grown streets, washing hung on broken-down garden walls.

We turned a corner into a narrow street and stopped at the gate of a large house, the headquarters of the garrison in Lipa. The tales of the fine houses were true, for we entered a marble-flagged piazza and found ourselves in a hall with quite a palatial staircase. Two wooden knights in armor, somewhat the worse for wear, stood in the corners and a bronze chandelier hung from the ceiling. All the rooms were large and well furnished. Being left to ourselves a short time, we made the most of our freedom.

As soon as we had taken off our riding habits we started out alone to see the town. As we were walking along, looking at the houses, a young Filipino saw us and stepped up, saying in very good English: "Madams, may I assist you?" We told him we were looking about the town and wished to see the church and some of the fine houses, so he joined us and we found him an excellent guide. The church has a fine marble floor and is large but not beautiful. The houses interested me more. They almost all have gardens and back yards. They are not built with the stables underneath, although the entrance to one of the finest houses was through the barnyard.

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They are built in many cases three stories high, including an *entresol*. We went to see a famous garden and to get a view from the tower of a handsome house. There we found an agreeable lady and her very pretty daughter. The garden was in Italian style, quaint and stately. From the tower we had a glorious view of the town, the mountains, a sunset, and a rising moon. While we were enjoying the view a servant announced that the presidente, consejales, and principales were waiting for us in the *sala*; so we went downstairs and found six or seven solemn gentlemen who shook hands and through their interpreter, whose English was convulsing, "welcomed us hearty" to Lipa and invited us to the ball. They then shook hands a second time and expressed their desire to escort us to the officers' quarters, where we were staying. So we started in procession and solemnly paraded the streets to the headquarters, where we shook hands for the third time and exchanged the proper compliments.

When we were dressed and ready for our dinner another delegation of about twenty young girls waited on us to pay their respects and welcome us to Lipa. They were like a flock of tropical birds, as they fluttered about. The invitation to the ball was recited in verse by one of the girls. We dined at the officers' mess, and at half-past eight went to the "baile." The house was large and handsomely furnished and the *élite* of Lipa was there in brilliant

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blue, pink, and green gowns, but alas! the celebrated diamonds and pearls were not in evidence. There were many more girls than men, and only a few of the company danced. There was one youth, the center of attraction. He wore an evening suit with a buttonhole bouquet. He parted his hair in the middle, thrust into his vest was a pair of yellow kid gloves, and in his eye a monocle. This was not so extraordinary as his manners. "Ah! madams, good evening to you, how admirable are your appearances," was his greeting as he struck an attitude in front of us, hand on hip with one foot pointed outward. He posed all the time, sometimes gazing fiercely into space with arms folded, or listening with eyes turned to heaven during a sentimental song. The little mestizas in blue and pink giggled and fairly collapsed with nervous joy when he placed his eyeglass in his eye and planted himself in front of them. We danced the rigodon twice; the second time a new figure was introduced called the *paseo*, in which each lady promenaded around the room with all the men in turn as partners. The general's aide was the only American dancing, and there were at least fifteen Filipino youths who seemed deaf and dumb, but "Cholly," the dude, remarked: "Here we are again, madam, it is a most comfortable occasion," and another youth said in a painfully labored tone: "Here-in-Filipinas-we-spik-much-English." The supper was very good, and we

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all sat down to eat it in the big dining room. General Bell was in his element. They were all there, his ancient enemies for the women of Lipa were more incorrigible insurrectos than the men. He danced with the girls and enticed the old ladies into taking a turn; he talked and he joked, and his aide, poor boy, following the general's lead, whirled the girls of Lipa about like a steam engine. At twelve o'clock we were worn out and persuaded our hostesses that we must go, in view of our early morning departure. But the general, after escorting us to our quarters, took his aide back to the ball and I believe he did more "pacifying" that night than he had accomplished during his entire campaign.

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XI

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE FILIPINOS

MANILA, December 15, 1902.

YOU have often asked me to write you in detail my impressions of the Filipinos. I have delayed doing this, as I have felt my opinions were necessarily immature. Now, however, before leaving the Islands I will try to sum up as well as I can the results of my observations. But even after a residence of two and a half years this is a difficult task, for almost every statement one can make concerning the Filipinos must be qualified, and what is true of one tribe is not true of another. There is far more difference between the Igorrote of Benguet and the Tagalog of Manila than between the latter and ourselves.

There are in Luzon many different tribes, and it is surprising to take a map and see how small a part of the island belongs to the so-called civilized inhabitants. North of Manila, along the coast, there is a narrow strip of country containing large towns; some few are important, as, for example, San Fernando and Vigan, and there are several lesser

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pueblos, but back of these and north of the lower part of the island is a great section absolutely untouched, except here and there by civilization. This is the region occupied by the Igorrotes and kindred tribes. There are vast mountain ranges and immense forests where no civilized man lives and about which we know comparatively little. In one of these provinces the famous head hunters live, but the accounts of them are vague and unreliable. The Igorrotes of Benguet are among the semibarbarous non-Christian tribes. The Igorrotes are not as stupid as the Negritos, another barbarous tribe, and they live in houses, while many of the Negritos live in trees, and look almost like animals. Add to these and other barbarous tribes the Moro population, and one can see how complicated is the question of government here. To meet an educated Filipino and hear him talk one naturally thinks the Filipinos are ready for self-government, forgetting that among the population of seven millions there is a mere handful who can be compared with him.

Of course when one talks about Filipinos he means, as a rule, the Tagalogs, and often his statements are true only of the inhabitants of Manila. It is almost inevitable that this should be so, for few have an opportunity to study closely the people of all the provinces of Luzon or the inhabitants of other islands. There is no doubt that the Tagalogs are, to use the common expression, smart. They memo-

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size quickly and learn certain things readily and they are imitative. A number have very good ability, but the majority are half educated, and if we see the dangers of half education in our own country, how much greater is the danger here.

In the lower classes and the higher there are traits that make the strenuous New Englander or even the more easy-going Californian impatient, and at times inclined to say: "It's no use; one can never teach them anything," but the fact still remains that unless one has a race prejudice the Filipino is thoroughly likable.

Naturally the servant class is the one with which we come in closest contact, and we get the poorest specimens here in Manila; but they are not less efficient than are our untrained servants at home. They polish the center of the floor and leave the corners untouched. The dust accumulates behind books, and the spider spins his web unmolested on the chandelier; but when his attention is called to these matters the Filipino smiles as if he thought it a joke and cheerfully performs the neglected duty, and as promptly forgets it next day. They are not creatures of routine, nor are they thorough in the work they have to do, but they are neither sulky nor saucy. They go quietly about the house with bare feet, and although they break dishes one never hears them slamming doors or rattling china as an indication of ill temper. I am now speaking of the servants the

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Americans hire, who are not in the least the typical Filipino servants. A Filipina of my acquaintance spoke of a certain coachman as one of those impertinent fellows who had been spoiled by Americans; she would have none of that kind.

From my friends here I learn that much of the patriarchal system of living still prevails even in Manila. In some large houses there are from twenty to thirty dependents of all degrees from poor relations to cooks and scullions. These persons live about the house sleeping in corners, clothed and fed by the mistress. They marry, have children, and raise them in a harum-scarum way that would drive a New England woman to an insane asylum. Again and again I have seen in the finest houses small naked children asleep behind the parlor door, while large-eyed placid women nursed babes quite unabashed as they crouched on the floor in the hallways. These servants have their home, their clothes, food, and from three to five pesos a month. In a way, I suppose, they earn this money as they nonchalantly polish the hardwood floors or carelessly flap the dust from the centers of tables and chairs. They sit on the floor in kitchens in front of a pan of water and wash the dishes that are piled up around them, and stack them edgewise along the wall to dry. Surely their ways are not ours, and it is a shock to see a kitchen in the heat of preparation for a dinner of which one is to partake later. It re-

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quires some skill to pass between the various dishes being prepared on the floor, where cats and dogs and babies, meats, fruits, and vegetables seem hopelessly jumbled together. One forgets about it later when a good dinner comes forth from the chaos. Many of these servants have lived all their lives in one family. They feel themselves dependent on their masters and the idea of their going away or being dismissed never occurs to either master or servant. There is, consequently, a family feeling between them and a freedom of intercourse that we, democrats though we are, would not tolerate. A friend told me his head servant always remonstrates with him when he disapproves of any course of action, and sometimes I have witnessed an altercation between a mistress and a maid when the maid prevailed. At one house, I remember, there was a difference of opinion at dinner as to the kind of wine to be served, and the servant had his way; yet they are not considered impertinent by their masters, who say we spoil our servants.

In the upper classes there is the attraction of placid nature enlivened by a gayety that is almost universal. Sometimes I look with envy at the untroubled faces of my friends, at their calm eyes and smooth, unwrinkled foreheads. One evening I went to a Filipino ball given on Washington's Birthday, where a great many Americans were present. Even while dancing our women had a certain strained

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fixed look, in contrast to the contented nerveless faces of the Filipina girls.

No matter how friendly our intercourse with the Filipinos, there is always the restraint natural to our peculiar relations with them and the difference of language. I find them reluctant to let me know just what they think on a subject, say of political interest. This is natural, for they never seem to forget the fear of compromising themselves that three hundred years of Spanish rule have impressed upon them. Yet even on questions of no significance they like you to express an opinion for them to agree with. If one can get really intimate with them, as I did with some well-educated girls, they will now and then forget the ingrained secretiveness of their race and give you a glimpse of opinions that are perhaps all the stronger for being suppressed. I remember one hot afternoon taking a siesta on a big Filipino bed, with three or four placid-looking plump girls lying on mats on the floor. We had exhausted the characteristics of the other guests in the house, and our conversation turned on the insurrection. Perhaps because they liked me, and possibly because they trusted me, they gave me the history of their experiences during the early days of the uprising when their family was with the insurgents. They talked as our own great-grandmothers might have talked, when they were girls, about the War of the Revolution. At the time of our conversation

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there was trouble in Batangas and our troops were carrying out a somewhat severe policy. It was easy to see where the girls' sympathies lay, and yet they were not in favor of the war. They were intelligent and knew it meant ruin to them and their family if the Americans abandoned the Islands; they wished the Filipinos to stop fighting, yet, while they were fighting, blood would tell, and they wanted the insurrectos to win.

This is, I think, the key to the situation, and the reason we have for hope that now peace is established it will be lasting. While their people were actually in the field, human nature triumphed over any theory, and even the loyal Filipino men and women sympathized with and often aided their friends and brethren. Now that all is peaceful and their feelings are not aroused by tales of suffering and war, there seems no reason to fear another outbreak. If one wishes to see eyes flash and cheeks burn, he has only to introduce the subject of the friars. This is especially the case in the provinces. It is a natural hatred which these people bear to the Spanish friar, brought about by centuries of tyranny and oppression that makes the blood boil when one listens to stories told by those who have experienced it.

The Filipino women have great business ability, and much of the buying and selling is done by them. This trading instinct must be racial, for it has not

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been eradicated by Spanish dominion or by the tendency of a subject race to imitate its superior. In many of the richest families of Manila there is a business of some kind carried on by the women of the family. They sell *jusi*, *piña*, perfumes, or even tobacco and imported goods. Often where the husband is a professional man the wife will add considerably to the income by a business she conducts independently. The whole people is quite un-Spanish in this trait, for I have often been told by intelligent Filipinos that they have no leisure class. We are accustomed to speak of the Filipinos as lazy and endowed with an ingrained dislike for work of any kind, but the fact remains that I do not know a single family or a prominent man here who has not a profession or who is not engaged in business of some kind. Trade carries no stigma as it does in Europe, or even in our own country for that matter, and you may meet the woman who has sold you *jusi* in the morning at a ball in the evening. Of course there are some exclusive Spanish sets, for Manila is full of cliques, but I have never heard social standing explained on the ground of wealth or leisure. One must, of course, not understand by this manual labor, for which a Filipino has great scorn.

The Filipinos are extravagantly fond of dancing. They will sometimes dance from two in the afternoon until four the next morning. A Filipino told

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me that in the old days parties often went to spend a fiesta week in the country and danced all the week. In every small town or village there is a band, and the natives play very well. The Filipino's singing voice is seldom sweet, and so far I have not seen anyone who could be called an actor. On the other hand, there are several poets and composers of music, and a number of painters. Operettas in Tagalog have been produced. There is a good orchestra in Manila, called the Rizal Orchestra, that plays classical music. Filipino society has not yet settled down to its normal condition in the Islands, and life is not as gay, they tell me, as it was before the wars.

The Filipinos do not find us a very lively people. Our habit of leaving a ball at twelve or even before surprises them. All the social functions begin late; the theaters seldom before nine, as no one dines before eight.

The dinners of the better class are elaborate and even elegant. A complimentary dinner should, they think, not be given to less than twenty or thirty guests. I have sat down in a private house to a dinner of forty covers. Although their entertaining is lavish, the Filipinos live rather simply every day, and in the provinces, even among the rich, rice forms the larger part of their daily diet, to which fish is added, or a little meat.

Many of the girls are notable cooks and take as much pride in their baking as our own housekeepers.

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Each little town seems to be noted for its own special delicacy, and we have often been regaled with cakes from Pampanga or Bataan, and I remember a tin of most delicious brittle cookies sent from that ill-famed island of Samar.

As to their treachery and cruelty I cannot, of course, speak from experience, but I know that fair-minded American officers have told me again and again that when once you convince a Filipino that the American means what he says and is trying to help him, he is as loyal as our own people. The Filipinos are not harsh with their children, in fact they are too lenient. Of course, they love a cockfight, and carry pigs upside down tied by the feet to a pole; they beat balky horses and jerk carabaos around by a ring in the nose. Some insurrectos have mutilated the dead, and some are reported to have tortured prisoners. Yet, at this time, when there is so much excitement over the court martials of army officers and retaliation is the plea in many cases, there are so few authentic cases where Americans have been victims of inhuman practices that it is quite significant. On the other hand, there are many American soldiers who have been treated well and released when taken prisoner. On the whole, including all the races but the Moros, I am sure they can be classed as naturally timid and peace loving. They are, nevertheless, easily imposed on, and when led by men of strong will are often aroused to deeds

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they would not ordinarily commit. The Filipinos are accused of being naturally untruthful, and this may possibly be so, but it is a habit engendered by centuries of intercourse with a people who governed them with selfish aims. They have become accustomed to answer questions or make statements as they think will best please their superiors. If once a Filipino understands that you really want to know the fact, and he is not afraid of compromising himself, he will tell the truth. Children in the schools when asked why they have told an untruth about some trivial matter, have answered that they did not wish to be impolite.

I believe time will show favorable results of the government's work here, provided Congress continues the policy begun by President McKinley. One of the unfortunate features of the situation is the lack of confidence on the part of the Filipinos in the stability of the present régime. When visiting, anti-imperialists express their sympathy with "the heroic defenders of independence"; when American newspapers announce that negotiations are in progress to sell the Islands to Japan; when enlightened Americanists believe that a democratic President would immediately order every soldier from the Philippines and restore the Islands to the Insurgents; and when the recommendation of Governor Taft, who knows the needs of the Filipinos quite as well as congressional delegates who have spent

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three weeks in the Archipelago, are turned down or so modified as to lose their effectiveness; it is not surprising that even the loyal Filipinos feel a certain suspicion of our sincerity, and hesitate to accept with enthusiasm the policy of the American Government. It is also difficult to make the Filipinos believe in our theory of political equality, when so many Americans are disposed to emphasize by their conduct the idea of social inequality. In spite of all these drawbacks, opposition to the Americans is certainly decreasing. There may, perhaps, never be a warm personal feeling for us as a people, for we are of a different race. But gradually the memory of the wars will fade away; the arrogance of victory and the sense of humiliation engendered by defeat will be forgotten. The moral and material advantages of the Union will, in the course of time, become clearer to both parties, and there is every reason to expect they will live in peace and profit by their friendly coöperation.

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